YACHTING

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Photo by Ernest Tanare

Live ballast at its highest efficiency. A breezy day among the canoe sailors on Sheepshead Bay

"Democracy Afloat"

Finding Pleasure and Sport in the Sailing Canoe

By FRANCIS A. DUGAN

WITHIN half an hour of the heart of New York City, and within sight of its towering skyscrapers, lies a body of water which affords ideal racing and cruising grounds for that sportiest of craft, the open sailing canoe. Here, in the waters adjacent to Sheepshead Bay, a fleet of upwards of 200 boats, with a personnel numbering about 500, enjoy the delights of canoe sailing and racing. A small number, indeed, when one considers the city with its millions, and due perhaps to the fact that few are acquainted even with the existence of this sport, to say nothing of its possibilities. What is true of New York is true of many of the large cities along the Atlantic seaboard; most of them have adjacent waters that are ideal for sailing canoes, but with few persons making use of them. The causes are several — a dearth of publicity on the subject, the rather poor quality of such printed matter as is available, and the layman's general impression that stepping into a sailing canoe is an act bordering on the suicidal.

In view of the rather hazy knowledge of canoeing, and sail-canoeing in particular, and the misconceptions which surround the subject, it might be well to set down a few things concerning the types of boats used, their characteristics and their capabilities.

The model in most general use at Sheepshead Bay is the standard 18-foot canvas-covered hull as produced by canoe builders who have spent years developing their models which are known by such names as Old Town, Morris, or Kennebec. These boats have a beam of 36 inches and a depth, measured from the top of the gunwale to the inside of the bottom, of not over 12 inches. They weigh about 90 pounds when new, and about 130 pounds when fully rigged for sailing. This type of hull may be rigged with two sails for a "doubles" outfit, or with one sail, usually termed a "single."

The majority of the "doubles" carry the popular lateen rig, the sails being bent directly to the spars and set on a short mast. The usual rig comprises 65 square feet in the mainsail and 45 or 50 square feet in the mizzen. The mainmast is stepped in the bow of the canoe just abaft the small deck coaming, and the mizzen is placed aft, with about six inches clearance between it and the end of the main boom.

Leeboards are used to take the place of the deep fin or centerboard with which sailing yachts are equipped, the boards being let down into the water to prevent side drift caused by the pressure of the wind on the sails. These leeboards swing on bolts fitted through angle brackets which are screwed to a crosspiece. This crosspiece, or brace, is bolted through the gunwales and may extend from one to three inches overside. The leeboard brace is usually placed abaft the middle thwart, its final location being subject to the whims of the skipper and the degree of balance which he desires to attain. Steering is done by paddle or rudder, the rudder being in

For racing, the Marconi rig is becoming increasingly popular among canoeists

the ascendant at the present time, especially for racing, due to the greater ease it gives in handling.

A most important piece of equipment is the spray deck. This is a piece of canvas cut to fit the form of the canoe. It extends from the extreme bow to a point about two feet forward of amidships, being lashed down taut to screws in the underside of the gunwale. A light spray board is fitted athwartships at the end of this deck, extending from gunwale to gunwale, and projecting about four or five inches above the level of the canvas. The forward portion of the canoe is, therefore, neatly decked over and on rough days most of the water that comes over the bow slides off again. A bailer or boat scoop attends to the remainder. The space under the spray deck is used for the stowage of paddles, oilskins, duffle bag, water jug, and miscellaneous gear. Two men usually constitute the crew, one handling the mainsheet and leeboards while the other tends the mizzen and the rudder or paddle. It is, however, not unusual for these boats to be sailed single-handed.

The average single sail canoe spreads about 50 to 65 square feet of sail, the mast being stepped three feet forward of the middle thwart, while the leeboard brace is fitted about 18 to 24 inches abaft the mast. A modified lateen rig is most commonly used, the sail measuring 10 feet 4 inches along the hoist and foot, and 12 feet 8 inches along the leach for an area of 55 square feet, with other areas in proportion.

Gradual evolution has altered the manner of rigging from the traditional style wherein the boom is carried horizontally, with the hoist sloping aft at quite an angle. The mast ring on the main boom now has been moved forward until the hoist sets almost vertically, and the boom, as a consequence, cocks up considerably above the horizontal. This arrangement has proved better for windward work and obviates tripping of the boom end in the water when running before a quartering sea. A small but very important piece of equipment on the "singles" is a guard of light sheet metal or crate-wood, about 18 inches long, which is fitted directly over the leeboard brace at the gunwale. This guard extends outward and upward at an angle of 45 degrees and serves to keep out water which the end of the leeboard brace normally pumps into the boat when well heeled. These are officially designated as "elephant's ears," due partly to their form but mainly because the first pair was made of light gauge metal which flapped quite a bit when a wave spanked against the underside.

Also included in the racing fleet is a class of 20-foot canoes, double-rigged. These boats have a beam of 40 inches and a depth of from 14 to 15 inches. They are provided with gunwales about four or five inches wide, a comfortable seat, and small bilge keels. Their construction is heavy, the framing consisting of the usual ribs running from gunwale to gunwale, alternating with intermediate ones which extend to the turn of the bilge, thus giving a very solid bottom. Sail areas vary between 135 and 145 square feet. These boats are ideal for camping and cruising trips as they will carry three men in comfort, and all equipment, duffle bags, etc., is easily stowed under the spray deck. Their beam and freeboard make them dry and easy to handle in rough water.

These doubles are designated as Class A for racing. The 18-foot doubles race in Class B, and the singles in Class C.

While the lateen-rigged boats make up the majority of the fleet, the Marconi rig is becoming increasingly popular, especially for racing, in which its superiority is markedly evident. There are at present six Marconi-rigged boats racing in Class B, with sail areas ranging from 90 to 120 square feet. Class C, the singles division, has three Marconi-rigged canoes that race regularly, two with 75-square-foot sails, and one that carries 87 square feet. Best results, from the standpoint of ease of handling, are attained by the use of hollow masts,

Among the Associated Canoe Clubs of Sheepshead Bay the canoes are started from the beach, on their handicaps, so that the first to cross the finish line is the winner

Photo, E. Tanare

It is quite a trick to keep a canoe on its feet in a breeze, but the crew soon learns to shift weight automatically. The lateen rig is still popular for the "doubles"

stayed to prevent excessive whipping. With mast heights ranging from 17 to 21 feet, the reduction of weight aloft becomes important, and has a marked bearing on the ability of the boat in heavy weather work. Outriggers or sliding seats are an essential piece of equipment for these rigs.

Considerable experimentation has attended the introduction of the jib-headed sails, the latest developments consisting of revolving masts, streamlined masts, bent booms and boom pockets. The canoe sailors discovered Dr. Curry several years ago. Rudders and leeboards have also come in for attention and have been streamlined. Leeboards have been increased considerably in area over those put out by canoe manufacturers. Sizes in vogue at the present are, for a 55-square-foot "singles," a board about 10 inches in width, with a depth of 36 to 38 inches from bolt hole to tip. A "singles" that carries around 75 square feet of sail uses a board about 12 inches in width with a depth of 40 to 44 inches. For sail areas above this amount, as in the doubles class, the usual width is close to 14 inches and depths range between 44 and 48 inches. A deep narrow board with sufficient area is a prime requisite for good windward work. The crews make the major portion of their equipment and attend to all the details of rigging the boats themselves. It is interesting work and sometimes pays big dividends in racing results. A canoe being a sensitive craft, slight changes may result in vastly improved performance.

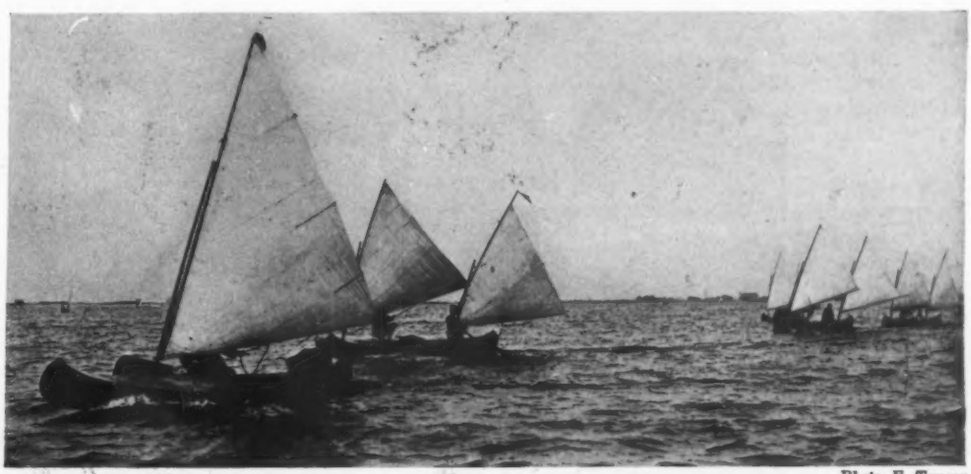
Racing at the Bay is conducted by an organization known as the Associated Canoe Clubs of Sheepshead Bay. The officers and various committees of the association are elected from members of the racing fleet. Usually four or five races constitute the season's program. Prizes are awarded for the boats placing in each race and a point score is also kept and series prizes awarded to the crews of the highest ranking boats at the end of the season. Competition is keen, and the last race usually finds each class battling for the first three or four places in the final standing.

Two rather unusual departures from yachting procedure feature the start of a race. Since the sail areas of the various boats may range from 130 to 145 square feet for the 20-foot doubles, from 80 to 125 square feet for the eighteens, and from 40 to 85 square feet for the "singles," all canoes are started under a handicap system, and from a standing start.

As the boats arrive at the beach before the start they are lined up in the same order as their sail area or handicap groups. When the starting time draws near the boats are put into the water (usually about knee-deep), sails are hoisted and gear is given a final look-over in readiness for the starting signal. The starting committee has meanwhile figured the handicaps and starting times for the strength of wind prevailing, so that the smaller boats are sent off first and those with the largest sail area last, the first boat to cross the finish line being the winner in its class.

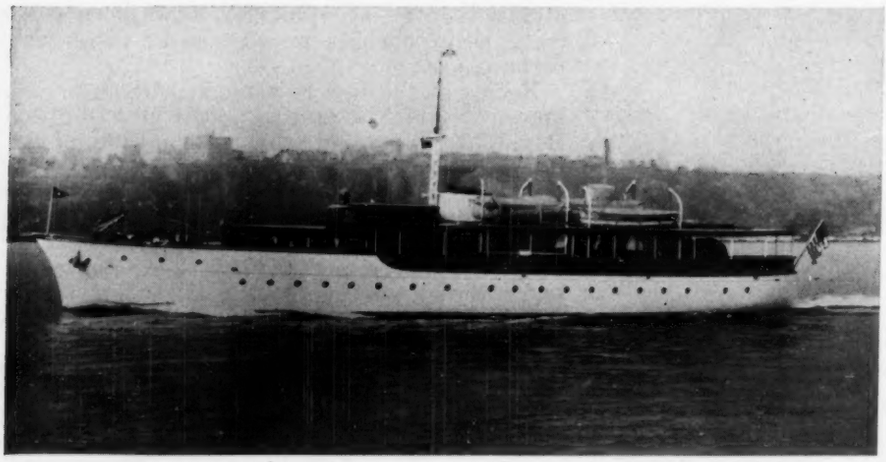
As the starter comes down the line — which may number some 50 or more boats — and the handicap group in which you sail is the next to be sent off, you and your crew make a few last minute preparations and adjustments and then hop aboard, while the willing hands of spectators or some of the crews who have not yet started steady your craft, awaiting the final signal. At the starter's "Go!" these same hands give the canoe one mighty heave forward, and it is "down with the leeboard, in with the sheet, and keep her going" on the beat to the first mark. Now begins two or three hours' intensive application to the serious business of keeping your canoe going at her fastest. In light or moderate weather this calls for shrewd estimating of the tide, taking the fullest advantage of every favorable slant of wind, and coaxing your boat along, perhaps to shake off

(*Continued on page 118*)



Photo, E. Tanare

A mixed fleet, showing the single rig (in foreground) and the "doubles," with the modified lateen rig

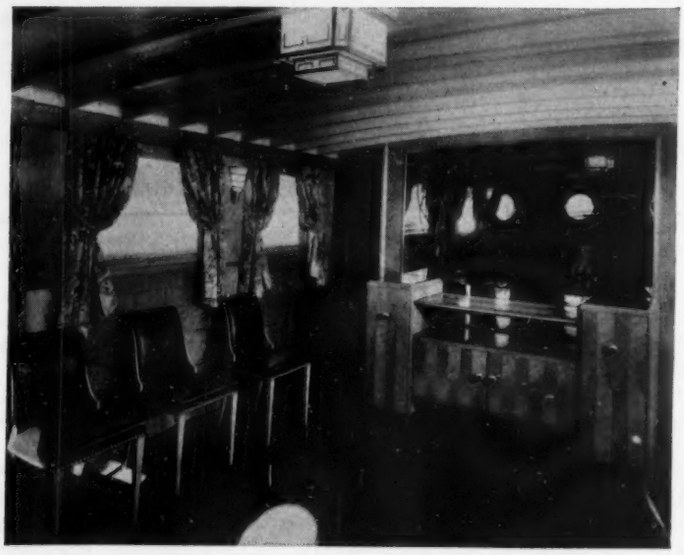


"Cleopatra"

A Diesel Cruiser of Modern Design

+ + +

This 108-foot Diesel cruiser was designed and built for A. O. R. Baldridge, of Jersey City, by the New York Yacht Launch and Engine Company



"Cleopatra," with her semi-clipper bow, cruiser stern, clean-cut lines and girder mast, exemplifies the naval influence which is apparent to some extent in recent yacht design. The interior is decidedly modern in treatment. The large refectory mirror in the dining saloon forward is painted with designs from marine life, making a unique mural of an undersea garden. In the main living room the modernistic decorations lend a light and airy tone to the interior. "Cleopatra" is powered with twin Winton Diesels

The dove that found no land

An Extended Passage

An Autumn Voyage from Falmouth to Gibraltar

By CONOR O'BRIEN

"When the wind is in the East
'Tis good for neither man nor beast."

NOR, the Proverbist might have added, for the state of the sea over which it blows; nor, consequently, for the ships which navigate that sea. But an east wind was a fair wind from Falmouth across the Bay of Biscay. Off Finisterre it might be expected to back northerly, and become what is known as the Portuguese Trade, a fair wind, for one bound south, as we were, as far as Cape St. Vincent. After that — well, it was the Mediterranean sun that we were seeking, and east winds in the Straits have a bad name; but more because of their strength than their frequency; with luck we might meet the gentler, steadier westerly, and reach Gibraltar in a week. In fact I said that with a good crew and average luck — or good luck and an average crew — a week was just the right time to spend over the passage.

But the good crew failed me. To be exact, I couldn't afford his price. My wife was something less than a good crew, for this was to be her first long passage, and she had considerable doubts as to how her health would stand it; and, anyway, she is very small and light. We found a volunteer, and hoped that he would form an average crew. We also hoped (perhaps with more justification) for better luck with the winds, and predicted a quick passage, if we no longer insisted that it ought not to exceed a week.

We ought to have made a trial trip, but the season was getting on — it was the 17th of September when we sailed — and we wanted to be well to the southward before the weather broke. So the whole trip proved rather a trial, in another sense.

We made a very poor run the first day. I always discount that; one has to sail her easy till things shake down, and the new helmsmen get used to the ship.

But, alas! our new helmsman never got used to the ship; indeed, he never got that sense of the wind which is necessary if one is to steer a vessel under sail. He was desperately anxious to be useful, and sat for hours at the wheel, getting the ship off the course on which she would have kept herself steady if left alone. But he did make the voyage possible; my wife, doubting her own powers, would not have started without a third hand; and he took his watch most conscientiously, and woke me every time the sails wanted trimming (even if that was more often due to an unpremeditated alteration of course than to a shift of wind).

Well, the second day's run was worse than the first. The wind came right aft. We rolled about and parted boom guys till I decided that, having a good deal less than an average crew, the passage would have to be made on labor-saving lines, and took in the mainsail. *Saoirse*, rigged as a brigantine, with working square canvas on the fore, will do most things without the mainsail; and in particular will run dead before the wind with the helm lashed amidships. But how true is that phrase, "running dead"! It is the worst point of sailing for any vessel, however rigged. I had felt that my big square foretopsail was too much for our reduced circumstances, since, though it can now be reefed from the deck, I have to go aloft to furl it; so I substituted a raffee, which can be set or taken in from the deck. It helped; but the mainsail, or any part of it, would have helped still more, even with the wind right aft. I fancy that some fore-and-aft canvas set abaft the square sails helps keep the wind circulating in them and adds to their pull; the ship seems more lively, and there is a bit of a kick in the helm; which is as much as to say that you are not getting the most out of her till the steering becomes a bit hard. But then you want more competent helmsmen than we could muster.

Once we had the main boom securely lashed down on its crutch, we were not in a hurry to cast it loose again

on its errand of destruction. I reckon it wants three good hands on deck to handle that spar safely in a seaway. I have the perfect mainsail — for smooth water — but, alas! I shall have to scrap it, for it requires a boom, and a boom is out of place on any seagoing vessel, especially a schooner. I must get the less efficient sail with a short foot and a long gaff. I'm not afraid of gaffs. The vangs, which will be needed to control it, may be troublesome, but they're not dangerous, like a boom guy. And you can always get a gaff down safely by lowering the peak first, for the wind in the belly of the sail keeps it steady. I remembered that when I claimed for *Saoirse* an average of 120 miles a day on ocean passages she had no main boom. I amended the figure to 100, and extended the probable length of this passage to Gibraltar to ten days.

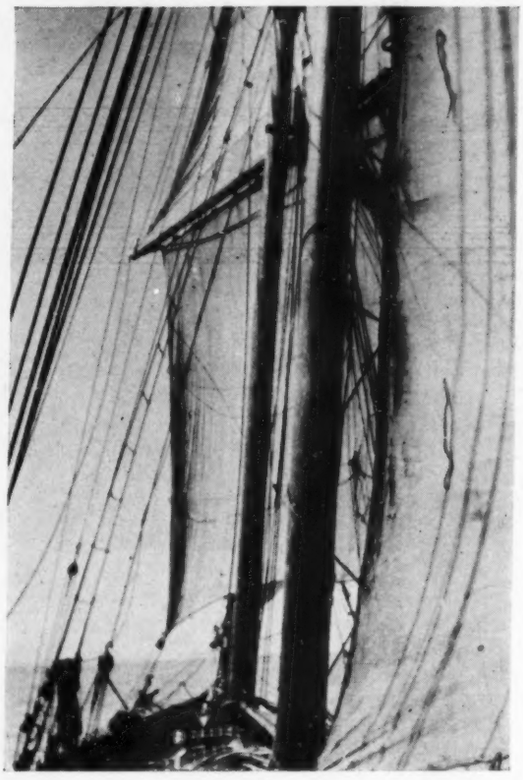
On the fourth day this seemed a little pessimistic. There was plenty of wind, and not so much sea but that a helmsman alert enough to run off before the bad ones hit him could not keep the wind nearly abeam most of the time. Three such helmsmen — and a close-reefed mainsail — might have made a 200-mile run; we kept the mainsail stowed, and only did 160 — and that a long way to leeward of our proper course. In fact, we were now more than 100 miles west of Finisterre; and the wind wasn't going more northerly, but east.

It was blowing up for a gale, with no change in the barometer and no cloud in the sky; the sort of easterly gale that might go on for days; and our proper course was south. We couldn't look at it with the square foresail set — at least, I decided that we couldn't because my motto is "safety first" — so we took it in and left her under reefed jib and reefed main staysail. She was still going too fast for comfort, if not for safety, so I laid the bare fore yard aback to check her way. Thus we made a square drift of 70 miles in the 24 hours. Seventy miles in the right direction, with no exertion on the part of the crew, was not to be despised, especially by my wife, who was really seriously ill, but insisted on standing her trick at the wheel as long as there was any steering to be done. But she, and all of us, were grateful for the rest, even if it meant that the passage would take a fortnight instead of ten days.

We were still going too fast. The seas were breaking freely; those that came across the deck were rendered harmless by a belated application of the canvas covers to the skylights, but those that struck the ship's side made her give some very terrifying lurches. We stowed the main staysail, lashed the wheel hard down, and let her lie under reefed jib only.

I do not claim that this is the proper way to heave to; in fact, I didn't call it heaving to at all. I hate to stop a ship dead as long as she can make some little progress on her course. Besides, I was lazy about taking in that jib, and if I did nothing it was likely the gale would save me the trouble; it was a very old and shaky sail. But she ranged about a good deal, and buried her jibboom pretty deep at times, and started to wash the flying jib off the end of it; and that was a nice new sail I didn't want to lose.

I said we were not hove to, but I acted as if we were, and went out on that jibboom without running off before the wind, though I might have considered that I was just as likely to be washed off as was the flying jib. Fortunately, this did not happen; I got a wetting, but nothing worse; and a curious sensation. While I was unbending the sail — it was the quickest way of dealing with it, for half the hanks had come adrift — I heard a sea roaring and hissing behind my back. I braced myself for the shock, wondering if it would break any ribs; and



"We set all sail again"

it never came. The water pushed me gently from behind, and I was carried away to leeward at a dizzy speed. I thought for a moment then that the jibboom had broken, and was, with me, adrift in the Atlantic. But all was safe and sound; evidently the main part of the breaker had struck the ship's bows just as the water reached me, and swung her 'round at a rate incredibly magnified at my position, 16 feet outboard. I judged that the next time there was any work to be done forward I'd keep the sea right aft. Later I had evidence of what could happen if it struck the jibboom first.

It was only circumstantial evidence, but here are the circumstances. My bowsprit shrouds are set up to short iron catheads. After our worst night one of these was found to be quite bent up, the bend occurring at a point where the iron was two and one-half inches wide and one inch thick, and the shroud was hanging in a bight. I do not suggest that the impact of the sea on the bare iron did the damage; it must have been a pull from the end of the boom, on which, at the time, the jib was stowed, and therefore offered a considerable resistance to the water.

There was some fun over stowing that jib. Yes, I took it in before the gale did; we felt it was time to try a proper way of heaving to. My wife took the wheel, and ran the ship off before the wind. I had just hauled down the sail when a tremendous sea rose up and hit us on the lee quarter — or perhaps I should say on what had for the last three days been the lee quarter. The worst of a permanent lee side is that things gravitate there, and stay so safely by gravity that one neglects to lash them against a weather roll. One such thing was a kerosene stove. It was not in use at the time; we had a coal fire in the galley, and a good hot one.

I heard shouts from aft, and saw smoke pouring out of the companion hatch. The kerosene stove had capsized onto the hot top of the coal stove, and the oil running from it was burning gaily. Fortunately, a kettle, large

and full, which was standing near it, had not capsized. I grabbed this out of an avalanche of other pots and pans (because somewhere about now the ship broached to) and with it tackled the conflagration; then I went on deck to tackle the defaulting helmsman. I found her staring at a compass which had lost its lubber line, and whose card was spinning wildly. That sea had capsized even the compass bowl! I judged there were enough excuses for a slight lapse of steering!

With a reefed forestaysail instead of the jib we lay quieter, and went below to get what rest the gale would allow us. It wasn't too bad, once we realized that the fearful crash of seas breaking on deck were not going to hurt us; we even slept between the real knock-down blows they handed out from time to time, when, if you were in a weather bunk, you were shot out of it, and when you were in a lee one things rose up from windward and hit you in the eye. I don't know what this means in the way of angle of heel. If a jug leaves the pantry shelf and bursts itself on the chronometer box, at its own level and twelve feet away, it doesn't mean we were on our beam ends (with our inside ballast and heavy spars beam ends would mean another kind of end, too). For all our 24 tons' displacement, our motion in such a sea as this is so quick that gravity is at a discount; also, the structure of the hull being somewhat elastic, when a sea strikes it things are shot out from her side in the line of the impact.

It's no good asking how that sea appeared from the deck. It looked so ugly that it scared me, and I didn't stop to study it. It was not very high — 20 feet, maybe, on the average, and 30 at the outside, but it was very steep. I think I have never seen a worse. But I think I have never met a stronger wind — not a continuous one for a day or more. We stayed hove to for 48 hours.

With the wind nearly abeam we would run off before the bad ones hit

All that wasn't strictly necessary, for the wind and sea had moderated quite a lot by the time we were sailing again. But when I'm hove to I like to get value for it in the way of comfort, and we didn't lie ideally till I ventured to set the reefed main staysail (it is a very old sail, but I have no spare, so I didn't risk it at the height of the gale) and to pull the forestaysail sheet up to windward. Then we got twelve hours of the real thing, which restored my wife to health (with a loss of weight, however, from 112 to under 100 pounds). We were now fairly off the calendar, so to speak, so we made no rash promises about being in Gibraltar in a fortnight; a day or two more did not matter.

The wind not only dropped, but backed more northerly; but because of the sea that remained we could not set the mainsail; yet we made 100 miles really on our course. This looked like the Portuguese Trade at last. But it wasn't. It fell to a calm, but the sea stayed as bad as ever. There was some dirty work going on near at hand — besides an eclipse of the moon, which is a thing I don't like to meet at sea. There must, in fact, have been some gale on the Portuguese coast, and refugees were flying from it towards us. Butterflies — the inevitable "Painted Lady," but she's a strong flier and I had met her more than 150 miles offshore before — many moths, large and small; a sort of may-fly, a thing that couldn't travel a mile under its own power; two small birds of the warbler family; one small wader, like a gray plover, one large one, like a stork, three swallows; and a bat! Then came squalls and thunderstorms, still from the east; our visitors decided that ours was an uncongenial climate, and drifted off westward. We followed, more slowly, but were just as surely being pushed off the map of Europe. We were out of the reach of the wind, which raged inshore of us, but the sea continued its evil work. However, we were also out of the clouds and rain; the semi-tropical sun shone brilliantly, and this was what we had come out to seek. It was so pleasant (as long as we kept that main boom lashed down) that we lost all sense of time. The birds that visited us regarded us as more of a fixed point — a kind of Noah's ark — and stayed longer; a small dove, for instance, seemed inclined to take up permanent residence. We sent him away to see if any dry land was left, but Portugal must have been still under the flood, or perhaps he couldn't face the 120 miles to shore, for he came back.

Somehow we drifted down to the latitude of Cape St. Vincent, and at last a nice northerly breeze came along, with the help of which, and of the long unused mainsail, we raised the loom of the light on the evening of our fourteenth day at sea! We were so much cheered by the sight of land that we began to consider the date of our arrival seriously, even to the extent of overhauling shore-going clothes and getting the anchors over. We had less than 200 miles to go.

But we wanted a wind to cover it; and no sooner had we passed the Cape than it fell calm again. My wife being now an able-bodied sea-woman, we did not feel such a need for economy of labor, so we bent and set the flying jib and the big square topsail. But we didn't use them for long; the wind came fresh and fresher out of the east, and the sea steep and very much steeper out of the southeast. We could not keep steerageway anywhere near our course, so we hove to, waiting for the wind to shift or the sea to go down.

It was the wind that went down, and the sea did not shift. We set all sail again, but in vain. We tried her on the starboard tack. She laid up about northeast, traveling finely — through the water. How much leeway we made

(*Continued on page 100*)

Decks Awash!

From a photograph by Albert Cook Church

We Buy Our First Boat

+ +

A Chesapeake Bay Work Boat Makes a Liveable Cruiser At a Small Cost

+ +

By
P. E. GUCKES

"Cannon," a 38-footer, is able and comfortable, and will accommodate four people. She cost about five hundred dollars

EARLY in the summer of 1928 my wife and I were week-ending in a shore resort on the Maryland coast. Sunday afternoon found us in an 18-foot sailing scow, making little if any headway under a blazing sun in an almost flat calm. Perhaps it was the calm — perhaps our sailing ability — possibly it was the boat. At any rate, we blamed the scow, and from our disgust was born the resolve to own a real boat. Some optimistic rumor monger had told us that boats didn't cost much; we'd try.

The disease spread rapidly. Within three days it had made so much progress that the amount of thought spent on business had dwindled to an alarming degree. So far, we were only in the dreaming stage, and dreams had not cost a cent. We dreamed of a boat big enough to live aboard, possibly for a week at a stretch, and with room for a couple of extra berths for guests. We would have no power; just a plain sail boat — good and husky, so that we could go anywhere, plenty of beam for comfort and not very deep. We thought 40 feet about as short as we could manage and still accommodate all the things we planned. In our dreams we were going to buy a boat, not a yacht, and we were willing to spend three hundred dollars.

Enthusiasm had grown to the point where it demanded immediate action. Very well — we'd go and see someone who sold boats. On the telephone, a certain broker in Philadelphia was most attentive when we mentioned a 40-foot sloop. Yes, he had several on his lists which were very attractive. We didn't bother to discuss price in that first conversation.

Two days later two people had a rude awakening. For some reason the broker could not understand that even his cheapest boats had one too many ciphers in the price. That visit put a temporary stop to the enthusiasm, but the disease was by now too deep-rooted to cure, and the dreams just wouldn't leave a clear head for business. Maybe down on the Eastern Shore real work boats would be cheaper.

During the summer two automobile trips below Wilmington proved that they were. Also, that the boats were not very clean, nor very pretty. The farther down you go, and the farther from the big cities, the more money will buy.

Next spring, in Cambridge, on the Choptank, we first began to find boats within the reach of our slender purse; but still we were not satisfied. And so we came to the Little Choptank and Honga River districts. Some of the towns were 30 miles from the railroad where the family flivver could not even navigate during the winter months. Down there a dollar goes a long, long way.

In our wanderings we met an old boatbuilder who had run a coasting schooner in his time. He was seventy, and we were thirty. He knew the sea, and we didn't. Our ignorance must have been pitiable, for he took us under his wing and agreed to ride with us for the next two days, or until we found the right boat. No one hurries on the Eastern Shore, and the boat he was building could wait a day or so. We'd better stay for supper and put up over night, and the next day we could start out for the lower end of the county.

The builder's wife was well along in years. She had been "ailin'" lately, and she certainly looked it. Eighty pounds was surely all she weighed. When morning came she looked wistful at our departure, and when we suggested that she go along she jumped at the chance. It seemed she had not left the village in nearly a year. The roads down there are rough — not as we of the cities think of rough roads, but real logging roads, with holes two feet deep. The old Buick rolled and pitched and groaned, and even with a wheel to hold me in place I was sore from the punishment, but that little old lady was too interested to get tired, and ended the day as fresh as a daisy.

The Eastern Shore boats were never laid out like our modern racing hulls. They were built for work — built

to stay out in any kind of weather, and built to last for years. Most of them needed paint, many were too rotted to warrant repair, and all of them needed considerable carpenter work before they could meet our requirements as to accommodations. Still, they were good sea boats, roomy, and cheap. Also, our boatbuilder was most cheering in his estimates for building cabins, etc.

Two full days of looking at boats. Big boats, little boats — good boats, and rotten boats — cheap boats, and expensive boats; they were all for sale at some figure. Then we returned to compare notes and make our decision. Thirty was enthusiastic over several, but Seventy was more cautious. Besides, he'd seen some rotten places here and there which we had somehow missed. Come to think of it, none of them were good value.

The pilot at the wheel with his leaky launch alongside providing auxiliary power

What to do? We couldn't stay there any longer. Business had to be attended to, but, on the other hand, we had to have a boat, and have her quick, for spring was approaching. We thought. Privately, we had learned enough to realize just how little we did know. Anyone could sell us a bad boat. On the other hand, we felt we knew human nature a little better. Here was kindliness, and honesty. Very well.

"Why don't you go ahead and buy a boat for us? You know about the size and type we need. When you find her, write me and I'll send you the money to settle. Then you go ahead and build on the cabin the way we've planned."

Seventy scratched his head and smiled in a puzzled way. He wasn't used to kids who acted quickly, and who showed such blind confidence. Finally he "guessed as how" he could do it. We started for home serene in the knowledge that some day soon we'd own a boat. By the way, our ideas of price had gradually increased in the past year, and we had given instructions that it was all right to go as high as five hundred dollars, but this was to include the cost of all repairs, and the building of a new cabin and cockpit.

Our friends had a glorious laugh when they heard the story. Buy a boat from a perfect stranger without ever having looked her over? Crazy! We'd get a boat that would open up in the first blow and drown us. We'd evidently lost what little sense we ever had.

Five endless weeks went by and finally word came that we were the owners of a boat, and she was fitted out ready to sail. That Friday night found us on a train headed south, feeling like six-year-olds on Christmas Eve. The next morning we were to have the first look at our own boat. Would she be something of which we'd be proud and be able to enjoy, or did we own a worn-out hulk? The morning would tell.

By automobile the trip down had seemed long, but this time we had to get there without a car, and we were expecting plenty of trouble. All we were carrying were three bags of clothing, food and blankets, a spirit compass, a rolled up chart or two, slickers, and a gasoline stove, in addition to a sizable box of cooking things and a camera. Five hours in a day coach, then two-and-a-half more in a bus. Then there was the little matter of an hour's wait because someone had forgotten about daylight saving time, and the family flivver wasn't there to meet us. Another hour over the back roads, and we were finally there.

It was then late at night, but out in the stream we could see something that looked like a real ship, so nothing would do but to go on board. By starlight and the help of a lantern we looked her over. She needed paint, but otherwise seemed in fair shape. We were told she hadn't leaked ten gallons in three weeks. She was 38 feet on deck, and 13 feet beam. The new cabin was 11 feet long, 9 feet wide, and had 6 feet of headroom. She looked able and comfortable, through and through, and we fell in love with her at first sight. We ended the evening by ferrying all our junk on board and turning in. Sleep was important, for we had some hundred miles to sail in the next two days, with no auxiliary power, in strange waters, and in an untried boat. We might need all the rest we could get before the trip was over; and we did.

It was very late when we turned in aboard the *Cannon*, and what sleep there was we had on the soft side of a long leaf yellow pine floor, for the talked-of spring berths had not yet been installed. Still, as soon as the sun made its appearance, some five hours later, we were up and busy, for who could sleep when there was a brand new boat to inspect and play with? The morning inspection bore out all that we had seen the night before.

Cannon is a typical Eastern Shore "skipjack," 38′ by 33′ by 13′ by 2′ 8″ draft. Clipper-bowed, with bold sheer, and a rakish rig, she looks a real salt water boat. The sail plan is simple. A 50-foot mast carries a leg o'mutton mainsail with a 38-foot boom, and forward there is a jib measuring 12 feet along the foot.

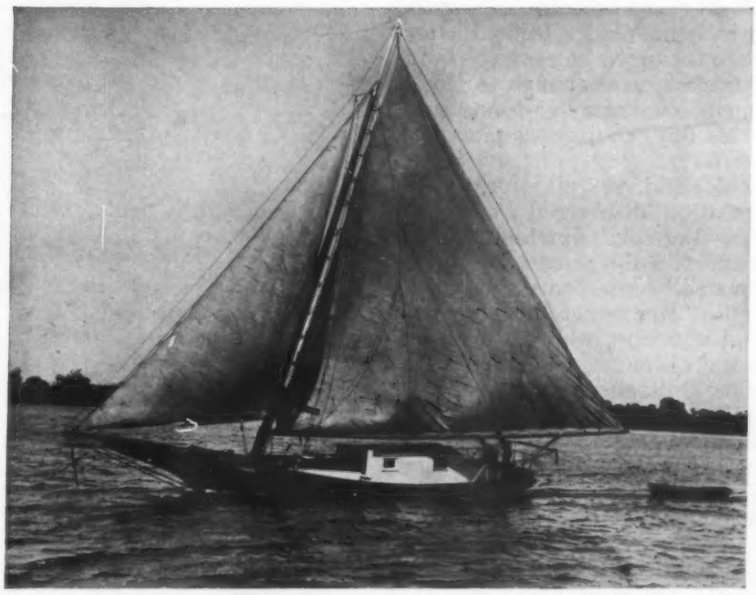
On deck there is about six feet forward of the mast for handling ground tackle, jib sheet, etc. Right abaft the mast is a low house containing two bunks. This was the original fisherman cabin, and although the headroom is nothing of which to boast, it would do very nicely for the "spare-room," and needed only paint. Abaft this, the original deck was left clear athwartships for a width of two feet. This gave room to get about on deck, and also allowed two of the deck beams to be left uncut. The original midship hatch was enlarged and a house 3′ high, 11′ long and 9′ wide was built over it, leaving decks 2′ wide. A coaming was carried back along the line of the cabin sides to within eighteen inches of the stern, and then squared off along the after side of the wheel box. With a well cut out of the center, this makes a roomy cockpit about 8 feet square. A pipe rail runs clear

around the stern, and a pair of davits swung over this carry a 9-foot yawl boat with a 5 h.p., heavy duty engine for towing work. The engine needed repairs.

The main cabin was originally the hold, for *Cannon* has seen service from dredging oysters to running freight. The entire hold, as well as the new house, was sealed with ¾-inch pine, and this made a fine, neat job, thoroughly tight. On the port side, forward, is a toilet room really big enough to move around in. From forward, this may be entered through a hatch, which makes it accessible for the occupants of the forward house without disturbing those in the main cabin. One berth is built on the port side, leaving space against the after bulkhead for galley arrangements. On the starboard side two berths are laid out, head to foot, with the end of the forward berth extending under the 'thwartship deck between the two cabins.

As all of these berths are built partly into the cabin, and partly under deck, a lot of floor space is left in the middle, giving plenty of elbow room. Stowage and locker space is provided clear across the ship under the deck between the cabin and the wall of the cockpit well. There are also lockers high on the sides of the main cabin above the berths.

After breakfast, cooked on a gasoline camp stove which didn't work as well as the advertisements promised, we prepared to get underway. Before we reached Chesapeake Bay and open water we had to negotiate eleven miles of narrow creek against a head wind all the way. Sailing was out of the question, and with no auxiliary the only alternative was to tow. After two hours we located a boatman who was willing to take us down. We didn't look his boat over then, but got back on board *Cannon*, and waited. We waited more than an hour. Finally we heard a missing engine and the tow boat hove in sight around a bend. He lashed alongside, and when we had a chance to look him over closely we understood what had taken the time. He'd been pumping. Even then there was water up to the flywheel, and more was coming in fast. One seam, not six inches above the water line, was open wide enough to see light through. The miss in the engine probably was due to water in the carburetor. It might work out. On the other hand, the engine sounded as if it might go dead any minute. Prospects didn't look good for a speedy trip to the bay. However, we started off, and with three pumpings we covered the eleven miles in a little more than two hours and sighted open water ahead. Just about then the engine coughed and quit. That was all right, we were there anyhow, and from now on we had deep water and a fair wind for home. All hands turned to to get canvas on her. Our pilot squinted a weather eye (at us, rather than the weather) and reckoned we'd better put down one reef, at least till we had gotten out in the bay and seen how much breeze we had. He probably thought we'd crack up sooner or later, and with short canvas the chances were a little better for us. It did not take long for the Eastern Shoremen to form an opinion of us.



The deckhouse was built over the cargo hold, making a large main cabin with companionways fore and aft. The original fisherman cabin abaft the mainmast makes a snug forward cabin

Our canvas looked good. It had seen but one season, was sound, and well cut. The halliards looked as if they could stand some renewing, and reef tackles, jacks, and minor gear had seen better days. Still, we had only about a hundred miles to go, and the weather looked perfect.

We cast loose and filled away. Half an hour later, with the aid of glasses, we could still make out the pilot. He was pumping. Our course for Charlestown, which we hoped to make by Sunday evening, lay almost north, true, until past Sharps Island, then N. by E. for Love Point, then N.N.E. for Turkey Point, at the head of the bay. The breeze was steady out of the south, the sun was shining, and the ship had been cleared of litter and loose lines. We followed the pilot's advice and were still carrying the reef. While running free, everything was quiet, and this seemed like the time to wrestle with that gasoline stove again. In less than an hour we had a respectable dinner. True, we had given the stove far more attention that we had the navigating, but all we had to do was steer somewhere north.

"This sailing with a reef down isn't getting us along any too fast. Let's shake it out and really start moving." Did I mention the Irish pennants in the reef tackle? Another half hour passed with little attention to navigation while we cleared this mess. We meant to pass to the eastward of Sharps Island, skirting the eastern shore, where we had a chance of making harbor if we found too much weather. The light ought to be about two points off the port bow, but with the glasses all we could see was open water. Finally we made the light well to starboard, thanks to our lack of attention. With the wind dead astern we could not lay the light without jibing, and we didn't want to do that with a lot of poor rigging and a good breeze blowing. We decided to go outside. Later we could bear more easterly and get back on the course.

In less than half an hour we heard, for the first time, the warning, "Fish stakes ahead!" The line ran east and west, and the eastern end was too far over to make without jibing or tacking. We came up a point or two, and were again getting too far to the west. This was repeated three times until we reached the western shore. Finally we tacked and stood to the northeast, and all the

(*Continued on page 108*)

Various Cruises

Narragansett Bay Sets the Scene for a Variety of Experiences

By H. J. PECK

I DO not sing of the Heaving Main and the Rolling Deep, of 3000-mile cruises, of lyings-to under a dish-rag of sail while mountainous waves sweep our tiny cockleshell and every moment threatens to be the last. Rather my song is of intimate small waters bordering upon pleasant shores, harbors, and islands, where you can cast off the home-port mooring at eight bells of the morning watch, and after an exhilarating jogging about at the pleasure of the friendly breezes you can come to anchor in late afternoon in the haven where you would be, have a swim overside, some chow, and settle down to a pleasant evening of pipes and moonlight.

To be specific, I sing of various cruises in that yachtsman's paradise, Narragansett Bay, though not in 50-foot yachts or power paragons, but in craft from skiffs to 25-foot sloops.

In our boyhood days Walt and I sailed a skiff around the Warren River with home-made leeboard and spritsail, venturing out into the upper bay even as far as Pex Rox and beyond Rumstick, near enough to Rocky Point to hear a certain melodious merry-go-round tune, which, remembered to this day, conjures a picture of glamorous days on the water.

But the sailors grew older and, yearning for a yacht more worthy of their ambition, discovered *Dora* slumbering at a grassy wharf, a "For Sale" sign tacked to her mast. She was, in retrospect, a dingy enough 16-foot catlike packet boasting a small centerboard, but to our young eyes she was *some boat!* Her owner, an elderly salt with traditional pipe and whiskers, whom I shall call Cap'n Bill, because that was his name, sang high praises of *Dora*, reiterating, "She ain't an old bo't," and we nabbed our prize and sailed away, rejoicing. We ventured far abay (for us) in *Dora* — into Providence River and even into Greenwich Bay, our principal *Dora* reminiscence being a vicious puff which once beam-ended her in the fastnesses of Apponaug Cove, the mainsheet doubtless being fast.

Memory jumps to Kickemuit River, Warren's back door to Narragansett Bay, and brings the *Triton* into focus. This was a return to the open skiff class, a 14-footer with leeboard and gaff and boom rig. A real cruise, with cap'n and crew, was in the wind.

Triton was the offspring of a *Triton* which had been sailed by the cap'n's father, a noted marine painter of Warren, who had immortalized his youthful voyagings in "Down the Bay" and "Our Week Afloat," illustrated by himself, and worthy the attention of any yachtsman who has ever been a boy. Beside Cap and Walt, the fourth member of the ship's company was a Swedish youth from Illinois known as "Gollee" — accent on the "lee" — from his propensity for emitting this ejaculation, and who never had seen salt water before nor even been in a boat.

Well plimsolled down with supplies, blankets, and ourselves, *Triton* sailed down the "Kicky" before a snappy nor'west breeze. Through the Narrows into Mt. Hope Bay, we laid a straight course for Commonfence Point, the northern spike of the island of Rhode Island.

In the distant northeast could be descried the white patch of a Fall River liner at her pier and to the southwest Mt. Hope, topped by King Philip's erstwhile throne, towered to the stupendous altitude of 235 feet. Well down in the lee of Commonfence Point a ripe odor assaulted our nostrils. "Fishworks," said Cap. "Let's go and take a look."

Considering the magnitude of the olfactory offence, strangely enough the smell seemed not so strong at the source. We landed and duly inspected the oozy operation of extracting the oil from the luckless menhaden —

"She ain't an old bo't"

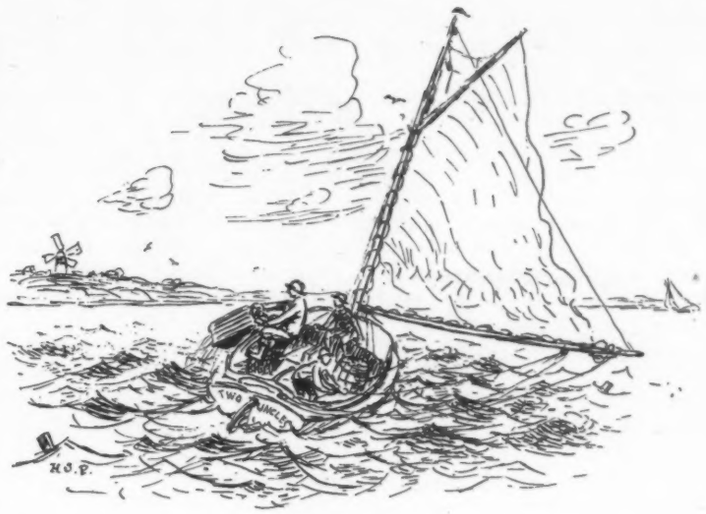
"po'gies" — which were brought in by the "po'gy" steamers which cruised around the bay. Fishworks and fragrance long have vanished, doubtless to the satisfaction of contiguous residents!

Southward under the bridges we voyaged, finding it easier to unstep the mast than to help the drawtenders earn their salaries. Anyway, we had forgotten the horn. The Seaconnet River opened invitingly, but first we entered an inlet on whose banks appeared the mansion which was built on fish oil. At the end of the inlet was a little store which gave a chance to replenish the water jug. Spying this latter a man hilariously hailed us with "Drunk again, are ye, gol darn ye!" But very evidently it was to himself the soft impeachment was rightly applicable.

Although a beautiful stretch of water, the Seaconnet River, eastern passage of Narragansett Bay, was bare of boats, due in part, perhaps, to the unwillingness of kind-hearted yachtsmen to overwork the drawtenders of the Tiverton bridges. Below Gould Island, which has a twin near Newport in name and appearance, Cap decided to call it a day and landed at "the Glen" on the west shore. After walking off our sea-legs in this romantic ravine we were able to do complete justice to supper cooked on

the beach, augmented by the unconscious generosity of a farmer who considerately had planted a field of spuds nearby. Repose came easily on the ostermoors of sand in our spacious star-ceiled apartment with adjacent salt-water bath.

Next day we beat down the Seaconnet against a southerly breeze with the kindly connivance of an ebb tide. When *Triton* began to buck a little against increasing seas "Gollee" increased his grip on the gunwale, grinned, and took his occasional dose of salt water with his favorite expletive, proving himself a true son of the Vikings, and he even took his turn at manning the pumps before we finally fetched up in snug Seaconnet Harbor and beached among a stack of lobster-pots.



"Lawbsterin"

Skipper's great idea after stowing a husky shore dinner, was to sail out to sea and around to Newport, which his father had done more than once in the first *Triton*. Chancing upon an elderly acquaintance to whom we confided our project, he concurred heartily. "A fine trip, boys — you've a great day for it."

So forth we started, full of clams and confidence. It was rougher than when we came in and as *Triton* banged her way nearer and nearer the ocean it grew still rougher. "Great stuff — what!" said Cap, and we all grinned and said, "Sure!" We worked out abreast of West Island, with "Gollee" never relaxing his tight clutch on the gunwale, nor his grin.

"A little choppy, eh?" said Cap, and then, "Hard alee!" as the *Triton* reared on her hind legs with a clatter of kettles. Our grins were becoming a little strained as we lumbered toward Sachuest Point on the port tack, with due attention to the bailer. Along came a bigger wave, and a sheet of spray, which, when our eyes were clear, we saw had failed to wash the grin from "Gollee's" face. More followed, until suddenly Cap pulled the tiller up hard, eased the sheet, and with a swoop *Triton* began to run nor'west toward the harbor north of Sachuest Point. What a grand and glorious feeling to see ourselves going away from that magnificent stretch of whitecaps!

In the quiet fisherman's cove we anchored on the beach as usual, and all hands, not yet having had enough salt water, completed the job in the surf of Sachuest Beach. That night, the inner sailorman having been duly attended to, we were guests at Haystack Hotel on the beautiful promontory commanding entrancing views of ocean from Block Island to Cuttyhunk, where seagulls scream and balmy breezes bathe the — but lay off that stuff.

Newport ambitions being quenched, we retraced the Seaconnet the following day before a booming breeze and sailed into Kickemuit at sundown, wiser and happier sailormen. Hours after hitting solid earth the lilt of ship and picture of curling combers seemed to remain in an impression of having been, for days, very, very close to the water. So ends a short but glorious voyage.

Walt and I graduated into cats and a sloop or two by the lobstering route with Warren fishermen whose pots were set at Mill Gut, Nag Crick and down along the east coast of Prudence Island.

This was in the days before the "kicker" had made the sail a back number in the fishing game. Plenty of ozone and exercise in running down a long string of pots when the underbuoys would be "watchin'" for us — pulling the pots and extracting the lobsters, if any, and the *de trop* crabs and "pennywinkles," tying in a fresh bunch of odorous fishheads for the allurement of "lawbsters" to come, sliding over the pot with a splash and bearing off for the next buoy.

Sometimes we would continue south to Newport to stay overnight and after a delectable supper of johnnycakes and lobster or fish cooked on the shipmate, all hands would go ashore for a round of the famous Westall's ice cream. If the New York Yacht Club happened to be rendezvousing in the harbor, all the better, and future cruises, on our own, were timed to coincide with that lively event.

Acquaintance was gradually formed with many harbors and islands, and various beautiful prospects of land and water for which Narragansett Bay is justly famous. The cruiser learned to take a tip from the islands, exercising Prudence, Patience, and Hope in navigating, and never letting Despair get a look-in, no

"The yacht suddenly nosed down"

matter how stiff the beat, "ornery" the tide, dead the calm, or thick the pea-soup. He would always make it, somehow, and in retrospect enjoy the trials of the run.

A good orthodox Narragansett cruise was to run for the night to Potter's Cove, on Prudence, that peaceful landlocked harbor, and thence around past Warwick Light into Greenwich Bay and spend a night in that pleasant yachty cove. Dutch Island Harbor the next evening, with a look *en passant* at Wickford, a sleepy, picturesque town decidedly worth exploration. Dutch Island to Newport seemed the crucial run, for the young skipper had to nose out around Beavertail for a stretch in the open, which was likely to afford some swell sailing.

"We were guests at Haystack Hotel"

If the New York fleet was in, it was all the more exciting to poke between the Dumplings and Fort Adams into Newport Harbor, maneuvering among the aristocratic yachts to a modest anchorage with less high-toned craft, but withal more classy than ours. It was always a great show. At night, slumbers in our humble cabin were punctuated by the sudden gyrations of our boat from the wake of swift launches passing very close, as if with malice aforethought.

The charms of Newport were many. A trip ashore to mix in narrow Thames Street, with its crowd of jackies, yachtsmen, soldiers and civilians; a swim at the beach and, if still exuding pep, the Cliff Walk hike would put us in the pink of condition for punishing remarkable quantities of chowder and ice cream. On other occasions we found ourselves exploring the charms of Bristol's beautiful harbor, most famous in yachting annals as the birthplace of cup defenders.

"With a swoop 'Triton' began to run nor'west"

After interruption to cruising days during residence in other, dryer parts, came a return to Narragansett, the Mate, and a mutual desire for a boat. After a fruitless search, YACHTING came to the rescue and *Prowler* became ours.

She was a Friendship sloop, an ilk quite foreign to former experiences, including a five h.p. motor, and she lay at New Rochelle. It was quite an ambitious first cruise for the Mate, who had never slept on a boat, but we sailed *Prowler* to Warren, taking our time and stopping at several Sound ports.

That cruise has been chronicled before. Suffice it to say here that with the Mate's newness to the life and the skipper's unfamiliarity with a long bowsprit, double head rig, deep keel, and motor, the cruise had its thrills, but we finally anchored in Warren River.

When we returned next morning we were horror-struck to find that *Prowler* had disappeared, but a frenzied glance around discovered her calmly riding to anchor a quarter of a mile downstream. A bystander deposed that he had seen the yacht yard man shifting her and "mebbe I'd better look into it."

Accordingly, I "looked," and with righteous indignation. But the yacht yard proprietor said quietly, "All right; next time we see your boat drifting out of the river we'll let her drift." Whereupon I dismounted from my lofty steed with a thud.

I thought I knew the Warren River but it took the *Prowler* to reveal to me its real character. We moored the boat to a mushroom anchor well up river and soon found that at times, even when a strong south wind was blowing, *Prowler* would be lying perversely downstream, stern to wind with a taut line. Again, she would go prowling all around the mooring as if bent on living up to her name and impatient to be off. One day when beating up with the tide I jauntily luffed and captured the float in my best a. b. manner, only to have it jerk me violently against the shrouds and all but overboard. The float and I quickly parted company and the *Prowler* kept right on prowling up the river. There is *some* tide in the Warren River!

Prowler's five feet of draft occasionally proved a source of some embarrassment to us, as well as amusement to the onlookers, when I would forget she was not a catboat while in shallow waters. Once, while taking a "motor spin" in the cove at East Greenwich past the picturesque Scalloptown shacks, the yacht suddenly nosed down and stopped. The Mate's I-told-you-so expression was not mollified by my plausible explanation that it was just a "lotta scallop shells" that Uncle Sam had forgotten to put on the chart. Of course, it was just on the down side of high tide, and shrinking from Scalloptowners' interested glances, we clambered into the tender and explored the delights of East Greenwich for a few hours.

Prowler was far from being only a source of misadventure and irritation, for these occasions were merely a foil for the long series of delightful sails and cruises she provided. And the motor worked! Some may decry a motor in a sailboat, but it is a comfortable adjunct of cruising and comes in handy in a pinch.

Such a pinch occurred when the *Prowler* was taking four of us to Newport to see the New York Yacht Club fleet. Off Coddington Cove the northeast sky gradually darkened and gave evidence that something was going to break loose in the very near future. Discretion started the motor and doused the sails, and when it came we were puttering along very comfortably before it. But anon it petered out and we noted that the west had become a high black wall steadily mounting into the sky while a sickly gleam pervaded the foreground. There was no doubt now there was *really* going to be something doing, and soon!

Could *Prowler* make the shelter of Goat Island? Before those western demons let loose? No, she could not, and with a wild swoop they were upon us. The little ship careened giddily, but kept going. The murk ahead became a chaos of tossing masts, sagging sails, hurtling hulls, craft dragging down on the wharves of the harbor or straining wildly at their anchors, a chaos into which *Prowler* was rapidly being swept.

This was one time when we brought up right in the thick of the biggest yachts in the puddle and, remarkably, without bumping any of the haughty beauties, who at the moment seemed to be as excited as we were, and as busy. With both hooks over, we rode out the little 60-mile breeze which had caused such a violent, though short-lived flurry in Newport Harbor, and had capsized at least one of the yachts racing outside.

Since *Prowler* days, one cruise I shall chronicle. Three couples of us plus the father and father-in-law of the six, making seven in the ship's company, embarked on the good catboat *Lottie* for a voyage around the bay. *Lottie* belonged to a fisherman and was an ample 25-footer with a big cabin and large cockpit, and rejoiced in a husky motor. As to the latter, *Lottie* was the only one who did rejoice, but of that, later.

We sailed first to Newport and did the usual Newport stunts. The women slept in the cabin and their spouses and the combination father and father-in-law graced the cockpit, two on either side of the centerboard. Yes, there was a "lotta room" on the *Lottie* and doubtless we could have stowed away two or three more if necessary, a couple on top of the house perhaps, and another in the skiff!

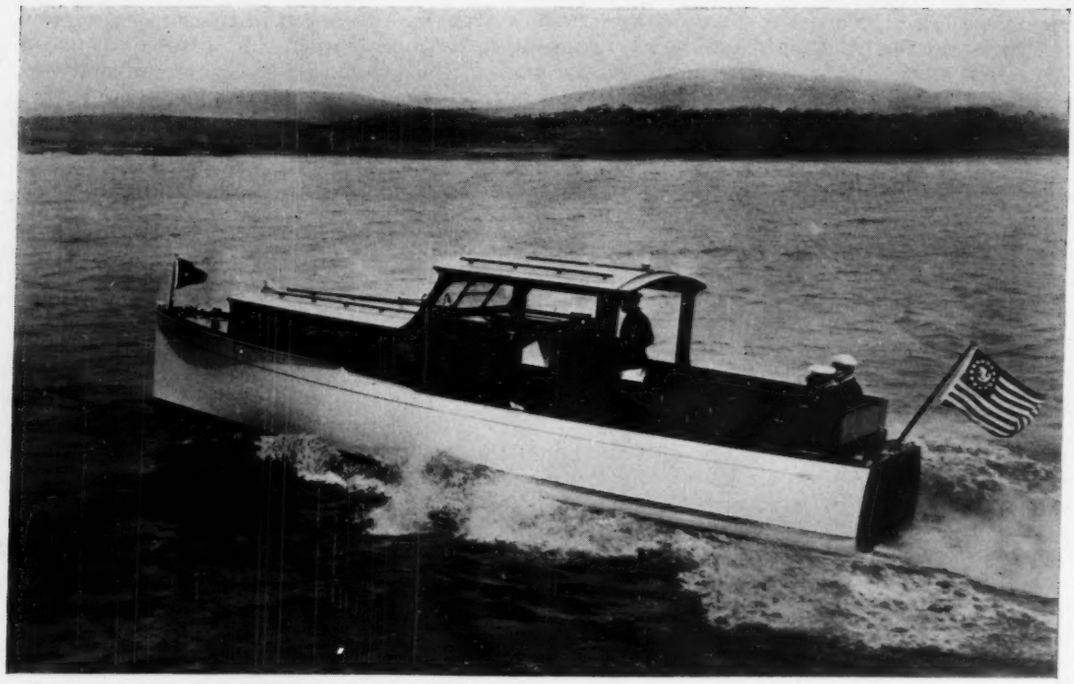
The second day we started bravely to round Beavertail for the west passage. Rounding Beavertail with *Lottie* was all very well, but not far north the wind lay down on the job, and there was no cloud in the sky.

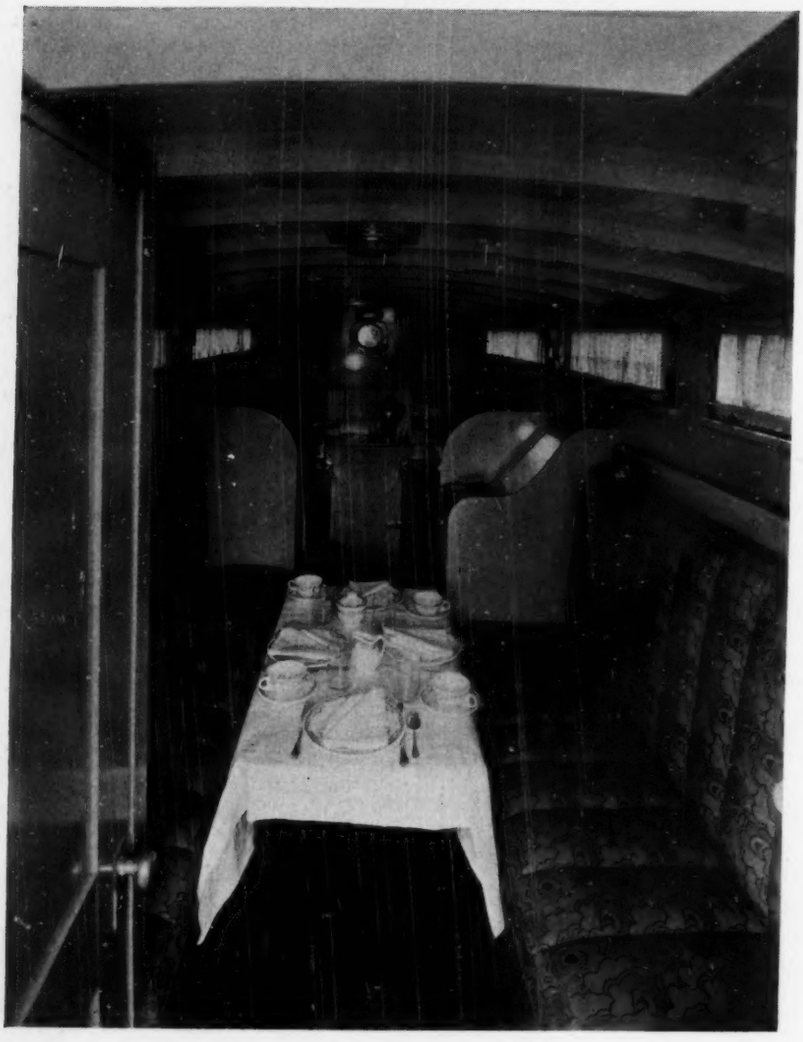
Why, of course, start the motor and away we'll go! Having been carefully instructed in the character and disposition of the motor, I confidently cranked, but there was no cough from the coffee-mill. After sweating awhile I let the other men try their blandishments, cajoleries, and curses on the reluctant kicker. But the only kicks forthcoming emanated from the would-be starters. It got around to me again and still the motor slept — the big lummox!

Is there any situation that seems so hopeless as no wind, a hot sun, a moteless motor, and, naturally, a contrary tide, to round out the picture effectively!

The breeze came finally, of course, and life was worth living again. But what was the matter with the motor? Ah — I have a lurking suspicion that most likely the matter was with the motormen!

The "coffee-mill" refused to function





"Ventura"

+ + +

A Cabin Cruiser

30 Feet in Length

+ + +

This 30-footer, built for A. C. Robinson, of New York, by a.c.f., typifies the clever utilization of space in the modern development of small but livable cruisers.

On the short over all length of 30 feet she provides comfortable accommodations for four, with a spacious galley forward and conveniently located toilet room aft. The cockpit, half of it glass-enclosed, offers the necessary protection in bad weather and at the same time affords an open cockpit for swimming, fishing or lounging in the sun. The combination cockpit has recently gained popularity in small cruisers because of its all 'round utility and trim appearance.

Encompassing these practical accommodations is a pleasing hull that is driven 17 m.p.h. by a modern reduction geared 6-cylinder engine.

"What he saw was approximately ten feet of python terminating abreast the engine hatch in a vivid orange colored tail and disappearing around the forward side of the house in the Lord knew how many more feet of snake"

The Fake-Yarners

"And Regally They Spat and Swore, and Fearsomely They Lied"

By FREDERIC A. FENGER

WERE I less honest than I really am, I might be tempted to lay a johannes to that old Ford of yours that you will be thinking that fake-yarners are much the same sort of bubbley-jocks as rum gaggers and gally-yarners. They're yarners, right enough, but unlike the ordinary run of rattle-apples it takes two of them to make a go of it, and when one casts off his twiddling lines he just naturally fakes down his yarn as any sailor would fake a turn while flemishing down a guess rope, and then his opponent lays hold and fakes down another twister, but with a hair more scope. And so it goes till one of the yarners is faked out, or the end of that particular line of conversation at last is coiled down.

After Zebina has wet his eye with a glass or two of "settin' hen" — distilled over from a tea-kettle filled with corn mash, as he mistrusts his own boat-likker — the chances are that he will start off with the time he fell overboard on a whale egg, just as the chick was trying to hatch itself out. Being a chunky lad brought up on 'scouse and molasses cake, Zebina landed so hard that he broke right through the top of the shell and startled the spermlet almost out of its blubber. But he soothed the hairless little critter by letting it have his Waterbury to play with, while he trimmed the shell very neatly all around in order to give the chick a clear chance to hop out. Then he took the watch away from Junior and tickled him in the ribs. As that particular cachalot baby had never been tickled in the ribs before, he made a jump that fetched him right into the flukes of his expectant mother who'd been hanging around — the way mothers do when there's a birth in the house — thinking that Zebina was a sort of midwife.

So there was Zebina, all snug and dry as a chip, and he floated around in the shell till a vessel picked him up two days later. He hauled his sperm shell aboard with him, figuring that he could show it on the Common and make some money when he got back to Boston, but the captain of the vessel clumb to windward of him, claiming salvage, so Zebina stove the thing in, one night, to be sure it would sink, and eased it overboard. He *did* save a piece to bring home with him, but the missus took it for a piece of broken china and threw it away. You see, he hadn't troubled to tell *her* about the whale egg, as she never believed him anyway.

Nor did his cousin Juby, for that matter, and only some "summer complaint" would be lubber enough to believe in whale eggs and such like. But what did Zebiny know about whales anyway? Why, he'd only been on maybe half a dozen plum-pudding voyages, which was no more than saying "How-do-you-do?" once in a while to the whales as they came up from the South Atlantic, and then hobnobbing around Hatteras with 'em, like that Mr. Whalen who goes down New York harbor in a tub and escorts these foreigners to the City Hall. But if you're after a real yarn that is backed up by the Bible — and if you don't believe the Bible you don't believe in anything at all — just clamp on to this:

One time off Mogador, Juby took the biggest bull you ever saw, a monster even for a sperm. But he was so old the blubber was nearly dried out of him and his skin was wrinkled like Grandma Wigglesworth's stockings, and there were more harpoons hanging from the folds than banderillas stuck in the hides of a whole afternoon of Andalusian bulls. There being no other strikes at the time, they brought this old Methuselah alongside and

cut him in, though it hardly paid for the small amount of blubber that came off him, and the crew had to stop and sharpen their spades and lances all the time because they got nicked against the old harpoons. And they *were* old, must have been, for Juby had never seen the like before and he could trace the whole history of whaling right back from the modern Swede's irons to the beautifully carved bronze implements of the early days of the Phoenicians. At any rate, they got this fellow flensed at last and then Juby cut a hole just below the watch-pocket and crawled into the bull's innards for ambergris.

Well, there wasn't any ambergris, but he did find an old shoe away off in the corner of the whale's stomach. A corner the whale didn't seem to use very much, for there was a lot of other litter there, like left-footed carpet slippers — such as second mates are always losing overboard when they make Sunday morning inspections on the bowsprit — calishee watches, cast up accounts mostly bound together with ebb-tide knots, frutilla trangums — showing he'd been hanging around B.A. — a couple of mermaid's step-ins and what not; but this hockie dockie was none other than one of Jonah's shoes he'd left behind.

How did Juby know it was Jonah's shoe? Well, and wasn't it marked on the side of the heel like any sailor's shoe, "J. Jonah, M.P." Jim Jonah, most likely, and it sounds natural enough when you say it over, and the "M.P." tacked on the end didn't stand for Member of Parliament or Municipal Police, but for Minor Prophet. It was a queer sort of shoe with straps that went around the ankle, and as they hadn't been broken the shoe could not have come off by accident. You see, Jim had been voyaging up the coast on an old tub they had to pump most of the time, and when he found himself inside the whale he thought it was a good chance to get some sleep, so he started to remove his shoes, which were new and had been hurting him. But he got only the one off when he fell asleep. And he was still drowsy when the whale, after trying to digest the old propheteer for three days, up-hove him onto the beach, and then it was too late for Jim to go back and get the shoe he'd left in lower thirteen.

"And where is the shoe now?" you will ask.

Well, Juby sat so long rummaging over the rest of the gear in the hopes of mating one of the left-footed slippers he'd taken a fancy to, that his candle burned out and he couldn't find the shoe again in the dark. There wasn't any ambergris, anyway, and as soon as he came out, the Old Man cast off the carcass, as a gale was rising. Juby wanted to go back for Jonah's shoe, but the skipper said *he* wasn't wasting time and good dips for his mates to go souvenir hunting. And you know what whaling skippers are — or if you don't, you're lucky.

"H'm," Zebina will mutter after he has heard this one overhauled with an extra frill or two, "any real greaser that's been at all social with the innards of a sperm would know that there'd be nothing left of Jonah's shoe but the findings. Why, a whale can digest anything short of abalone buttons and belt buckles, and even after he's dead his stomach keeps right on working for a while." There was the time he suddenly remembered the letter from his sweetheart, in his back pocket. You see, a sack of mail had come aboard from a new arrival on the grounds and its contents were being distributed among the ship's company when the lookout sighted the cow Zebina was now inside of. And as his boat had shoved off first and made fast, he being mate, naturally he hadn't had time to read the letter. Had forgotten all about it, in fact, till he wandered into the cow's stomach — which put him in mind of his Mame, over in Weymouth, because she was so fond of tripe. So he sat down to read the letter, which was a long one telling about all the young men who asked her to go to the nickelodeon with them, but she wouldn't because of how she cared for her Zebiny, and when he finished it and got up to put it back in his pocket, there wasn't any pocket there at all.

To tell the bare-faced truth, the whole seat of his pants had gone, for that dead cow's stomach had been working on it all the while he was reading Mame's letter. He *thought* his stern sheets had been itching a bit more than common, but he laid that to the strength of the whale oil his clothes were soaked in. It was a lucky thing Zeb hadn't sat down just to rest and smoke a pipe, or the letter would have gone too, and how could he pass *that* off on Mame who knew nothing about whales except that they had something to do with the bones in her corsets. So it takes only half an eye to see that Jonah's shoe wouldn't have lasted more than a day or two in *any* whale's stomach — even if it were a tough old Galilean brogan — and that whale of Juby's with its collection of properties must have been following a theatrical troup that foundered on its way to Habana.

From what I have been relating, it is plain that Zebina Taylor and his cousin Juby Pratt had more than a tops'l acquaintance with the sea, but somehow or another the old whalemen had never voyaged together, and so it was on different ships, often separated by a continent or two, that these strange things had come to pass. Real twisters are rarely born in home waters, and though neither fake-yarner believed the other, each fostered a hanker, as the years went by, some day to prove that he, at least, was not such a liar after all.

Thus they pursued their ways, Zebina making furtive sallies offshore in his sleek guinea-boat, while Juby more humbly tended his lobster pots along the beach. If Zebina skirted adventure from dodging rum chasers, he made no great mention of it, nor did Juby seem to find anything worth the telling in his daily round of trawls and singles.

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Not Such Liars, After All

For ninety days the sturdy little *Tongangruve* had been laying down her toilful wake from Singapore to Boston. On her bridge stood Captain Tattoon, his rotund figure encompassed in a Mother Hubbard of a slicker whose skirts you could have nailed to the deck had its owner remained in one place long enough, and his even more rotund face peering cheerfully from under his varnished Liverpool oilie cocked against the easterly harl that blew aslant the bridge.

To the landsman, the weather was of the sort best experienced from the pages of McFee, but to old Tattoon, it was the end of a perfect day. Beyond the lee dodger lay Race Point, well tucked under his left elbow, and if you cast your eyes aloft you would see that the gale was beginning to ease and that the clouds were fast breaking for a night that would be clear. In another four hours the tramp would be closing in on Boston Light. It was late April, and as eight bells went for the change of watch the mate came up the bridge ladder and stepped briskly up to the captain.

"Anna's just died, sir," he announced, semaphoring a merchant salute with his right forearm.

"That's fine!" champed the captain with an air of grim cheerfulness. "Heave her overboard, then, and mind you log it. I could never stomach the idea of that big lummux going through the rest of her life wolfing

a live goat every three weeks. Remember that nice little nanny she had off Aden? Why, it was murder!"

"Well, there's all the others," answered the mate, tapping the telegraph dial reflectively, "but from the look on Poolah's face, I guess most of 'em will pass out before the watch is up."

"And so much the better if they all go," finished the captain as his mate retreated down the ladder.

The Old Man had been harboring an especial grudge against this Anna person ever since their first day in the Red Sea when she had presumed to invade the comparative cool of his cabin and deftly made a helix of her one-hundred-and-fifty pounds on his middle as he lay dozing in his bunk. Almost immediately he had awakened from a dream that some one was sliding a cake of ice across his stomach, and for a frigid moment had stared helplessly into the beady eyes set wide and low over the jade's broad shovel mouth. Had there been any hair left on the top of his skull he believed it would have curled up and fallen on his pillow. As it was, the skipper said afterwards that his sconce just prickled as though someone were blowing hot sand on his skin.

"That cachalot baby made a jump that fetched him right into the flukes of his expectant mother who'd been hanging around the way mothers do when there's a birth in the house"

But it lasted only for a moment, for there was Poolah, paled to a sickly suede, holding a live rooster tied to the end of a boat hook which he had thrust through the open port. Diverted by this dangling tidbit, Anna had turned her head to snap at it and then, with a singleness of purpose which in itself was hideous to behold, she flowed after the bait as Poolah withdrew it from the cabin. In recounting her departure, the skipper swore that his stomach, which had been jammed right up under his floating ribs the way they used to screw wool under the carlins of a ship, just slid back into place like a piece of cold liver.

The rest of Anna's name was Conda, given her by the crew, though really she was a twenty-foot python brought over from Banjermasin, on the southeast coast of Borneo, to Singapore, whence she was consigned to an animal dealer somewhere in New Hampshire. There were four other cases containing certain relatives — as the crew would have it — in assorted sizes and colorings, from Amos and Andy, the little ten-foot twins occupying the same cubicle, whose father, the carpenter insisted, was none other than the dashing Oswald, large, handsome and temperamental, svelte cousin Penelope who would have Oswald but couldn't, and a couple of maiden aunts, to Old Man Conda, Anna's husband, who would extend some 27 feet if the men but dared take him out and measure him.

When the pythons were brought aboard with one Poolah, a Malay in whose care they were entrusted by the Borneo agent, they had been well gorged, so that each displayed a telltale struma ranging from the bulk of a quarter keg down to a football, somewhere along its digestive tract. Then they were torpid and the crew could have taken them out and stretched them on the upper deck like so many lengths of variegated fire hose. But there would come a day of reckoning when, having digested their tri-weekly repasts, hair, hide, bones and hoofs, or feathers, beaks and claws, they would become restive from the awakening pangs of hunger. Then it were best that their teaken cases, four-square and sturdy, were well secured. Against this time of feeding were numerous crates containing some twenty goats and as many chickens.

As quickly as he could manage to recover from the unwelcome visit, Captain Tattoon had rushed out in his pajamas — for once he found it good indeed to encounter the blazing Arabian sun — in order to make sure that Anna was lured into her box again and properly gorged. And the sight of that nanny as Anna deliberately had crushed out the goat's existence with the wicked knots of her contracting body, brought an anger to the captain's face which had lingered ever since.

Six goats and eight chickens entered their reptilian sepulchers on that hot climb up the Red Sea, and of the goats that remained, several died from sheer seasickness when the *Tongangruve* encountered the early March weather of the Mediterranean. If you must have all the disagreeable winds, there was the Greco, cold northeast off the Cyclades, the Tramontana right out of the Adriatic, then the Maestro and the Mistral, and when at last a rorid Levanter spewed the little salt-rimed tramp out into the Atlantic, all hands muttered their thanks and prepared for warmer weather. But after a week the weather turned cold so suddenly that the pythons, which had been carried up on the boat deck, became seriously chilled ere they could be brought below again and lashed along the engine fidleys. As their feeding periods came around, they seemed listless, and poor Poolah, beginning to fear the worst, almost had to force their food into them. The bosun said he first noticed that Penelope was sneezing only an hour or two after they had run into the northeaster, and when she "let go" he could see the ripple slide down her body like an orange in an ostrich's neck, only it went a dang sight faster and had six times as far to go. Her doze was runnig, poor thig, and he wanted to give it a wipe with a sweat rag, but when he opened the wicket ever so little, she slinked that scow-ended head of hers toward it like a can-opener salesman trying to slip his foot into the front door, and the bosun thought better of it.

As there were no hot water bottles aboard ship but the captain's — and he wasn't lending it to any damned snake even if it *were* threatened with a fathom or two of

pneumonia — Poolah had to content himself with some empty feed sacks which he filled with deck sand and then heated on the tops of the boiler casings. But his efforts were of little avail, for on this very morning, just as the sun broke through for a moment and smiled mockingly, Amos and Andy, entwined in their last seraphic embrace, surrendered their twin spirits and shortly thereafter were consigned to the deep in 55 fathoms about forty miles N.E. of George's. Cousin Penelope, with an unfulfilled sneeze stranded in mid-course, followed them at noon, and now, just inside the tip of the Cape, their mother, Anna M. Conda, went to her rest on the slack tide.

Two hours later the mate reported the demise of the aunts. "I've already logged 'em, and Poolah's signed the entries with them Plimsoll marks of his, and now shall I heave 'em overboard, sir?" he queried, gratefully accepting the captain's proffered cigar.

"Hold 'em, Mr. Moffat, there's just Oswald and Old Conda left, and if they go as soon as I hope they do, we'll bend our course in towards Minot's when we've made out the lights, and heave all four overboard close onto the beach. With this dying easterly and the tide now making strong, those cases ought to fetch ashore by morning — and I know a couple of prime liars in there at East Gannett. When I had the old *Dolliver*, one of them, Juby Pratt I think it was, tried to make me believe he saw one of Jonah's shoes in the innards of a big bull we killed off Mogador. His cousin Zebina was just as bad, and maybe I'll slip down there after we get in, and see what they've made out of these snakes."

When the *Tongangruve* docked at East Boston, the next afternoon, all that remained of the New Hampshire dealer's consignment were some empty goat crates, two sacks of feed, three live chickens and the tearful Poolah who vowed that never again would he be valet, commissariat, nurse, and doctor to eight snakes, even if they did come from his native Borneo.

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In the good old gaff-rascal days when men fancied red for the shade of their underthings and sank their robust tipple with neither fear nor hindrance, easterlies — as you took them, by and large — blew no one any particular good. Unless, of course, some vessel happened to stumble upon the bar and strewed her goods all up and down the roaring beach. But times have changed, and if it is not blowing too hard, yet with enough heft to keep the little picket boats nubbling cosily at their moorings, there are some brazen souls who will fare forth boldly beyond the twelve-mile limit and profit handsomely thereby.

Thus it came about that on the morning after Anna's mortal coil had been shuffled off the deck of the *Tongangruve* — she had been consigned *au naturel*, as the mate had saved off her late residence for the radio cabinet he'd been wanting to make — Zebina's sleek-lined guinea-boat, appropriately named the *All's Well* because of her shapely transom, was resolutely butting her way into the dying head seas at half throttle. If you happened to ask, she was headed across the bay for P-town to take on bait; but if you happened to know, she had a rendezvous with a doubtful looking porgy boat at "Scollay Square," which is the rummer's designation for 42° — 19′ N. and 70° — 07′ W., or what otherwise would be a blank spot in the gray-green wastes some twelve miles due north of Peaked Hill Bar buoy. Upon the chart hanging in the office of the "big shot" in Broad Street, are many other like designations such as Beacon Hill, the Granary, Frank Locke's, the Common, King's Chapel, Maverick Square, and even Coolidge Corner and the Adams House, scattered all the way from White Horse Beach to Eastport as though all of Boston, together with most of her environs, had been strewn out upon Cape Cod Bay and the Gulf of Maine by some wide-spread cataclysm. Yet these are but similar rendezvous where the "little ones," such as Zebina's craft, may come out for sucklement from the spiritous bilges of their trough-wallowing mother ships.

As chance would have it, the mate of the *Tongangruve* had put Anna off at Haymarket Square (bearing five miles N.W. from Race Point) whence the busy current had carried her — presumably along Washington Street and then up Boylston, if we are to carry on the whimful analogy of the rum chief — to the Touraine (one mile south of Wood End Bell buoy) where, no doubt, she dropped in to change her tide and have a bite of luncheon. Then the ebb had swept her out again and, fresh from an afternoon of window shopping along the weirs of Shank Painter Bar, we find her on the crest of a wave just as the *All's Well* drove her bow deep into its on-curving flank. What at first appeared to be a long stream of brilliantly mottled kelp hurtling in the foam, proved to be of more ponderable substance, for it landed with a whacking thud against the foreside of the tiny pilothouse as the guinea-boat shook her deck free from its load of water.

"Sufferin' Snakes! And what's aboard, now?" exclaimed Zebina who himself was at the wheel. Then, with an eye to the seas ahead, he opened the lee door and glanced along the waterway. What he saw was approximately ten feet of python terminating abreast the engine hatch in a vivid orange colored tail and disappearing around the forward side of the house in the Lord knew how many more feet of snake. Cautiously he opened the weather door just as a leaper washed Anna's head, and a yard or two of her forebody, close in to the house. There was something lifelike in its shift, as though she had moved of her own volition. Zebina closed the door, hastily.

"Gosh!" he muttered, trying the door again, just a hair, to make sure that he saw aright, "*I* haven't seen a critter like that since the time we lay in the Orinoco and one of them big commoudies clumb up our chain and et the sow we bought in Demerara." Then, realizing that he was only talking to himself, he called down into the little cuddy which served as galley and wardroom of the *All's Well*. "Hey, you Vanilla Joe and Turnspike, fetch a len'th of line. Something's adrift on deck, here!"

Half asleep despite the vicious pounding of her forefoot, the Portugee known as "Vanilla," because he was wont to reek of the extract in its more alcoholic days, reached into the forepeak for some trawlstuff, while Turnpike, so specified from his ability to turn cartwheels on a handspike, pulled up his belt and got into his long slicker.

As they squeezed up into the pilothouse, Zebina began. "Like as not you caulkers've heard me tell about them big snakes we used to ketch up the rivers down South America way, ain't you? Well, I've got one outside on deck here, only he's a little one and dead (most likely) and I want you to take a turn so he won't wash overboard, and then coil him down in the after compartment. I aim to show him to Juby, when we get back, for a pocket sample."

Looking queerly at their skipper, they sniffed, thinking that he must have been taking a little something, but there was only the close, hot odor from the

(*Continued on page 110*)

Photos Courtesy Pan American Union

Cape Haitien, with the ships riding quietly in the harbor

Why Not?

A Cruise We Would Like to Take, But Cannot . . . Perhaps You Can!

By CHARLES M. BLACKFORD

BACK in the summer of '23 I shipped aboard a freighter running between the Island of Haiti and New York. I had been there once before, in 1917, while in the Navy, to put down a budding revolution, and what I had seen and smelt had not raised my enthusiasm for the place. But shipping was bad in '23 and I thought that one voyage would do me no harm and help the cash account considerably. So I took the job . . . and remained for six voyages!

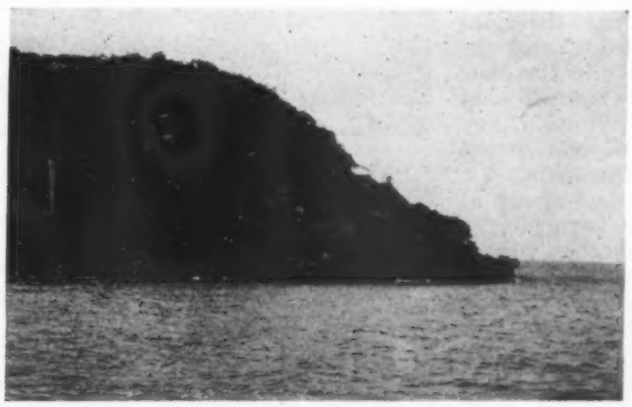
As for work, it was a hard run — one of the hardest — but there were other considerations; beautiful scenery, interesting passengers and shoreside folk, easy navigation and a climate almost perfect. From the time San Salvador was abeam south-bound until it was abeam again north-bound, bridge watches were a pleasure. We three mates all made plans for returning . . . some day . . . in our own craft and taking in the coast, bit by bit. We planned to take it slowly, enjoy each bit of beauty, investigate each spot of historic or romantic interest, then leave with only the thought of returning again. But that "some day" has never come — at least for me!

That this island, with all its beauty and romance, its strange history and interesting ruins, and its ideal coast for cruising should be shunned by yachts and yachtsmen seems strange. It may be that Fenger's description of his stop at Port de Paix has something to do with this condition, but those wild times are but a memory now.

For a starting point we shall take San Salvador Island. This point is the most central, and all courses from Miami, and farther north, bring one close to the island. From Miami one has to make easting, anyway, and what place could be a better departure than the very spot in which the present history of the New World began? Thousands make pilgrimages to the landing spot of the New England fathers, to Jamestown, to Roanoke Island, but almost no one visits San Salvador.

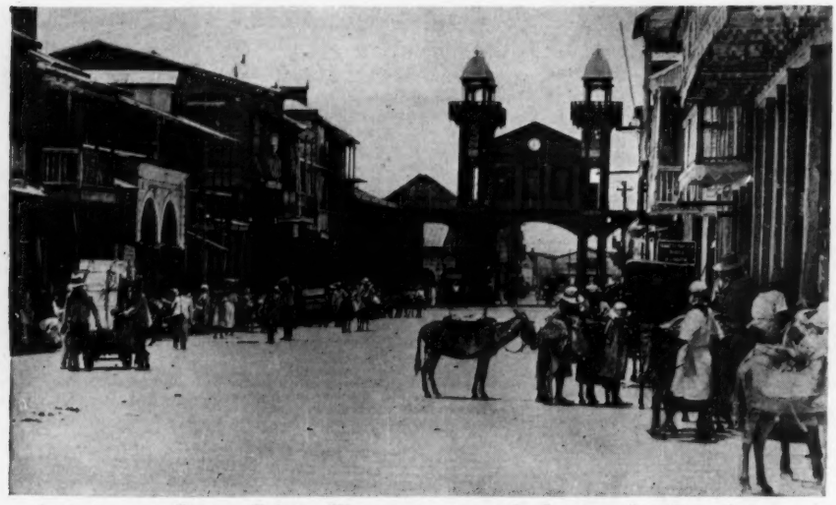
There one picks up the Northeast Trades — often very light, to be sure — but they will carry one slowly over a placid sea to the eastward of Samana Cay and the Plana Cays and to the southwestern point of Mariguana Island. If I were making the passage we would stop there awhile. It is an inviting place to gaze upon and, according to the Sailing Directions, is uninhabited. From there we would work over into the lee of the Caicos Bank, as the Trades are ever getting fresher; then, when the wind is a bit free, drop down for Cape Haitien, keeping a bit to windward to allow for current, and regulating one's speed so as to arrive during daylight, the ports of Haiti being closed between sunset and sunrise.

In time one will pick up Haut Cap looming up out of the tropic haze, and then other mountains to the westward, a striking contrast to the flat and gentle Bahamas so short a distance astern. Cape Haitien, a mountain thrusting itself out of the sea, will untangle itself, and the slim white tower of Picolet Light will appear. Soon you will see the waves dashing against the reddish cliffs and, perhaps, the ships riding quietly in the harbor, but the town will be hidden.



The rugged coast on the north side of Haiti, and an old fort near Cape Haitien

One can await a pilot or try to make the entrance alone. The first is best with a boat fifty feet or over in length. If one intends to take a pilot it is best to drop a line to the American Consul telling him the expected date of arrival and the fact that you want a pilot, and giving a



A street scene, Port-au-Prince. The streets are much cleaner today than they were ten or twelve years ago

description of the craft so that she can be recognized at a distance. Otherwise, you may have a long wait, as ships are few and no lookout is kept. If you intend to run the channel, keep well in towards the cliffs — under power. Fort St. François will be almost overhead, ancient cannons sticking out, all awry, from ancient and weathered battlements. Watch out for the buoy to port; swing around it sharply, an almost 90° turn; then a short distance to a buoy to starboard, another 90° turn, and you are in. Idle along towards a white house bearing almost south until the quarantine officer comes out. He will direct you to a good berth. Be sure to have a quarantine flag and fly a Haitien flag from the fore while you are in, entering, or leaving a port. It is required by law.

Nestled between two shoulders of Haut Cap, the town lies before you. We shall not go into history or description here — there is too much — but at one time this city was called the "Paris of the New World," and many traces of grandeur remain. Nearby is the citadel, the most wonderful structure in the West Indies and one of the wonders of the world. It can, in fact, be seen from the harbor, squaring the top of a mountain, though it is twenty miles away!

As for hospitality, Cape Haitien is hard to rival. You may plan for only a day or two here but you will stay longer before striking out down the coast. Then you will spread your wings to a following wind that will give you a sail never to be forgotten. A mountainous coast to the left, with never two vistas alike; a brilliant sky, and a sapphire sea! Shortly after Cape Haitien you will pass the place where the *Santa Maria* was lost and the spot on which the first colony in the New World was founded. Perhaps you will stop awhile in beautiful Acul Bay to see if any relics of the most famous expedition the world has ever known are to be found.

A dim pile shows up ahead. A glance at the chart shows it to be Tortuga . . . Tortuga! Peter the Great and other famous, or infamous pirates come to one's mind. The terraced heights look peaceful enough. The now deserted Terra Bajo Roads have seen looted galleons bowing beneath the black ensign, and the narrow sandy beach where the wavelets ripple so gently have been passed over by ravished ladies and Porto Bello treasure, both to remain for eternity if the stories one hears whispered on broad verandas are true! But one slips silently and securely by the spot that once was the terror of the Spanish Main.

On the mainland appears a little village set in palms with a sandy beach in front of it — we forget the name. But it means that one must shorten sail if a stop at Port de Paix is contemplated, as the distance is short and the indentation that holds the port is not very deep. One is into it before one realizes. Many a windjammer — and some steamers — have struck the beach before they could anchor.

Port de Paix was the trading port of the pirates who held sway just eight miles away across the channel. The grim forts, now undermined and falling into the water, were the means of keeping them to a lawful trade. Fenger, in his "Cruise of the *Diablesse*" gives a description of the place as it was, and to one who knows its quiet peacefulness now it seems a strange contrast.

It is a day's run to Mole St. Nicholas, a deep, "L"-shaped bay that has been of international interest since the time of its discovery by Columbus. Pirates made use of it as a base for a number of years; the French built forts and magazines there — the ruins can be seen from the water peeking through the foliage like bits of an old castle. In more recent times, the Spanish fleet hid there before its dash into Santiago, and the attempt of Germany to establish a naval base there was the cause of our intervention in Haitian affairs. Our ship was in there only once — to load dyewood — and we were unable to get ashore, but there is, no doubt, plenty to be looked into there if one is inclined to do a bit of exploring.

After leaving Mole St. Nicholas and rounding White Horse Point, one has light variable airs and calms to Port-au-Prince, for the northern part of Gonave Gulf is cut off from the Trades by the high mountains.

Then Port-au-Prince! A sleepy city nestled between an unruffled sea, and with stately mountains behind it. Inviting to look upon, rising up the slope of the hills. The cathedral in the center of the white town looks like a shepherd watching over his flocks, while above it, like a sleepy sentinel on a battlement, is the old fort. (The

Sculling lighters out to a steamer at Jacmel, Haiti

entrance range to the harbor is the cathedral in line with the fort.) Quiet and peaceful it seems now, but behind it lies as troubled a history as any capital in the New World.

Port-au-Prince is good for a long stay. There is an interesting hinterland; two large lakes several hundred feet above sea level are only twenty-two miles away, there are good roads and plenty of fine scenery. When you are on your way you will find Petit Goave a pretty place in which to stop, but the place you must not miss is Miragoane.

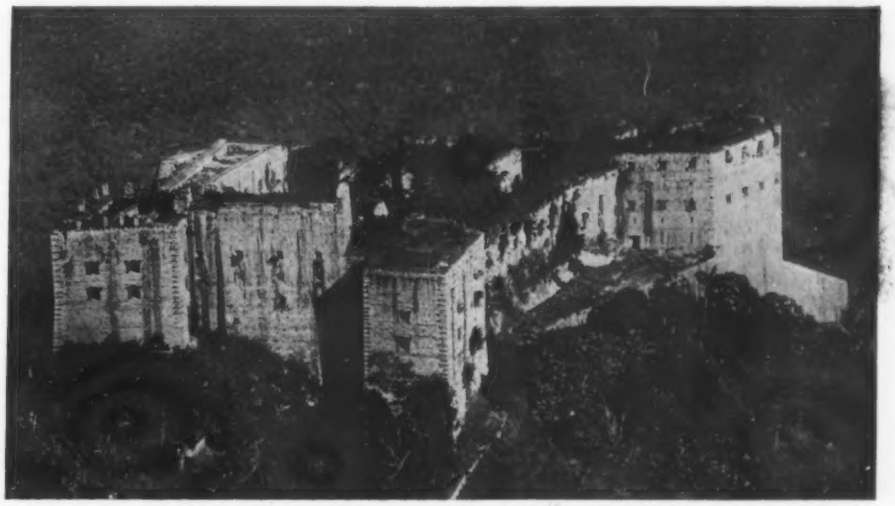
How that little town, growing steeply up the hillsides from a tiny landlocked bay, has escaped the poets and odd-corner enthusiast I cannot surmise. Like most of the towns of that region, one is upon it before it becomes visible. The channel lies close to the cliffs and almost directly overhead is an old-world cathedral built over a century ago by the French. One passes into a bay extending seaward from the land and formed by low, coral cays, but the bay is so deep that care must be used in selecting an anchorage. In front of the custom house the water is so deep that large steamers can moor to the shore and take dyewood off the beach with their own tackle! This outer bay is none too large for big ships, and the anchorages are few. Once we entered and found a large four-masted schooner lying across the channel in such a manner as to block our entrance. We anchored and passed her a line and, when her anchor was off bottom, heaved her over to our position, where she let go her anchor again. We steamed in and tied up to the bank to load. There was a light offshore breeze and after we were secured we noticed that the schooner had changed her bearing. Soon we came to the conclusion that she was drifting. It was Sunday and there was not a soul on deck. We blew the whistle — it took some time to attract attention — and finally her Skipper came up to see what it was all about. We hoisted the code flags for "You are dragging anchor." Then he noticed his change of position. By that time he was dfrectly in the center of the channel in several hundred fathoms of water and eventually had to make sail and beat back into the harbor. It turned out that his mate had run out 60 fathoms of chain on the anchor and had not waited for her to "fetch up" before securing the anchor and going below.

In the niche in the hills that holds the town there is another small inlet, but we doubt if it is large enough to float with safety anything drawing over forty feet. The town rises steeply on either side except where a narrow valley winds into the hinterland. The custom house square, with mountainous piles of dyewood, is the first thing of interest to be seen from the water. The cathedral on the hill is a very interesting structure; behind it is a convent and behind that a cemetery with the strangest headstones I have ever seen. They are shaped like a tiny house, open on one side, and on certain days candles are placed in them. Anyone passing through the Windward Passage should make it a point to drop in here.

Coasting to the westward, one has a magnificent vista of mountains, cliffs and tiny bays, with little villages tucked in between the shoulders of the hills. Then come Baradaries and Caymites Bays; I have never been in them but a study of the chart indicates that they are most inviting.

The next town is Jeremie, the Atlantic City of Haiti, and on the same meridian with New York City. I do not recommend an overnight stop here, as the anchorage is exposed. Should one remain, keep a man on watch and get underway at the first indication of a Norther. Two steamers on the beach were among those that hesitated a bit too long. Along the coast between Miragoane and Cape Dame Marie one should keep a lookout for Northers and either run for shelter or beat out to sea if one comes along. They are not very frequent, however.

Sailing out and around Dame Marie and into the steamer lane, we sight flat, table-like Navassa to the south and west and the little town of Dame Marie tucked into the mountainside. The steep slopes and high mountains to the eastward, rising from Cape Iros,



Christophe's Citadel, one of the sights of the West Indies

are almost always shrouded in clouds or rain. Continuing to Cape Gravos, we come to Aux Cays. Nestled beneath tall palms with a green, fresh, coastal plain behind it, and green, sparkling water in front of it studded with coral islands and cays under a blue sky, Aux Cays would make a wonderful resort. It has a beauty and distinctiveness of its own and is different from the rest of Haiti. There are many side trips by boat that can be made from there to deep mountain-sheltered bays and tiny coral islands.

The return passage can be made via the Windward and Old Bahama Channels, or one can continue eastward to Santo Domingo City, or westward to Jamaica or the south coast of Cuba.

The coast of Haiti is freer from dangers to navigation than any I have ever navigated, and it is now well lighted.

Two things must be watched in Haiti — the water and the pilots. There are few, if any places in Haiti where the water does not have to be boiled before using, and the pilots have a bad habit of anchoring their boats on some coral reef and waving for you to come over to pick them up. Don't! Make them come to you.

If you can spare the time for a winter or spring cruise to the southward you will be sure to enjoy this off-the-trail island, and the probabilities are that your first voyage will not be your last.

Propellers

Part II—Something about Slip and the Selection of the Proper Wheel

By GEORGE F. CROUCH

EVERY owner, whether he has an auxiliary, a cruiser or a runabout, wants to know the slip of the propeller on his boat. He should know, because it will give him a check on the propeller. If the slip is very much too high, he may get better results by changing to a wheel of greater diameter and less pitch — within reason. If the slip is too low — a thing which seldom occurs in any type of motor-propelled boat — better results would be obtained with less diameter and more pitch.

But before any calculation for slip can be made, he must know, to a fair degree of accuracy, the pitch of the propeller, the revolutions of the motor and the *actual* speed of the boat — not the "conversational" speed. What you need are the facts, and facts which refer to your boat in normal trim, not to a "pepped up" and stripped trial boat. When these facts are known, the slip can be figured from the formula given in the previous installment, or can be approximated from tables sometimes found in books on propellers. The objection to tables is that they do not cover the range of speeds found in practice and that they are seldom tabulated for more than four percentages of slip — say zero, ten, twenty and thirty percent. One is forced to interpolate or to guess at the actual slip. If tables were to be prepared covering the entire range of propeller pitch and boat and motor speeds, for slips varying by one or two percent, it would run into an unwieldy volume.

Fortunately, the relation between boat speed, motor revolutions, propeller pitch and percent slip can be shown on a chart devised by the author, which is here made public for the first time. This chart covers a tremendous range extending from a boat speed of 5 to 100 miles an hour, from 300 to 10,000 revolutions a minute, from 5 inches to 50 inches pitch, and from zero to 70 percent slip.

The method of using the chart is simple and can best be illustrated by taking a definite case and working it out. Suppose that a certain boat on trial made a speed of 42 miles an hour with the motor turning a propeller having 21 inches pitch at the rate of 2900 revolutions a minute. To find what the slip percent is in this case, start at the bottom of the chart where there is a scale of "revolutions of propeller per minute." Find the point on this scale corresponding to 2900 r.p.m. Then follow this up vertically until the vertical meets the diagonally sloping line, which runs upward from left to right, representing the propeller pitch. In the case we are considering there is no actual line drawn in for 21 inches, as the chart would become too confused had the line for every inch of pitch been drawn in. But it can be seen that, had it been drawn in, it would be about halfway between the lines for 20 inches and 22 inches pitch, and that the vertical would meet it at the point marked "A."

Next, carry a horizontal line across the chart from the point "A" until it meets the proper line for the speed of the boat. These lines, which represent boat speed in miles an hour, slope downward from left to right and the speed in the case under consideration would be a little less than halfway between the lines for 40 and 45 miles an hour at the point marked "B" on the chart. Then go vertically up from this point to the top of the chart and read the slip on the scale at the top of the diagram. In this case the slip is found to be a little over 27 percent. It is unnecessary to draw the lines in on the chart. Use the edge of a piece of paper or an envelope or a pencil as a guide for the eye. Nor is a high degree of accuracy needed in using the chart. When one considers how many errors there may be in the determination of the data from which the slip is figured, the futility of trying to be over-exact about the fraction of a percent of slip is apparent. Who can say that the tachometer from which the revolutions of the propeller are read is truly accurate? Is the watch by which the runs are timed correct, and was the timing done properly? Did the propeller really have the pitch which was stamped on it? These are all subject to error, and an error greater than there is in using the chart carelessly.

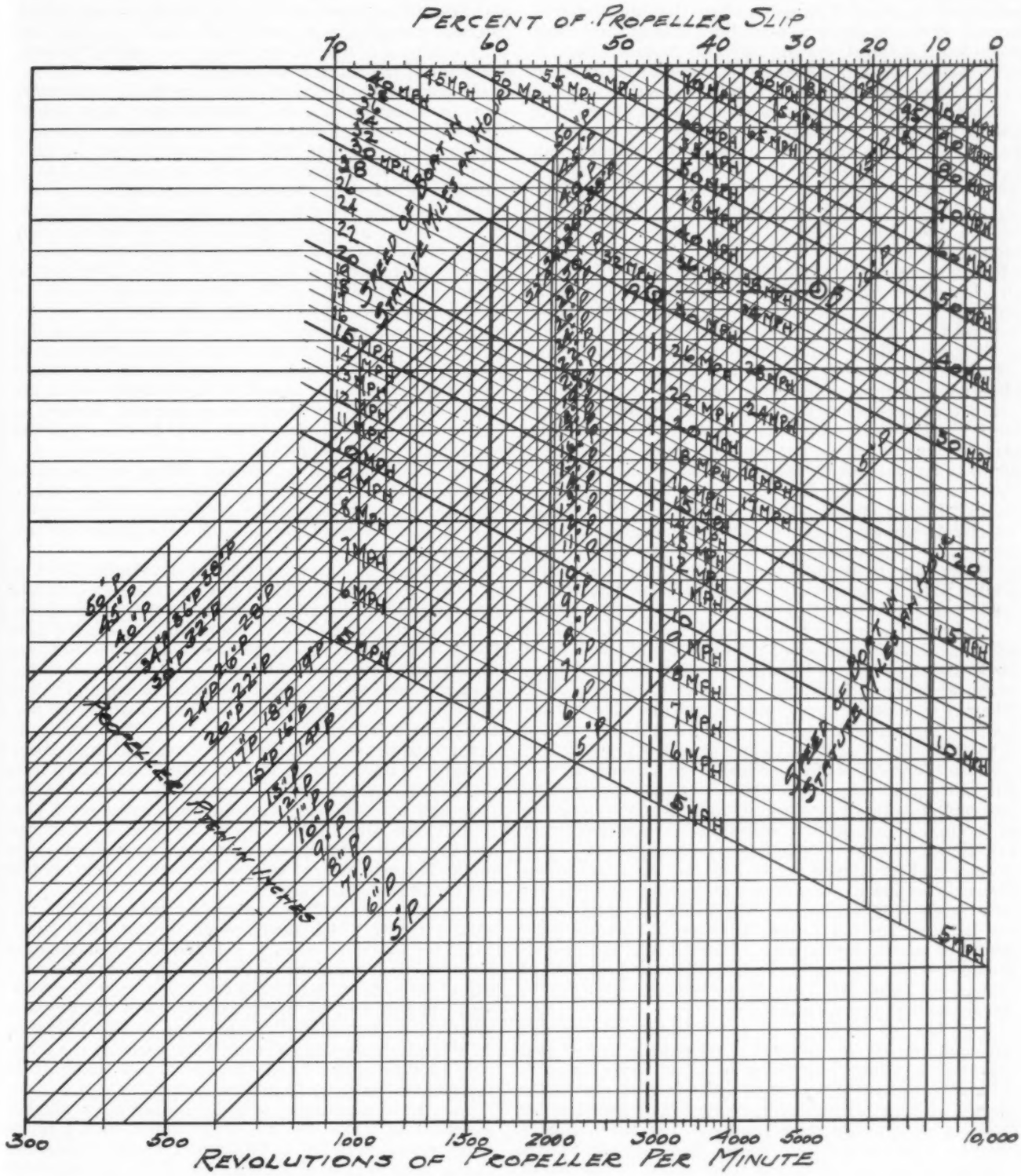
In this connection attention is drawn to those cases where the slip works out to a very small amount — less than 10 percent. If such a thing is found, rest assured that the data from which the slip has been obtained is at fault somewhere. Very rarely does the lightest and fastest type of racing craft have an honestly calculated slip of less than 10 percent — a runabout and cruiser, never. Speeds may be overestimated due to guessing at them or to timing the boat over a short course. "It's a mile from Brown's dock to the chimney on Jones' factory." You have all heard something of that sort. Perhaps the speed trials were made with wind and tide and not an average of runs with and against them. Only one timer out of three is really honest with a stop watch. He can't help shooting a little late at the start and a little early at the finish of the mile. So when you hear about the wonderful results as to slip that some one is obtaining, don't contradict him. He may have told you in all good faith and may believe it utterly. Just put your tongue in your cheek, say nothing — but don't believe a word of it.

Although all the authorities are agreed that the most efficient slips are in the neighborhood of 15 percent, practical considerations seldom permit as low a slip except in very easily-driven runabouts or racing craft. When choosing a propeller for the boat before it has been tried out for the first time, and while the actual speed is still somewhat of a mystery, it is better to underestimate slightly the probable slip than to over-estimate it. If the slip is over-estimated, the pitch will be a little greater than if the actual slip were chosen. This greater pitch will load the motor more heavily, it will be held to less than the desired revolutions and therefore cannot develop its full rated power. If the slip is under-estimated, the pitch will be less and the motor will turn the wheel easily.

To calculate the proper size of propeller to use on a certain boat by scientific methods is a long and tedious process requiring a mass of detailed information about the boat which is seldom available. When applied to a motor boat, it is none too satisfactory because so many coefficients, which are correctly known for large ships, must be guessed at for the smaller craft. In order to get a propeller to drive a boat at the expected speed when the motor delivers the proper amount of power at a certain number of revolutions, that propeller must produce

a thrust which is exactly equal to the resistance of the boat at the expected speed, and the pitch, diameter and slip must all be related to each other to give this result.

Fortunately, experience, not theory, shows that there are certain slips which are appropriate for different types of motor boats. If propellers are chosen which have pitches based on these appropriate slips, satisfactory results are obtained. It is a good rule to assume that the slip for a high-speed hull should be around 20 percent; for light cruisers 24 percent; for heavy cruisers 26 percent, and even more, if the motor is a high-speed type; for auxiliaries the slip is usually over 30 percent and may go as high as 50 percent if a high-speed motor is used — and high revolutions are really wanted.



SLIP CHART

To find slip or pitch when speed of boat and revolutions of propeller are known

When the speed of the boat and the revolutions of the motor are known, the pitch to be used on the propeller can be found from the "Slip Chart" by assuming the slip suitable for the type of hull. Find the point at the top of the chart on the scale for "percent of propeller slip," drop a vertical down to the diagonal representing the boat speed and carry a horizontal over to meet the vertical drawn up from the desired revolutions at the bottom of the chart. The point where they meet should be read off on the diagonal pitch lines, giving the proper pitch for the speed, revolutions and assumed slip. A mere glance at the chart shows the variation in these quantities when any one of them is changed.

Whether to use a two or a three-bladed propeller is always a subject for discussion on the club verandah. For anything except high-speed work, or for use in an auxiliary where the masking of the propeller behind the stern post is important when the boat is under sail, the three-bladed wheel is the more satisfactory, although the tests to which I have referred show that the two-bladed type is slightly the more efficient. The three-bladed wheel is more easily balanced, causes less vibration, and is a little smaller when taking care of the same power than the two-bladed model. Roughly speaking, the two-bladed wheel will take care of about 77 percent of the power which a three-bladed one does, both having the same diameter, pitch and shape and size of blades and turning at the same speed.

My own experience with two-bladed wheels on racing boats has been most unsatisfactory. Knowing that others have used them successfully, I have tried them again and again and always have been forced to discard them in favor of the three-bladed model. The motor might turn up faster, but an actual trial with a stop watch told the whole story. Perhaps the slightly greater diameter of the two-bladed wheel caused a greater loss of power due to the increased speed of the tips of the blades. Why they actually work so well on some other boats I do not attempt to explain.

Blade widths are subject to much variation. A blade width of about a quarter of the diameter of the propeller is about as narrow as will be found in motor boat work, while a width of more than a third is fairly high. There is a tendency to use wider and wider blades, thus keeping the diameter of the propeller small and making it more suitable for the high speeds of the present day.

Scientific theories of propeller design are numberless. But each and every one of them is too cumbersome to be applied to small motor craft and all require the use of too many "constants" which must be assumed from experience with the particular system of design. Some years ago I developed a chart giving the relation between horsepower, revolutions and propeller diameter based only on practice and experience. Although without the least basis in theory, this chart has proved to be useful in estimating the approximate size of the propeller needed for any motor. During the past year I have attempted to modify that chart and to amplify it to cover the high speed used today.

This has been a thankless task. When high speed is under discussion, it is almost impossible to make exact statements. Almost anything can, and does, happen. The action of the propeller is controlled wholly by the degree of "cavitation" present. And that is something entirely outside the power and speed of the motor. A change in wheel location under the boat, or even a change in the section of the strut ahead of the wheel, may prove to be an all-important factor in determining how the propeller acts. But some guide, even at very high speeds, can be gained from the "diameter chart."

This chart is plotted for propellers having blade widths about 30 percent of the diameter. If the propeller chosen has less blade width, the diameter should be very slightly increased — which can seldom be done as the propeller makers do not furnish stock wheels in fractional sizes — or the pitch might be made an inch more. For wider blades use a little less diameter or pitch.

To use the chart, find the horsepower of the motor on the scale at the bottom of the chart, then go vertically up to meet the proper curve for the revolutions at which the motor develops its power and, finally, go horizontally out to the side of the chart and there read the diameter of the suitable propeller.

Unfortunately, the diameter as given by the chart must be modified somewhat by experience. It is evident that a diameter suitable for a little runabout having a 40 h.p. motor turning 3000 r.p.m. would not be suitable if that same motor were to be used in a heavy auxiliary. Chart diameters are for boats where the pitch-ratios are normal — say above 1.00 — and if the pitch, as determined from the slip chart, works out considerably less than the diameter given by the diameter chart, the diameter should be increased by 10 to 15 percent in order to get the best results. When selecting wheels for heavy, slow boats in which high-speed motors are used, it is wise to be reasonable about the revolutions. Do not expect to get maximum power and maximum speed in such a case. For instance, if a motor which develops 40 h.p. at 3000 r.p.m. is used in an auxiliary, select the wheel for the power which the motor will develop at about half that speed — and get a low compression head, if one can be obtained.

The whole relation of the two charts can be made clear by a few illustrations of how they are applied to actual cases. Consider first a runabout, then a cruiser, and last an auxiliary, working out the proper propellers for each.

The runabout is to have a motor developing 200 h.p. at 2200 r.p.m. and should go 40 m.p.h. On the diameter chart, the vertical carried up from the 200 h.p. position, on the horse power scale at the bottom, meets the 2200 r.p.m. line at a point which shows that the diameter should be about 18 inches, when carried over to the diameter scale at the side of the chart. Then on the slip chart, start at the top with an assumed slip of 20 percent, which is proper for a runabout, drop vertically down until the 40-mile speed line is reached, move horizontally to the left to meet the vertical carried up from the 2200 r.p.m. point of the revolution scale at the bottom, and read off this point on the nearest pitch line. In this case, the pitch is seen to be close to 24 inches, and the wheel to use is 18 inches diameter with 24 inches pitch. Three-bladed, of course, since the charts are laid out for three-bladed wheels.

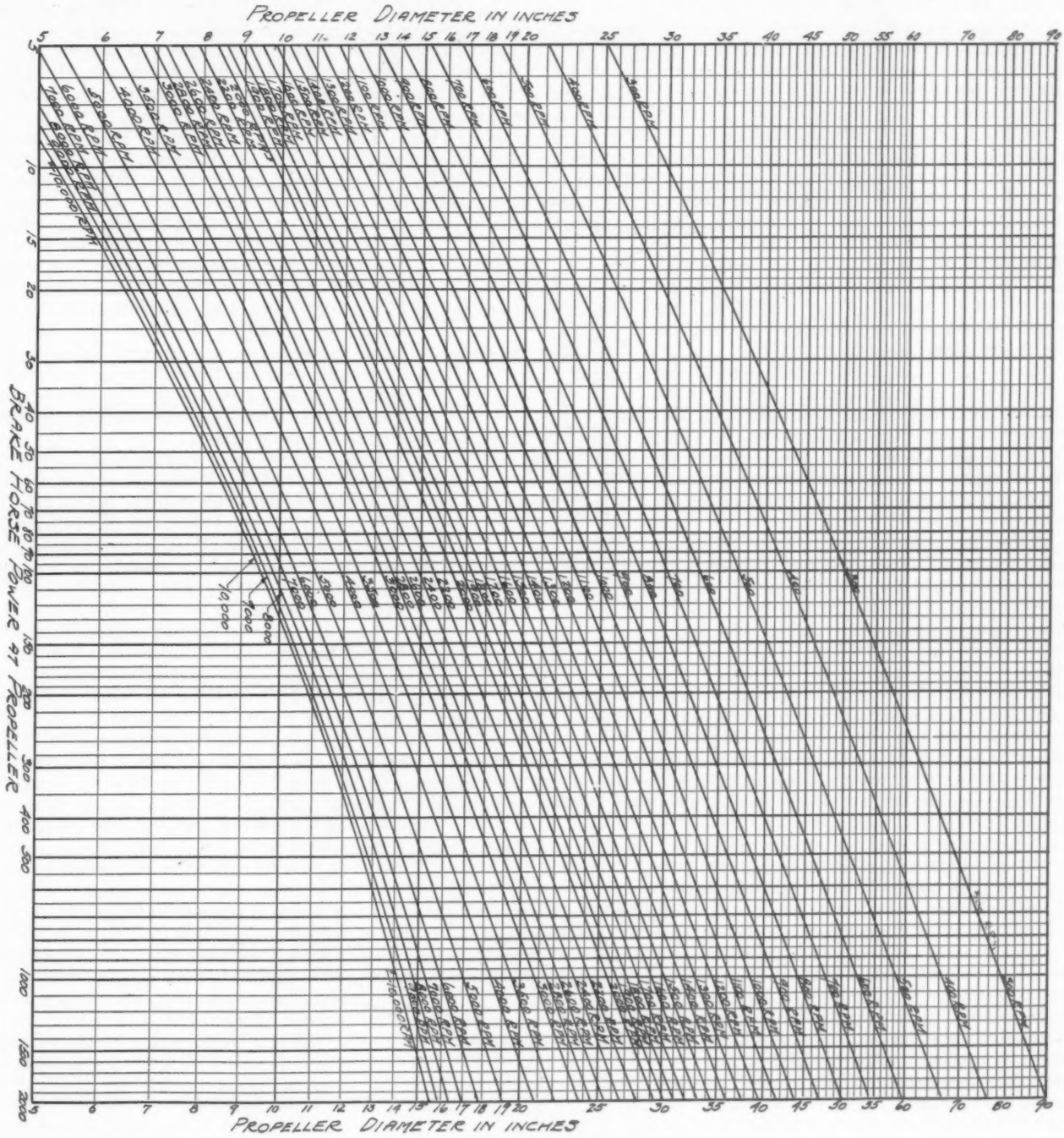
The next assumption is a cruiser making 15 m.p.h. with a motor which develops 60 h.p. at 1500 r.p.m. From the diameter chart, it is found that a diameter of about 17 inches is correct. On the slip chart, assume a slip of 28 percent, a fair slip for a cruiser with a high-speed motor, and by doing exactly as in the previous illustration, the pitch will be between 14 and 15 inches. As this pitch-ratio is less than 1.00, increase the diameter as determined from the chart and make it 18 inches and the pitch 15 inches.

For the last example, consider an auxiliary which is expected to make 8 m.p.h. when fitted with a motor which develops 25 h.p. at 1400 r.p.m. From the diameter chart, the line carried up from the 25 h.p. point on the scale at the bottom meets the line for 1400 r.p.m. at a point which shows that the diameter should be about 15 inches, provided the wheel was of normal pitch-ratio. Then, on the slip chart, assume a slip of 35 percent,

which is none too high for this case. In fact, 40 percent would not be out of the way. The pitch will be found somewhere around 9 or 10 inches. As this pitch is so much less than the diameter as found from the diameter chart, the pitch-ratio will be low and the diameter should be increased by about 10 percent, giving a wheel about 16 inches diameter with 10 inches pitch, or about 17 inches diameter and 9 inches pitch. My preference would be for the 16-inch wheel since the pitch-ratio is not quite as low as in the case of the larger diameter and smaller pitch.

When a two-bladed wheel is used instead of one having three blades, a good rule which works out well in practice is to increase the diameter found for a three-bladed wheel by about 5 percent to get the same revolutions with the same power. For the auxiliary in the previous illustration, a two-bladed wheel to suit the conditions would have a diameter of about 17 inches and 10 inches pitch.

It will be noted that no great degree of exactness is demanded in the use of the charts. It is not worth while to try to hunt out the decimal fractions for slip, diameter and pitch because the horse power of the motor, and the speed of the boat, are very rarely known with accuracy. And even if wheel sizes are found to the first decimal place, it must be remembered that stock wheels are made in integral sizes only and often vary in pitch more than an inch from that which is stamped on them. At best the charts are no more than a guide in the selection of a suitable propeller and not a precise solution.



DIAMETER CHART

Showing approximate propeller diameters for use with motors of varying power and speed

A Silent Exhaust

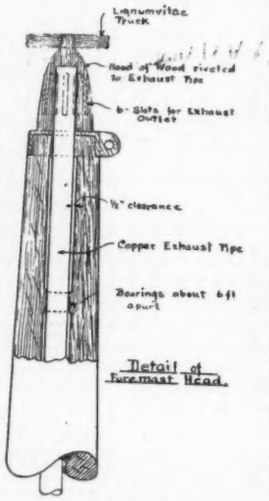
By A. W. MOFFAT

THE exhaust installation in *Mahdee*, the electric drive auxiliary schooner described in the February issue of YACHTING, has attracted attention because it is nearly completely silenced and because the outlet for the exhaust gases is at the top of the foremast. This outlet, while unusual, is not new and has nothing to contribute to the principle of silencing involved. Its purpose is to carry the odor of exhaust gas, from engines installed forward, well clear of the deck.

I considered applying for a patent to cover the method of silencing and cooling here described, but after thinking the matter over decided that the application of the principle involved would vary so much in individual installations that the manufacture of the equipment as a patented article would not be practical. Therefore, whether patentable or not, I hope that seekers of silence will make free use of the method and get as much pleasure out of a really silent exhaust installation as I have had. I should assume that its application to large Diesel installations was not useful owing to the desirability of utilizing the heat extracted from the exhaust gases for other purposes aboard ship. Gasoline or Diesel driven yachts, auxiliaries and rum runners will be the types most interested.

Note that a Maxim silencer is used in the exhaust line, a device which I believe to be one of the most effective mufflers on the market. I have one installed in a Sterling Petrel in accordance with the instructions of the makers. It gives good results, but not nearly to the extent of the installation in *Mahdee*.

Following the diagram, the exhaust gases enter a water-jacketed copper pipe which is carried in an easy sweep to the highest point permitted by the deck. All the circulating water enters this jacket at A, and leaves it at B to enter the Maxim wet silencer. The silencer must be installed at an angle to drain toward C, the pipe which carries exhaust gases and circulating water together into the vertical tank depicted. This tank must be installed so that half its height is above and half below the water line. A pipe which must be larger in area than the circulating water inlet leads out through the bottom of the hull protected by a reversed scoop (E). This scoop prevents water being forced up into the tank by the forward motion of the vessel. The level of water in the tank will always be at the level of the water line (D) no matter how much circulating water is poured into it with the exhaust gases. This entering stream impinges on the surface of a column of water (which is always descending), the soot and dirt of the exhaust thus cleaning the exhaust gases which expand in the upper half of the tank. They find their way out through the vertical pipe F which is larger in diameter than the piping through which the exhaust has already come. Thus the gases escape at practically atmospheric pressure. The outlet of pipe F above the deck can be carried into a stack, into a hollow mast or otherwise disposed of. The gases will be clean, dry, cool and silent.



Piping for exhaust through hollow mast

The diagram indicates the manner in which, in *Mahdee*, the exhaust has been carried above the deck through a hose connection into a copper pipe within the hollow foremast. The connection is made above deck to permit the mast to be unstepped.

In *Mahdee* there are two Winton 10 K.W. generator sets. Each engine has six cylinders, 3″ bore, 4″ stroke. The exhaust lines of each are handled as shown in the diagram except that both discharge into a single tank. The tank is of copper, triangular, with three horizontal stiffening plates full of holes. It measures 11″ on a side and 34″ high. The wet exhaust lines are 1½″ diameter, and the dry single outlet 3″ in diameter. The hull outlet is 1½″ diameter. Where two engines exhaust into a single tank it has been found necessary to have a shut-off on each exhaust line so that when running one engine alone the other line may be shut off. This is because vapor gets back from the tank through the idle line to rust the valves. No other bugs have been discovered in the installation. A plume of white vapor coming from the exhaust line always indicates an interruption in the flow of circulating water causing overheating and the consequent formation of steam. This is a handy check on engine temperature.

Great care has, of course, been taken in regard to possible electrolitic action in the line. The only iron in the line is the Maxim silencer. It is hoped that the heavy gaskets separating it from actual contact with the copper pipes will act as insulation against corrosion. The bolts will probably require seasonal renewals.

I am not able to furnish scientific data as to proper dimensions and areas for other installations. This installation was an experiment. It happened to work far more effectively than was expected. To those who are afraid to try it because of back pressures I can only say that the engines in *Mahdee* were driving generators and therefore we had an accurate electrical measure of output. Had there been appreciable back pressure in the line the generators would not have developed their rated output as indicated on the meters.

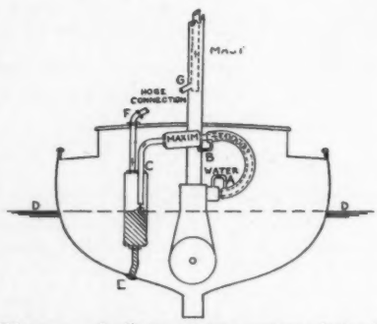
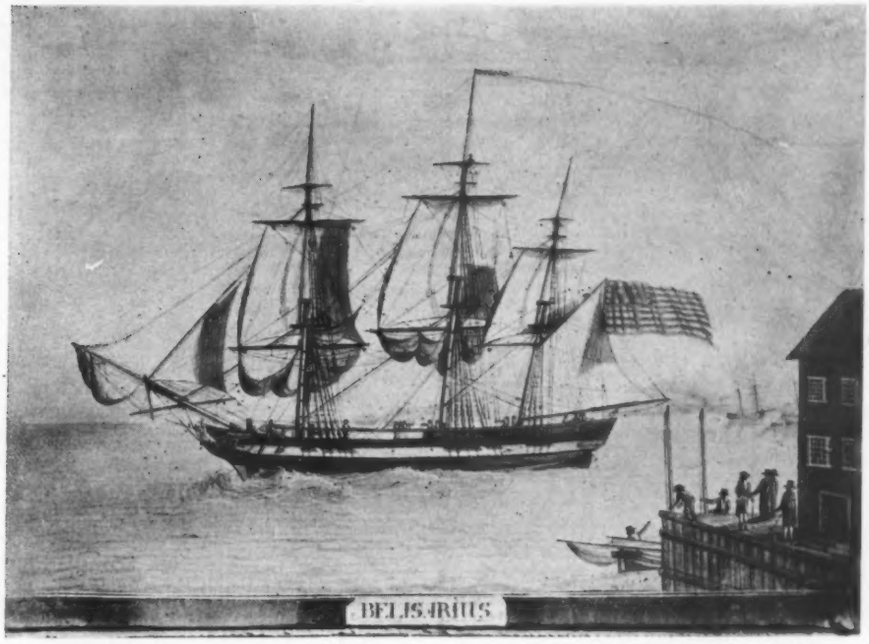


Diagram of silent exhaust system devised for use on the electric drive auxiliary "Mahdee"

If absence of exhaust noise and vapor is desirable in your craft, give this hook-up a try. You will find it conducive to accurate piloting not to have to stop your engine to hear sound signals in a fog. Slow down enough to reduce water noises. The exhaust will not interfere.

Using a hollow mast for the exhaust outlet is an old idea, but formerly there was no good method for cooling the exhaust gases or carrying off the circulating water if mixed with the gases. This device has solved the problem.



The "Bellesarius" outward bound. From a painting in the Peabody Museum of Salem

Clipper Ships—Ancient and Old

By C. G. DAVIS

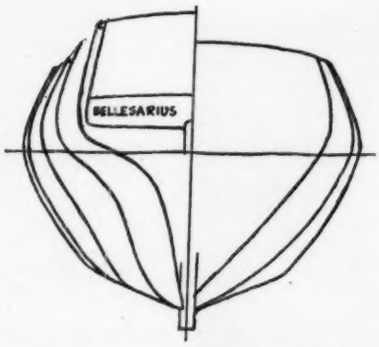
UNTIL I investigated the matter for my own satisfaction, I held the idea that most people have to this day; namely, that the fast sailing clipper ships were first introduced about the year of the California gold rush, in 1849, and that the ships of a prior date were all slow, apple-bowed tubs. This is the impression the most readily obtainable books give the reader today. The line of demarcation between the ships of about 1800 and those of the 1850's is too heavily accentuated, all with a view to the glorification of the late clippers.

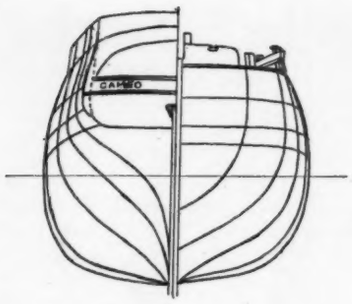
Not but that the clippers deserve great praise for their speed and beauty of model. The American clippers surpassed those of any other nation of their day, and have left records of fast passages to and from distant ports that have never been equalled by sailing ships. As superb specimens of the shipbuilder's art they command attention by the beauty of their proportions and their graceful, shapely hulls. But it is a mistake to overlook the older ships and to consider them unworthy of our respect and admiration. For their size, for they were all smaller in tonnage, they were very good sailers, and some were capable of very fair speed. The cargo ships of this period were the "round" ships, so called because the shape of the ship's hull at mid-length was barrel-like, almost circular in section; but there were at the same time ships and smaller craft built with an eye to speed that were known then as "sharp ships." They were not sharp in the water lines, for they were still blunt-bowed, with their greatest beam forward of the mid-length, but the bottom of the ship narrowed in rapidly from the water line down, and the floors had considerable deadrise. Where the side and floors met there was a decided knuckle, like the chine on a "skipjack."

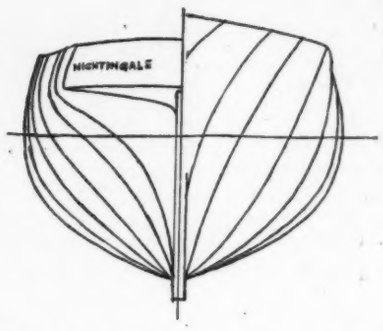
Such a ship was the *Bellesarius*, built in New England in 1794 and owned by the Crowninshields, of Salem. She was so remarkable a ship that Joshua Humphreys, who designed the *Constitution* and the *Constellation*, which served as models for many other American frigates, thought so highly of her that he copied, in his private notebook, enough of her shape, with dimensions, to enable him to reproduce her plans, adding a notation that she was "the fastest ship that swims the seas."

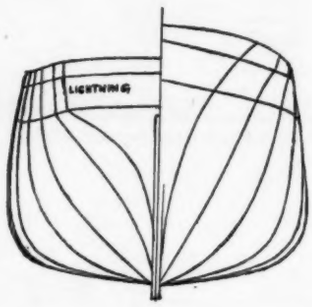
A photographic copy of this data was reproduced in a recent book on clipper ships, entitled "Greyhounds of the Sea," by Mr. C. C. Cutler, of Mystic, Conn. To see what her full set of lines looked like I projected these measurements and frame molds, and the accompanying plan is the result. Then, because there was something about this set of lines at great variance with the plans of other ships, I shaped out of wood a full model of her and found a queer craft indeed, one that, while it had the proverbial "cod's head" bow, showed such an evidently fast hull, fish-shaped, that it was very interesting to study. Holding it upside down, and with the bow towards you, the model tapers aft to a point like a wedge, blunt end forward. When listed over to a sailing angle the lee side had its deepest point up abreast the foremast, and from there aft to the sternpost the water was rising every foot of the way.

Such were the clippers of the eighteenth century, and while some may decry the blunt bow as a detriment to speed, let me remind them that the ship of this period was a very short vessel, and to sharpen away the bows to give the long wedge entrances found in the nineteenth century clippers would reduce her tonnage and sail carrying power, or stability, to a point where she could not have sail enough left to drive her at the speeds the older vessels attained. The ship *Desire*, of Salem, built at Marblehead, Mass., made Gravesend, England, in







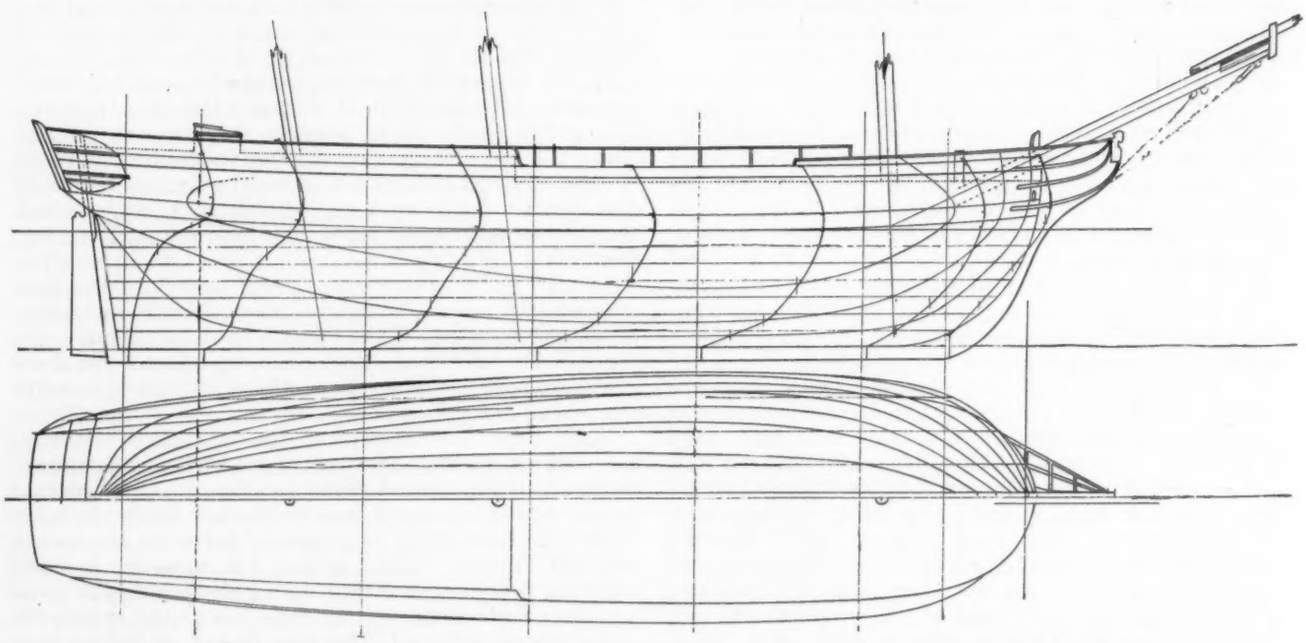


twenty-three days away back in the year 1640. Speeds of eleven and twelve knots were recorded by ships of the eighteenth century, and, for ships of their size, this is very fair traveling. They carried sail to the limit, very often compelled to by the booming of cannon on some enemy warship astern. Speed and weatherliness were the only form of insurance possible to those early American voyagers, and many an old log book records how the crew managed to get back to their home ports by dodging and outsailing their pursuers.

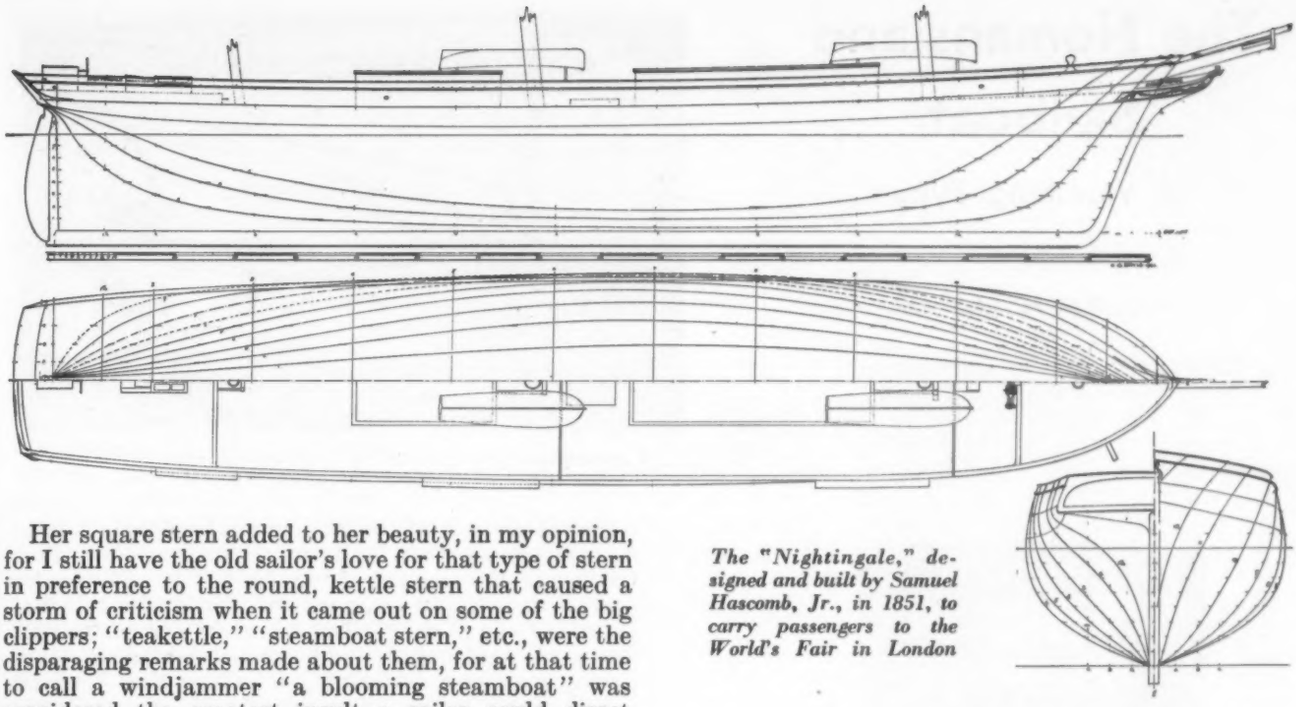
The appearance of the *Bellesarius* under sail has been handed down to us in an old oil painting showing the ship just leaving the wharf with her three topsails, spanker and foretopmast staysail set and drawing, her foresail and mainsail loose and hanging in the brails, ready to sheet home, and her jib, with gaskets cast off, hanging loose, ready to hoist.

Half a century later, in 1851, one of the handsomest clipper ships ever built was launched at Portsmouth, N. H. This was the *Nightingale*, designed and built by Samuel Hascomb, Jr. She was a ship the story of whose career reads like a novel. Built to carry passengers to the World's Fair, held at London in 1851, she was most elegantly fitted out on deck and below. In her cabins were built-in bedsteads instead of the ordinary ship's bunks, and there was an elaborately appointed ladies' cabin that was to show the world the perfection of American shipbuilding. *Nightingale's* promoters had to sell her at public auction to satisfy numerous claims against her, and she began a career as cargo carrier, tea clipper, slaver, merchantman again, and finally was sold to the Norwegians, who, in 1893, abandoned her, lumber-laden, in the North Atlantic.

Nightingale was a very sharp-bottomed ship, her deadrise being 36 inches at half floors, practically the same angle of deadrise as the floors of the *Bellesarius*, but with no such knuckle as the latter ship's frames had. She was symmetrical in every line, and had a beautiful sheer line with well balanced ends. Her stemhead was embellished with a bust statue of that famous singer, Jenny Lind, known as the "Swedish Nightingale" by her numerous admirers, and there was a reclining full length figure of the same lady on her transom. As her plans show, her water lines are as sharp as a canoe, both forward and aft, but it is only when one holds a model of this ship in the hands so that it can be turned about and viewed from all angles that the perfect symmetry of the hull is revealed. The *Nightingale* was built to be as beautiful in model and appointments as a yacht, and she fulfilled all expectations.



Lines and profile of the "Bellesarius," an eighteenth century "clipper" of 209 tons. She was built in Salem, in 1794



The "Nightingale," designed and built by Samuel Hascomb, Jr., in 1851, to carry passengers to the World's Fair in London

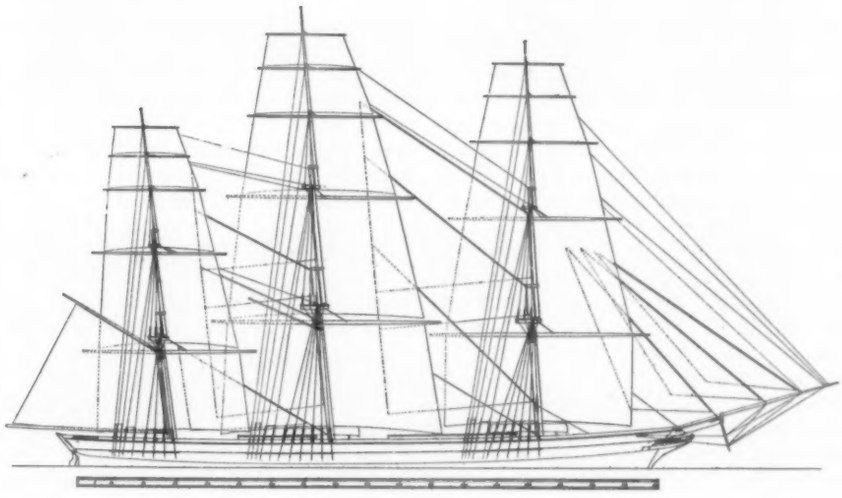
Her square stern added to her beauty, in my opinion, for I still have the old sailor's love for that type of stern in preference to the round, kettle stern that caused a storm of criticism when it came out on some of the big clippers; "teakettle," "steamboat stern," etc., were the disparaging remarks made about them, for at that time to call a windjammer "a blooming steamboat" was considered the greatest insult a sailor could direct against a ship.

Nightingale had a moderate sized rig, carrying only a main skysail, but it was a rig that looked well above the sharp, clean-lined hull. The *Nightingale* and the *Bellesarius* were both, in their day, classed as sharp ships, and the reason for this is apparent if we but compare the shape of their frames with other ships built about the same time. This, fortunately, we can do, for we have the plans of a kettle-bottomed ship, the *Lightning*, built by Donald McKay, in 1851, the same year that the *Nightingale* was built by Samuel Hascomb.

William Webb, Donald McKay and Samuel Pook were all firm believers in the theory that ships should have flat floors, because they claimed that flat floors prevented the downward pressure on the sails from burying a ship and making her wet about the decks in heavy weather. They fined up the model at the ends so that the ship, even at the load water line, had a hollow or concave bow.

In the case of the *Bellesarius*, built in 1794, we have the plans of a small typical merchant ship of that day with which to compare her frame sections. This little ship was the *Cameo*, and was only 78 feet 6 inches long on the water line, and her hull was as round and full as a barrel; no wonder the *Bellesarius* was a remarkably fast ship in her day if she was to be compared with such little tubs, the shape of whose sections are herewith given for comparison:

Ship	*Length*	*Breadth*	*Depth*	*Year Built*
Cameo	83′ 6″	24′ 0″	14′ 0″	1794
Bellesarius	112′ 1″	30′ 6″	15′ 6″	1794
Nightingale	180′ 0″	36′ 0″	21′ 0″	1851
Lightning	237′ 6″	43′ 0″	23′ 0″	1851



SAIL PLAN OF CLIPPER SHIP NIGHTINGALE LAUNCHED JUNE 16 1851.
BUILT BY SAMUEL HASCOMB JR. AT PORTSMOUTH N.H.

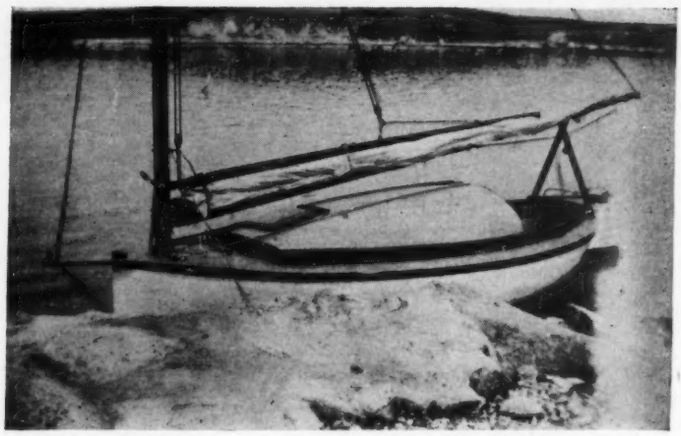
The Nomansland Sailboat

A Vanishing Type

By

WILLIAM H. TAYLOR

Stern view, showing pointed stern



A Nomansland boat converted to a cruiser and with cat rig. She proved a smart sailer

SHOULD you happen to explore the shores of Menemsha Pond, the broad expanse of salt water lying behind the small harbor of Menemsha on the Martha's Vineyard shore east of Gay Head, you will come across a few specimens of an interesting and vanishing type of craft, the Nomansland sailboat, which half a century ago formed an important unit of the Massachusetts fishing fleet.

Neglected, in some cases no longer seaworthy, with one-lung engines rusting in them, and their sails long since forgotten, they are still a type to catch the fancy of the man who is interested in boats, and especially in boats built to meet working conditions in a certain locality. From sixteen to twenty feet in length, they are double-ended, with a sharp, flaring bow and a sharper and more flaring stern, a springy sheer cocked up jauntily at the stern, and a hull that can carry a good trip of fish home in any kind of weather at fair speed. Some are lapstrake, others smooth-planked. Some show the remains of centerboard slots, others do not.

The smooth-planked boat in the photograph, typical of the latest and largest of them, is 20 feet long, 6½ feet beam and about 20 inches draft, with the narrow deck and high curb typical of the later Nomansland boats. Every one of them has one hall-mark — an inch augur hole through the stem, about at the water line, the reason for which will appear later. For other reasons, they had to be both light and strong, and the best of oak and cedar went into them, which explains why some are still seaworthy enough for the Gay Head Indians, who own most of the surviving boats, to use in their pursuit of the lowly scallop and the succulent lobster.

The story back of the Nomansland sailboats is even more interesting than the boats themselves. From time far beyond the memory of the oldest living Vineyarder down to thirty-odd years ago, the little island of Nomansland, now practically deserted, was a thriving fishing center and, in addition, supported a dozen prosperous farms. Nomansland, as any New England cruising man knows, is an island some two miles in average diameter, lying about six miles south of Gay Head, geologically once a part of the Vineyard and politically part of the Vineyard town of Chilmark.

Spring and fall, when the cod schooled up on the ledges around Nomansland, there was a regular migration. Nearly every family in Chilmark and many in the other Vineyard towns owned a sailboat, and at the proper season they piled into the boats — men, women, children, fishing gear, household goods and supplies — and went to Nomans. There, in a string of shanties along the north shore of the island, they lived through the fishing season, "working like the devil when the weather was fit and raising Cain when 'twasn't," to quote one old-timer, who adds that the Nomansland season was a regular holiday for the fishermen's families. Housekeeping was of the simplest and nothing much could happen to the children if allowed to roam wild.

There was then no harbor on Nomansland, where a small breakwater has since been built, and except in the finest weather the boats had to be hauled out every night. Daylight every morning found all hands up and about, loading their gear into the boats and, if it looked like a breeze, piling in stone to augment the permanent iron ballast until enough fish should be caught to permit the stone to be thrown overboard. Then, one by one, the boats were slid down the beach on their greased skids and the one- or two-man crews who manned them had to row like the devil, stern first, to get them through the breakers and out where there was sea room enough to make sail. The sharpie rig, a big foresail and small main, was universally used. Clear of the breakers, the foremast was stepped and the sail sheeted home, and off they went, getting the mainsail set at leisure.

If there was no wind, or even if it was light, they rowed, perhaps as much as twenty or thirty miles in a day's fishing, which, added to the labor of tending gear, constituted a pretty full day's work. "If some of these young fellows had to go through what we went through, there wouldn't be so many fishermen," reminiscently observes Captain Everett Poole, who knew the Nomansland fisheries in the last days of their prosperity.

Home again at night, the boatman sailed in close to

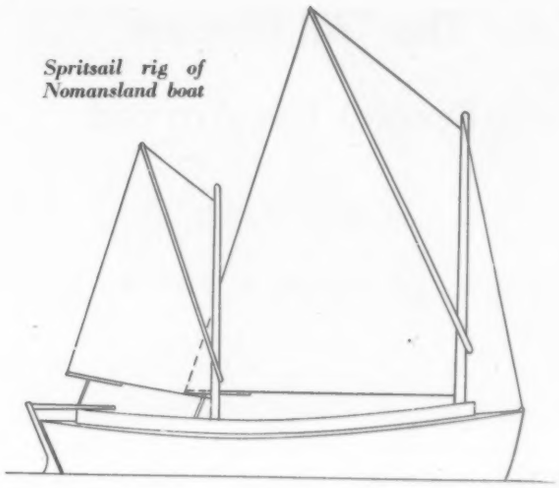
the breakers, rolled up his sails, unstepped the masts, let them fall overside, and then hove them aboard, as they were too heavy to drop directly onto the thwarts. Then he rowed for the beach. Ashore, willing hands brought out his skid and laid it on the beach just where the boat was headed to land. If she hit it fair, with a sea behind her, she would slide halfway out of water. If not — they had to be expert surfmen, those Nomansland fishermen, for a slip either getting off or landing meant plenty of trouble, with boat, gear, fish and men all rolled up in the surf together.

As the boat hit the skids a man ashore slipped a pin through the hole in her stem and hooked on a harness, and with a shout and a whip crack a team of oxen, kept on Nomansland for the purpose, snaked the loaded boat up above high water. There was never any lack of willing hands, for all pitched in and helped one another in those days of practical coöperation.

Besides the fishing, which was mainly over a small area, these boats had other jobs. Everything that was required or produced on Nomansland was carried to and from the island in them. Trips to New Bedford, twenty miles away, were daily occurrences and there was frequent trading with the eastern Long Island ports, across forty miles of open sea. Some of the boats were even used to freight the valuable Vineyard white clay (used in chocolates) to New York, and at the end of the season some of the skippers habitually ran their last trip of fish to New York, mostly for an outing. Rolling up to sleep in a sail when exhausted constituted the cruising accommodations.

With all these requirements in mind, it is easy to see how the Nomansland sailboat developed into what it was — burdensome, light enough to row, able enough to bring home a trip of fish in the teeth of a sudden nor'-wester, handy for one man, easy to row off stern first through the breakers, stout enough to stand beaching in the surf, and, thanks to the innate love of the Yankee for a handsome boat, easy to look at.

Naturally, there was evolution. Presumably, the first boats used on Nomansland were an odd lot of dories, whaleboats, yawl boats, and other nondescript models from which the existing type gradually developed. The writer has a model whittled out by Captain William Mayhew, of Menemsha, who fished off Nomansland sixty years ago. It shows an open boat, with no centerboard, and with her sails set on sprits. Later, a centerboard was added, and the narrow deck and high curb of the boats in the photographs. Gaff sails replaced the sprits, but not until the last days of the fisheries, for though faster they were not as handy to ship and unship.



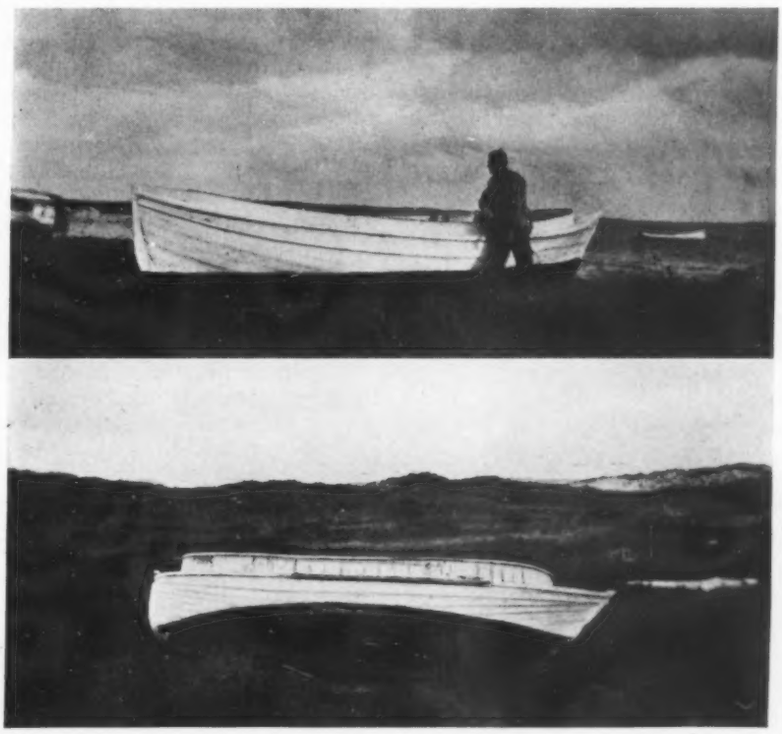
Spritsail rig of Nomansland boat

When the Nomansland season was over some of the boats were hauled out on the Vineyard beaches while their owners went back to their farms. Others, used by year-round fishermen, were kept at moorings off the now almost obliterated settlement of Lobsterville, between Gay Head and the present inlet to Menemsha Pond, with canvas covers laced over them and protected from northerly and westerly gales only by a submerged sandbar which parallels the beach at that point. It is hard now to picture that bare sweep of beach as a busy fishing port, but this it was until the inlet into Menemsha Pond was dredged out not many years ago.

As to the sailing qualities of the Nomansland boats. The old-timers, except under stress of fond memory, make no claims of phenomenal speed for them, but declare they were "almighty able, and they'd claw out to windward through anything that blew." They had to. It was customary, on a long board in a breeze, to pile the permanent ballast — a couple of hundred pounds of "handle iron" pigs, up along the weather rail, sandbag fashion, and when there was a race on, as frequently happened when a man waxed boastful about a new boat, they carried three men — helm, foresheet and bailer.

The writer, seven years ago, owned one of these boats. She carried a small cat rig instead of the traditional sharpie rig, but otherwise she was a perfect Nomansland boat, sixteen

(*Continued on page 102*)



A Nomansland boat. A few specimens of this vanishing type are still to be found on Martha's Vineyard. This one is 20 feet in length

The "All-Purpose" Dinghy has Arrived

Row It + Sail It + + Tow It + Trail It

By DINGHY DAN

THE article last month by John S. Barnes on the success of the 14-foot International Dinghy is most interesting and to the point. These little craft undoubtedly deserve a place under the sun, and their development will give a round of pleasure to many people who otherwise might never know the joys of sailing in small craft.

I quite agree with Mr. Barnes that the term "dinghy" is a misnomer when applied to the International 14-footer, which is an out-and-out racing craft, used solely for racing. The term "dinghy" means a small rowing boat, used as a tender for a larger craft — a general utility tender, which may be rowed, towed, used with an outboard motor, hoisted in davits, carried on a trailer behind an automobile, stowed on a club float, or on the deck of a small cruiser, sail or power. Add a sail to her, and she becomes a "sailing dinghy." And it is of this latter type which I am writing — a boat which, just now, is coming rapidly into favor.

No type of boat, be it large or small, can have as much appeal as the modern sailing dinghy. I say this after long and careful consideration, without apology. Those who are "dinghy conscious" I feel sure will agree. To those less fortunate I say this: A well designed sailing "dink" in the hands of young or old will give the greatest fun per dollar of anything that floats. The nearer the water the greater the thrill, will be acknowledged by the most experienced yachtsman.

A good breeze provides exhilarating sailing

E. Levick

A "dink" with spars and gear stowed aboard

Probably since Noah skippered the Ark dinghies have been in use, but not until recently have yachtsmen become "dinghy conscious." For years a dinghy was just a necessary item of equipment. Any old crate was good enough as long as it did not leak too much. No consideration was given to its towing qualities. A yacht owner, having spent thousands of dollars with designers and builders perfecting a fast, easily-driven yacht, towed a dinghy that dragged knots off her speed without giving it a thought.

Now, spreading its wings, like a multicolored butterfly emerging from its chrysalis, comes the new type of sailing dinghy — alive, vibrant, responsive, spirited and picturesque with its sparkling hull and colored sails.

The fever spread rapidly last summer and fall. With the advent of an unusually mild winter, the dinghy sailors said: "Let's keep on sailing awhile." Result: A flock of dinghies cavorted around Manhasset Bay the day after New Year's, in a hard, puffy wind accompanied by rain, sleet and snow. They even formed a winter club — the Frostbite Yacht Club. Next week-end they crossed the Sound and had a two-day regatta at New Rochelle. After another week-end at Port Washington, twenty "dinks" provided healthy sport and amusement for hundreds of sailors and onlookers at Larchmont. Probably they'll race all winter unless the harbors freeze.

The reason for the sudden rise to prominence of the sailing "dink" is due largely to its general utility and refinement of design. A dinghy is an absolute necessity to a cabin boat of any size, be it sail, power or auxiliary. Because of its many uses its design must be given the greatest consideration; its utility, in fact, is so varied that it might be well to enumerate some of the most necessary requirements in a modern dinghy.

The most important item is carrying capacity. In case of emergency a "dink" should be able to carry its maximum seating of passengers without becoming unseaworthy or unmanageable. An 11-foot dinghy should hold at least six under these conditions. A "dink" should row easily, not check at the end of each stroke of the oars, and should be dry in a head sea without offering extreme wind resistance by having too much freeboard. It should be able to carry a moderate-sized outboard motor at a fair turn of speed. A centerboard and sail are today essential. The centerboard box should be capped watertight, and the centerboard pennant so arranged that no water can come through the box when the "dink" is towed at high speed. The box should not interfere with the seating arrangement or the oarsman. The cut of sail is optional, but all spars should be of a length easily stowed within the dinghy.

Probably the most difficult qualification to be filled is proper towing. Nothing can be more exasperating or dangerous than a "dink" that gets independent when towed in a following sea. A tender that threatens to come aboard, or shoots off at a tangent, is a poor sailing companion. A dinghy with a deep, narrow forefoot should be particularly avoided, since it will have a tendency to trip, and in extremely bad weather will invariably fill. The ideal type of "dink" for towing is one with a full, but shallow forward section fining up aft at the water line. This design eases the drag and suction prevalent in a wide transom boat and allows a following wave to flow by instead of fetching against the stern, thus flinging the whole boat forward. The full, shallow forward section gives tremendous buoyancy, prevents tripping, and throws spray downward rather than allowing it to roll up topsides and thence into the boat.

Weight is a point to be considered. A boat that can be hauled on deck and capsized easily has a great advantage over the heavier type. Any dink weighing more than two hundred pounds is difficult to get aboard unless swung in davits. The weight of the dinghy when brought aboard is enough to change the trim of all but the largest boats. Besides being cumbersome, it interferes with the proper handling of the yacht and generally upsets the ordinary routine. Better to have a well-mannered "dink" and tow it astern; it will cut down the speed less than by being carried on board.

Last, but by no means least, a "dink" should be designed to sail well under a moderate rig. By sailing well I mean that it should be moderately fast, stiff, and easily handled, quick on the helm and sensitive to the touch. By moderate rig is meant enough sail to keep the boat lively in light air but small enough in area to make it unnecessary to reef in conditions under which the sail would be used. Fulfilling these requirements, such a dinghy is the ideal type for juniors. More real knowledge can be gained in this type of craft than can be had from sailing boats of larger dimensions. One gets an instant reaction to every movement and therefore has to be forever alert.

Proving that the well-designed "dink" is stable and safe

In this critical period of economy the "all-purpose," or "utility sailing" dinghy deserves its place in the sun, since it appeals to juniors and seniors alike, and has so many uses. Its popularity is not limited to novices, or persons of limited means, for its favor reaches beyond the limitations of both wealth and experience. Such well-known yachtsmen as Harold Vanderbilt, Junius Morgan, George Roosevelt, Clifford D. Mallory, Paul Hammond, Cornelius Shields, Hobart Ford, J. B. Shethar, and others too numerous to mention, all own "dinks" in which they spend many pleasant hours sailing and racing while their yachts lie idle at their moorings.

M. Rosenfeld

Nearly two hundred spectators watched the dinghies race in the Frostbite Yacht Club Regatta at City Island on February 7th

"Wrinkles"

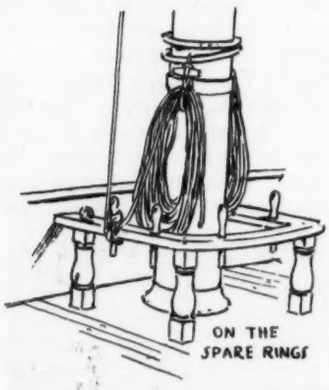
Some Which are of Practical Value to the Skipper

Toggle Lines

ON board the auxiliary or sail boat many hours are spent coiling up loose ends of halliards and sheets. Piles of line snarled all over the deck are not only unsightly and unseamanlike but dangerous as well. On board the big fellows you can drop your coil over a pin on the fife rail and she'll stay there free of snarls, but on the little 'uns you'll find each line coiled neatly on the deck, until you get caught in a squall. Then there's hell a-poppin'. Here's a little wrinkle that solves the problem nicely.

Take short pieces of light line and splice an eye in the end of each piece. Then whittle out pieces of round doweling about two or three inches long. Shave 'em out toggle shape, with a deep grove around the middle, and splice these into the other ends. Just a simple little toggle line.

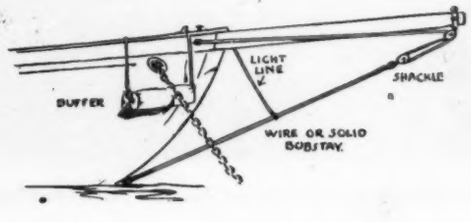
Lash one of these toggles to the stays or spare rings,



wherever you think is the handiest, with the toggle end up. Make up your line, slip the eye end through the coil, button your toggle, and there she hangs, clear of the deck, shipshape as can be and ready to cast off in the wink of an eye.

Lashing Life Rings

This is the correct way to lash a life ring to your rigging. It is neat and efficient. If a man goes overboard the first thing to do is heave him a line or a life ring. Too often the rings are lashed securely, the knots are wet and jammed, and the man is far astern before the ring is cast adrift. Of course, this doesn't happen often; but when it does, nine times out of ten it will be at night when coming about. There are canvas dingbats made to hold life rings, but these are clumsy. Nearly all the life rings we've noted were mere ornaments on the ship, sometimes the lashings painted until it would take an axe to cut them adrift.



The first thing you'll need is a spreader bar, either round or square. This is lashed on your stays at the proper height. Then the ring is held overside and the four life lines brought together and a piece of light line, already lashed to one of the life lines, is passed back and forth a few times and a simple "tuck knot" completes the job.

A yank on the knot and the ring falls overboard of its own weight.

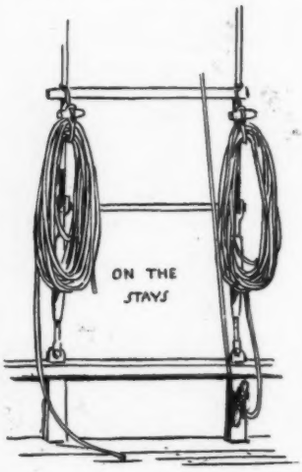
The long distance cruiser and blue water man will be interested in chafe. A few inches of seizing along the stays will take care of this.

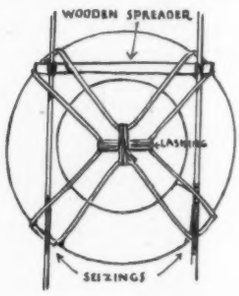
Next time you are puttering around your hooker do this little job. You may never need that ring, but —

Anchoring in a Tideway

This is a wrinkle from England. Many cruising boats there use this idea. Evidently they have grown tired of bent and twisted solid bobstays, so they fit either chain or wire with a short solid bar near the water line and a tackle on the outer end of the assembly. When anchored for a long stay one simply lets go the tackle and hauls in on a short piece of line made fast midway on the bobstay, raising the whole works clear of the chain.

A heavy ship, or a light one for that matter, when swinging with the wind across the tide, will, if the chain is across the bobstay, set up heavy strains on the bowsprit, hence on the mast and rigging. This idea not only eliminates that danger but it is a boon to light sleepers. Everyone has been awakened at some time or other by the chain grunting and rasping its way up and down the bobstay. We have used this gadget and find it practical and feel that it is well worth the trouble involved. On long outside runs we simply shackle in a piece of chain and a turn-buckle in place of the tackle.





Incidentally, if your ship is in the habit of running up over her anchor and scraping and denting the paint on the bows, make yourself a short bumper, sausage shaped, and about two feet long, with a canvas or rope loop in each end. It should be about six inches in diameter. Hang this over your bows under the chain and your troubles are over. More gear to stow? Sure. But it saves the paint.

STUART BRYSON

"Miss America IX" warming up for her record breaking run in Florida waters. She averaged 97.01 knots (111.7 m.p.h.) in two nautical mile runs on Indian Creek.

Those Racing Motor Boats

By GEORGE W. SUTTON, JR.

FOR six months or more I have been pointing out in these columns certain phases of our international racing conditions that have been in need of cleaning up, and suggesting some new activities to follow the cleansing process. I have not the slightest personal or commercial interest in these matters. My exposition of the situation, however, has been taken very personally in some quarters, has interfered with valued friendships, some of which date back twenty years, and has caused some important people to proclaim me a very "ornery" type of zoril. All of which is regrettable but beside the point.

The suggestions made have had unanimous support from the real leaders of the sport, both here and abroad, and I am happy to report that practically everything recommended in these columns, as a result of study by half a hundred men who are trying to make motor boat racing an internationally popular and sensible sport, has come to pass, to the betterment of all concerned.

Here are the things we have asked for:

1. Direct representation in the International Motor Yachting Union by our ruling body, the American Power Boat Association.

2. The adoption of the statute mile, in addition to the nautical mile, by the I.M.Y.U. in recognition of world's records.

3. The coordination of rules so that international races and time trials may be on the same basis for European and American drivers.

4. Recognition of our records abroad.

5. Greater participation in our regattas by outstanding foreign drivers, and in theirs by ours.

6. Creation of new "world's championship" outboard events open to American and foreign drivers.

After numerous meetings of various bodies during the week of the Motor Boat Show the situation on the foregoing enumerations now stands as follows:

1. This controversial matter has been or is about to be cleared up, officially and satisfactorily.

2. This will come up again before the next annual meeting of the I.M.Y.U. in November, with the backing of important interests here and abroad, and with an excellent chance of passing.

3. We suggested a number of other changes in I.M.Y.U. rules. These have been made unnecessary by the adoption by the joint racing commission of the A.P.B.A. and the National Outboard Association of important alterations in our racing rules affecting international competition. Here are some:

a. American drivers in nautical mile world's record trials may disregard the American hull weight restrictions and use any weight hulls they desire, thus eliminating a distinct advantage held by foreign drivers.

b. American drivers in foreign events may accept cash prizes without sacrificing their amateur status, thus avoiding the former painful necessity of donating such "dough" to overseas charities, and offsetting the European lack of discrimination between amateurs and professionals.

c. Only four sets of world's record nautical mile trials now allowed — at the three sectional and one national championship regattas — and competition in these confined to place winners in the regattas and the actual outfits they used in these races. This will be a great relief to officials on both sides of the water. A lot more was done to clarify this situation and to improve rules for purely American contests.

4. Since the agitation for recognition abroad of American made records, nautical mile courses have been laid out here and our drivers now hold all official outboard world records, all confirmed by the I.M.Y.U.

5. As a result of our overseas correspondence, J. W. Shillan, British motor boat authority, came over to our Motor Boat Show and announced that he would bring over Charles H. Harrison, England's greatest driver, with a new hull built to American limits to compete in Florida regattas this month. Watch for these. They'll be worth following. Loretta Turnbull and her three brothers will race in Italian and other European regattas this spring. We expect many more developments in this international exchange of drivers.

6. In the agitation for a "world outboard championship" Mr. Shillan popped over with one of our own suggestions greatly glorified — a new racing classic, an "Outboard Harmsworth" race for world supremacy, with stock motors of unlimited power, first race to be held in this country this year. Shillan's proposal was accepted immediately by the A.P.B.A. council and details are now being worked out. This should be some event!!

+ + +

Rules are funny things. On January 27th *Miss America IX* made an average speed of 110.785 statute miles per hour in two nautical mile runs on Indian Creek, in Florida. She used the two 12-cylinder Packard engines which have been twice wrecked during their hectic and marvelously successful five-year life. This was the fastest speed ever made by a motor boat in such trials. It surpassed the world's record held by *Miss England II* of 110.223 statute miles an hour.

But *Miss America's* wonderful performance did not stand as a world's record, nor even as an American record. Rules, rules, rules! A rule of the International Motor Yachting Union which applies only to the recognition of nautical mile world's records, is that the existing mark must be broken by at least one-half of a nautical mile in order to displace it. Therefore, *Miss America IX* missed the mark by .03 of a second, or, if you prefer 5.2 feet.

Not willing to accept defeat, the owner of *Miss America IX* tried it again and on February 5th complete success rewarded his efforts. *Miss America IX* broke *Miss England's* record by 1.489 statute miles an hour, and hurtled over the smoother Florida nautical mile twice at an average of 111.712 statute, or 97.013 nautical miles an hour in the following decisive manner:

	Time	*Knots*	*Statute Miles*
South...	36.87	97.640	112.434
North...	37.35	96.386	110.989

If the International Motor Yachting Union confirms this report it will be recognized by the American Power Boat Association as a world's record, but Commodore Harry B. Greening, of Canada, chairman of the Racing Commission of the A.P.B.A., has announced that it will not be an American record because of the absence of A.P.B.A. sanction and supervision.

Thus the claim made last summer, that the ancient but extremely honorable *Miss America IX* is capable of as great a speed as *Miss England II* has shown to date, seems to be borne out. However, if the latter boat was not permanently harmed by the accident last September, it may be that she still has half a dozen miles per hour more up her sleeve, while the ninth *Miss America* seems to have reached about the limit of her capabilities.

Anyhow, the Battle of the Decimals still goes on furiously. Lord Wakefield is having Thornycroft build him a *Miss England III*, powered with two 2500 h.p. Rolls-Royce Schneider Cup aviation engines. Fred Cooper, from whose drafting board *Miss England II* came, is her designer. From May 22nd to 29th the first of the international regattas of the I.M.Y.U. will be held on Lake Garda in Italy. *Miss America IX* may be there and the British entries will probably include *Miss England III*, *Miss England II* and Miss Carstairs' *Estelle V*.

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When the question arose as to whether or not *Miss America IX* had established a new world's record in Florida, on January 27th, it was necessary for the Yachtsmen's Association of America, under whose auspices she was running, to cable to the International Motor Yachting Union to find out just what speed the British boat really did make in nautical miles last year. The record sent over here was quoted as 95.7 nautical miles per hour, which figures out at 110.223 statute miles. The reply came back, with the added decimal place supplied, that *Miss England* had made 95.78 nautical miles which, against *Miss America's* 96.20, left the latter just .08 statute miles an hour short of eclipsing Don by the required one-half of a nautical mile.

The additional decimal added to the British boat's speed figures out at 110.301 statute miles an hour instead of the 110.223 which is recognized all over the world as her official record. Therefore, what is *Miss England II's* real record? Slide rule addicts can have a lot of fun playing with these figures but the net result will only show the ridiculousness of two sets of miles and the world-wide habit of quoting nautical mile records in statute miles.

+ + +

Some enthusiasts have their own ideas about what should constitute a yachting costume. At regattas one sometimes sees uniforms which dazzle you with their display of gold lace, stars, pearl and brass buttons and "Snappy Kut" suits of blues never passed by the Navy censors.

They say that when a well-known movie actor became the admiral of a large motor yacht a couple of years ago he burst upon Hollywood and other California watering places with a yachtsman's uniform that stopped land and marine traffic. A friend is said to have drawn him into a corner with the following result: "You know yachtsmen are very particular about their uniforms being conservative, correct and all that."

"What do you mean? What's the matter with this uniform?"

"Well, you know, that baby blue color, that white piping all around it and those big brass buttons —"

"Brass, hell! These buttons are eighteen carat gold!"

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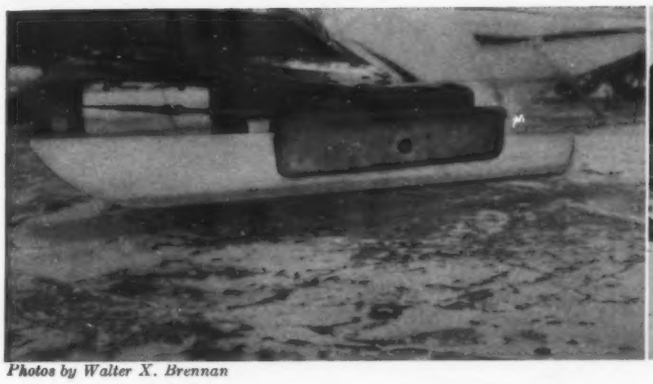
Only since the recent change in authority in the American Power Boat Association have newspaper men been invited to its council meetings. It has proved an excellent move and many valuable suggestions have come from the fellows who spend their time watching the little boats and officials run 'round and 'round. In the cogitations of the National Outboard Racing Commission, during Show week, Everett B. Morris, motor boating editor of the New York *Herald-Tribune* and one of the fairest, and most sapient of the minstrels of marine motoring, was present as a full consultant, duly authorized. Why not more of this?

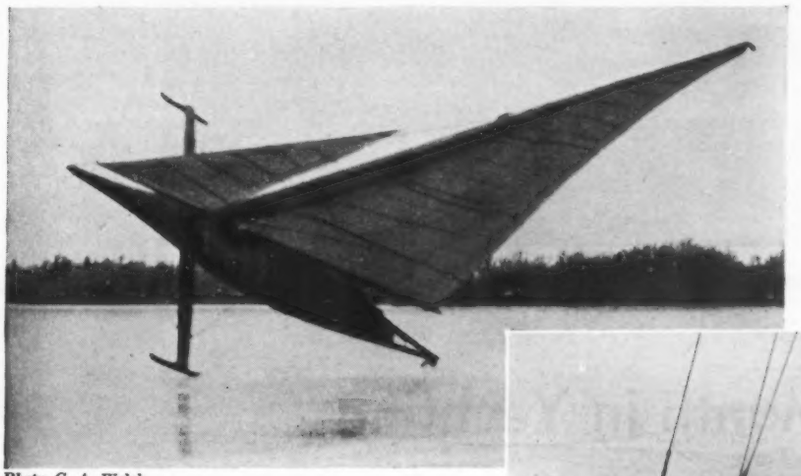


Photos by Walter X. Brennan

With the Ice Boat Sailors

Although at this writing the unusually mild winter has prevented most of the races for the important ice boat trophies, the accompanying pictures show something of the recent developments in these speedy craft

Top (left): A runner of forged duralumin with steel shoe inserted. The chock blocks are of cast aluminum. Right: Runner plank and oak runner (still the most popular type) with cast iron shoe and metal chocks



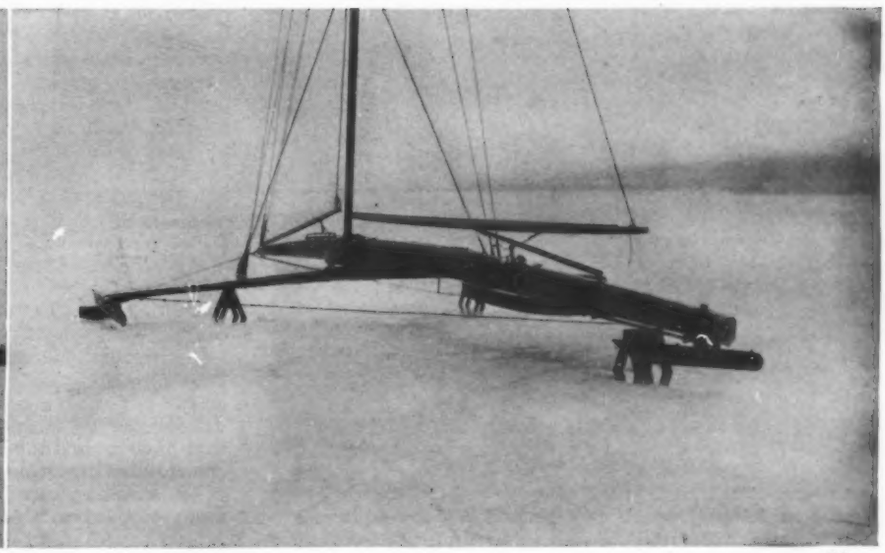
Photo, C. A. Welch

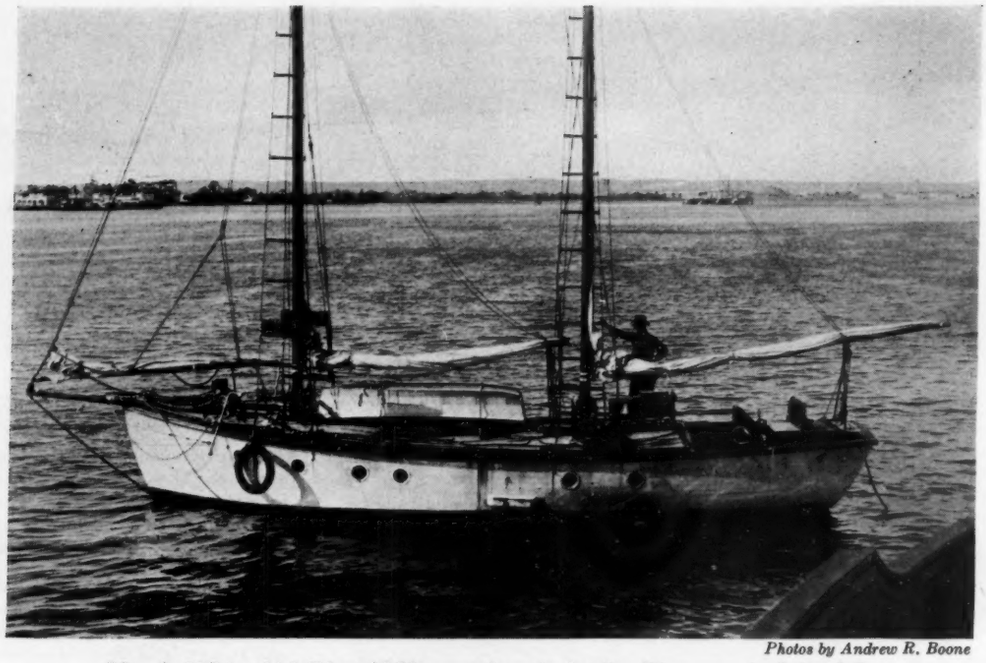
Over she goes! Charles A. Welch, of Boston, gets a spill on Mystic Lake from his 150-square footer

Right: A new type of backbone with two cockpits protected by windshields. This type was used with apparent success in the "Flying Dutchman"

Below (left): "Marcia," a successful 250-square-foot racer owned by O. W. Dwight

Right: "Hermes V," owned by Howard Fenton, Mt. Clemens, Mich., showing remote control tiller and cockpit for crew amidships, giving greater stability





Photos by Andrew R. Boone

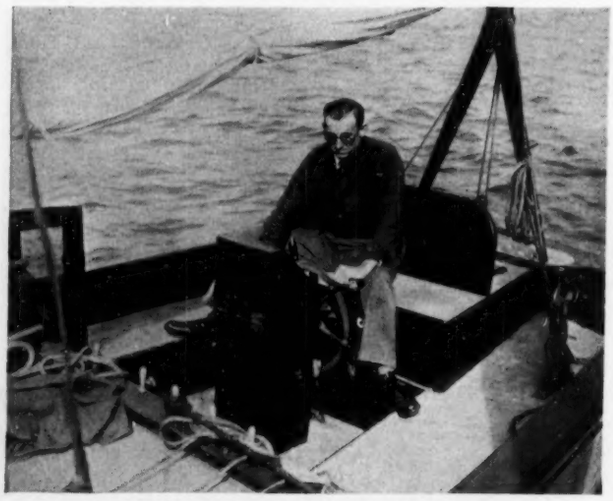
"Sturdy II," in which Edward Miles recently arrived at San Diego on a single-handed voyage around the world

The Month in Yachting

East Around the World — Alone

THREE and one-half years ago a Tennessee carpenter turned the bow of his home-built auxiliary schooner east from New York, hoping to complete the first single-handed voyage around the world in an easterly direction. Trials and tribulations beset him even before he had seen his first land beyond the Atlantic, yet recently Captain Edward Miles landed in California with *Sturdy II* after his first boat — *Sturdy I* — had burned in the Red Sea, and after he had returned to America and built *Sturdy II* in which to complete his voyage.

Captain Miles relied on sails with *Sturdy I*, although he had installed a 12 h.p. gasoline engine for use in harbors. With *Sturdy II*, however, he carries a 20 h.p. full Diesel engine with 600 gallons of fuel — enough for a 4500-mile passage — and on more than one occasion the engine has saved him from many lonely days and nights on the high seas.



Captain Miles, of the "Sturdy II," which he built to replace his first boat which was burned in the Red Sea

Although *Sturdy II*, a 37-foot schooner, carries bunks for four, Captain Miles has sailed her alone, ploughing through 32,000 miles of seas before reaching San Diego, where this is written, a few weeks ago. There he had *Sturdy II* hauled on the ways and refitted before proceeding down the west coast of Mexico toward the Panama Canal and on to New York, where he hopes to complete his 'round-the-world voyage four years after heading east from New York.

Before turning to an account of the voyage, it may be pertinent to offer the outstanding facts about the boat. Captain Miles built *Sturdy I*, unaided, at Savannah, Georgia, after spending some $6,000 for the gasoline engine and materials. After *Sturdy I* burned in the Red Sea, of which I shall speak later, he returned to Memphis, where, with help, he constructed *Sturdy II* at approximately the same cost. Externally, both boats had about the same appearance, although *Sturdy I* was better finished and was of heavier construction.

Sturdy II measures 37 feet over all, with a beam of 11 feet and draft of 4 feet, 9 inches. She displaces five tons, as against eight tons for *Sturdy I*.

When *Sturdy I* left New York, she bore a Memphis name board on the stern. For reasons personal to himself, however, at San Diego Captain Miles adopted New York as his home port and *Sturdy II* will enter the Hudson with "New York" written across her transom.

With the trial trip of *Sturdy I* from Savannah to New York we are not particularly concerned, except to say that this 720-mile test proved the boat to be seaworthy and gave Captain Miles courage to proceed alone across the Atlantic.

Sturdy I sailed from New York August 29th, 1928, and after a hard passage, reached Gibraltar 49 days later. Continuing leisurely along the north coast of Africa stops were made at Tangier, Algiers, Tunis and Malta. Like many other small boats that have cruised the Mediterranean in fall or winter, *Sturdy I* encountered uncertain and nasty weather. From Malta Captain Miles sailed eastward as far as Constantinople, stopping at many of the Greek ports on the way. Leaving Turkey astern, *Sturdy* sailed south across the Mediterranean to Alexandria

where she was moored from January, 1929, to October of the same year while her skipper returned to the States.

The voyage was resumed early in October of that year, with the track heading through the Red Sea. Three days out of Port Said "carelessness with gasoline" led to a fire and the total destruction of the little schooner. Captain Miles reached safety and with the aid of friendly tribes made his way back to Alexandria where he embarked for America to build a sister ship in which to complete his voyage.

Sturdy II was built in Memphis under his supervision, shipped to New York and thence to the Red Sea by steamer. She set sail from Port Tewfick in September, 1930, almost a year after the loss of the first boat. It took 29 days through heat and parching winds for *Sturdy II* to sail the length of the Red Sea, and then she continued eastward by way of Ceylon, Singapore, Manila and Hong Kong to Yokohama. The long passage across the Pacific was started from Yokohama on July 14th, 1931, and 52 days later *Sturdy* put in to Honolulu completing the longest passage of the entire voyage.

After an 18-day passage from Honolulu *Sturdy* sailed through the Golden Gate and dropped anchor in San Francisco Bay on September 30th, 1931. This January Captain Miles started down the West Coast, bound for New York by way of the Panama Canal. The last port of call was San Diego.

ANDREW R. BOONE

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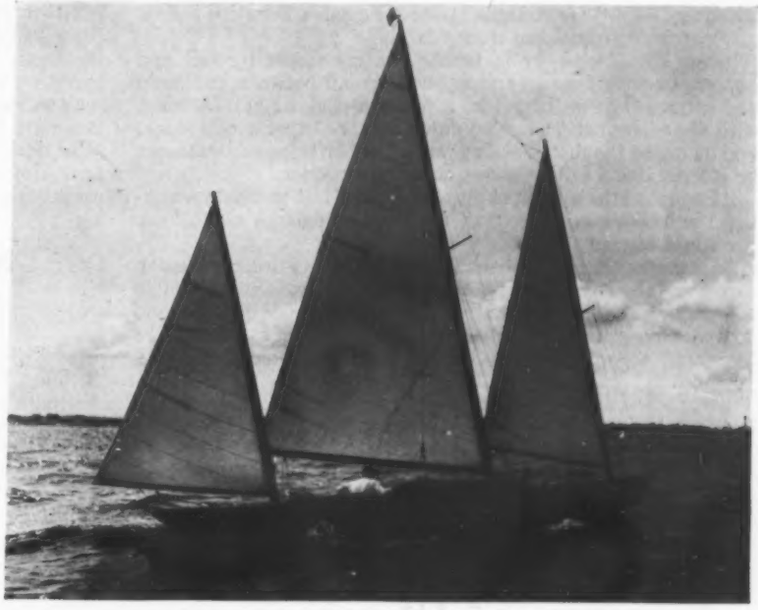
A Three-Masted Rig

THAT well-known naval architect, Bowdoin B. Crowninshield, creator, during the past four decades, of fleets of notable yachts, was seated one afternoon about a year ago at his drawing board in his picturesque drafting room, perched on the rocks of Peach's Point, Marblehead.



An unusual rig. "Jinx," designed by B. B. Crowninshield for his own use. The sail area is 327 square feet

Before him stretched historic Salem Bay, which 115 years before had floated America's first palatial pleasure packet, *Cleopatra's Barge*, built by Retire Becket at an expense of $50,000 for Salem's leading citizen, George Crowninshield, Jr., brother of Benjamin Crowninshield, the designer's great-grandfather, and also an ardent yachtsman, who had just left the chair of Secretary of the Navy under President Madison.

On this particular afternoon at Marblehead, designer Crowninshield caught a fleeting glimpse of a speedy motor boat slipping into the bay, with a cargo that was probably more spirituous than piscatorial. As the boat vanished into the fog, he glanced up to the picture of a three-masted French lugger on a similar errand, for she was being chased by a British revenue cutter.

"That's the type of boat I want for home use," remarked the designer to himself and fell to work drafting the lines of a yacht (not a rum runner) which the following summer became the sensation not only of Salem, but of Massachusetts Bay.

"My problem," said the designer in describing *Jinx*, "was that of creating an afternoon sail boat, one that I could easily handle alone in any weather, yet big enough to carry two persons besides myself comfortably.

"I wanted something that would go right along, and as rating did not enter into my plans, I designed a long, narrow, and comparatively light displacement hull, that could be easily driven at a fairly fast clip under a small rig.

"So I made my boat about 23½ feet on the water line, and two inches less than six feet beam, while I found that 327 square feet of canvas was enough for her to carry.

"I adopted the three-masted rig after studying types of three-masted luggers used in Europe, such as the Scotch herring fleet, the Spanish fishermen, and that French brandy smuggler whose picture on the wall gave me the idea. Those who are familiar with the famous sea tales of James Fenimore Cooper, whose centennial is being celebrated, will recall his account of a three-masted French privateer in his 'Wing and Wing, or Le Feu-Follet'.

"The three-masted rig calls for a more even distribution of the three sails than that of a yawl, a ketch or a schooner. My mainsail is 175 square feet, foresail 89 square feet, and mizzen 63 square feet. Of course, *Jinx* is hardly a lugger, but the positions of the masts and distribution of the sail area is precisely the same.

"It seemed to me that the regular standing lug rig was too heavy and too complicated for so small a boat, so I compro-

Bermuda News Photos

"Jill," an American Six-Metre owned by Seward Johnson and designed by Sparkman & Stephens, sailing at Bermuda, where, in April, she will race with other American boats against the Bermuda "Sixes" for the Prince of Wales Cup

mised and used three straight Marconi rigged box-section hollow masts, with conventional triangular sails.

"*Jinx* handles nicely in heavy weather under foresail and mizzen, or with foresail and a small trysail between the main and mizzen. She will lay like a weather-cock at her mooring, with the mizzen sheet hauled down and the other sheets slack, and owing to the distribution and size of her three sails, she can be steered like a sailing canoe, without a rudder.

"I adopted the open cockpit for comfort, but there are watertight bulkheads in either end, impounding enough air to keep her afloat in case she fills.

"I have never figured her rating, but I am sure she has an excess of about everything that the Universal Rule tries to discourage and taxes heavily, such as generous length, and comparatively light displacement, while if her sail plan was measured according to the rule, she would probably give the 'Q' and 'R' boats minutes to the mile.

"She was built by Lawson at Dorchester, in 1931, with oak frames, planked with cedar, fastened with 5/8-inch brass screws. Her principal dimensions are: l.a.o. 32', 7"; l.w.l. 23', 5"; beam, 5', 10"; draft, 4', 7"; displacement, 4,923 pounds; sail area, 327 square feet.

"She so closely approaches my ideal of a pleasure craft, that when my ship comes in, I shall build a larger edition."

WM. U. SWAN

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More Masts — More Speed

WE READ in the daily press recently that in a race from Honolulu to Puget Sound, the four-masted schooner *Commodore* arrived several days ahead of her rival, the five-masted schooner *Vigilant*. The dispatch added: "The *Vigilant* left Honolulu six days behind the *Commodore*, but obtained a chance to catch up because of her additional mast." Now that Dr. Curry has been proved a rank fakir, spar makers and yacht yards are making frantic efforts to get ready for the anticipated rush to step a multitude of masts in Bermuda racers, and the Bermuda Race Committee has called a special meeting to consider limiting the number of masts a yacht may carry, besides arranging a "mast handicap" for boats carrying more than one mast for every ten feet of over all length.

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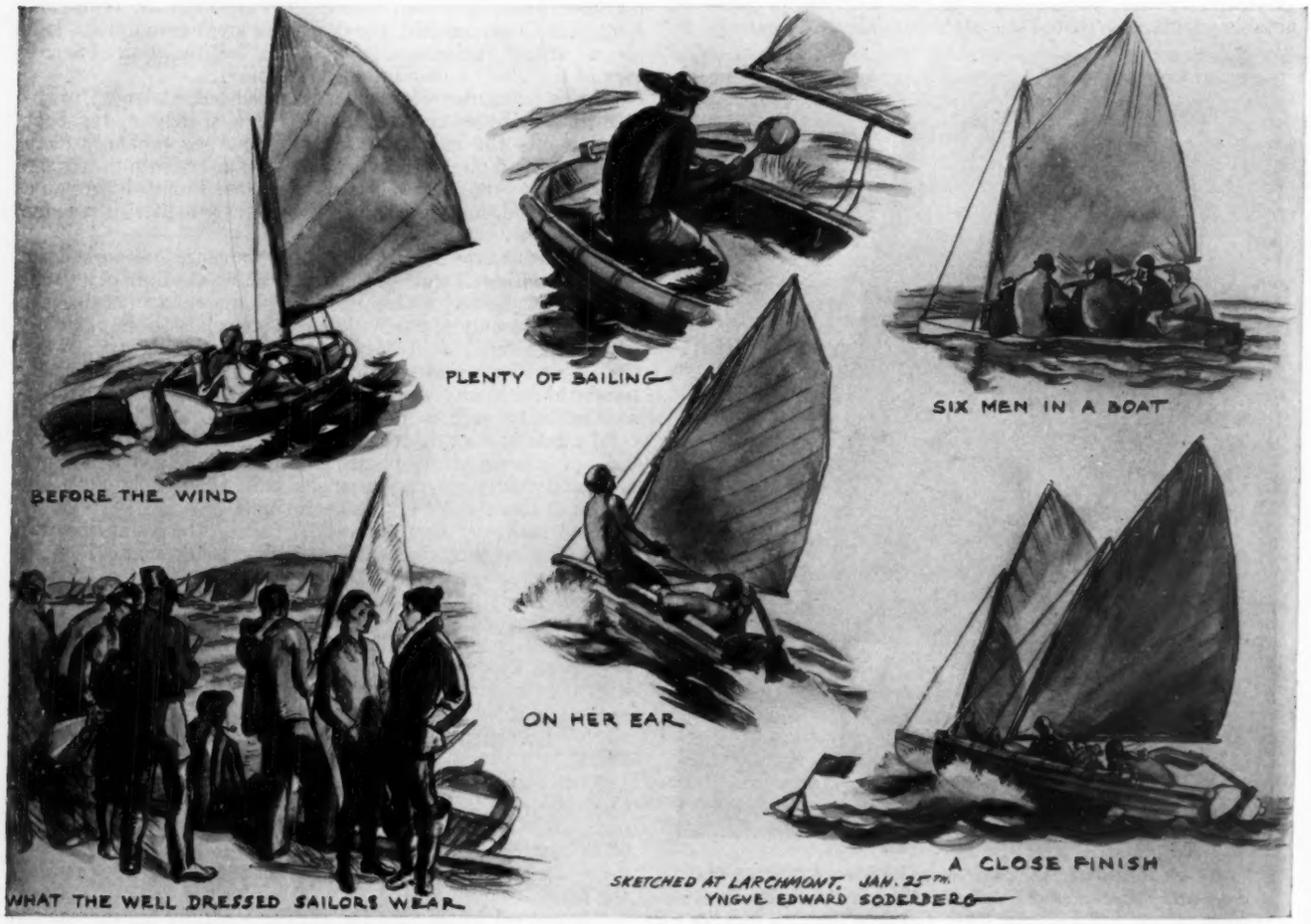
St. Petersburg to Habana Race

PLANS for the third annual ocean race from St. Petersburg, Fla., to Habana, have been completed, and April 16th is the date set for the fleet to set sail for the Cuban capital, 286 miles from the Florida port. Already some dozen entries have been received, and it looks as if the fleet will equal or exceed in size that of last year.

Some of those that will sail the long course are the schooners *Sunshine*, H. S. Dennison, owner, winner of the race last year; *Haligonian*, Com. Houston Wall; *Windjammer*, G. H. Tullis, Southern Yacht Club; and *Mallard*, Robert Moore. Gidge Gandy has again entered his ketch *Cynosure*, and Wm. B. Allen the ketch *Gamecock*. Among the yawls entered are the *Marelen II*, owned by Kent Curtis; the *Shawsheen*, Rex D. Frazier; and the *Chippewa*, C. G. Borden, owner and skipper. One or two tentative entries of Cuban boats have also been received. The race will be sailed under the auspices of the St. Petersburg Yacht Club, and entry blanks and further information can be obtained from L. L. McMasters, of that club, chairman of the St. Petersburg-Habana Race Committee.



With the Frostbiters

Planking for the Boat

Something about the Various Methods Employed which Every Boat Owner Should Know

By HENRY CLAY FOSTER

THE wag who opined that the bottom of the boat was there to keep the river out uttered at least one wise remark. Keeping the river out, by the way, is quite a trick at that, as any boat builder knows full well. And because boats are built of wood, and because men will differ as to the best ways of building boats, of winning — or losing — a woman, and other vital procedures, the methods vary widely.

Few boat owners realize how much engineering goes into the design and construction of the hull of any type of pleasure boat. Fewer still have any very clear notion of the planking problems which designers and builders have sought to solve in many ways with varying success. And fewer still realize that, contrary to the general impression, it is not the frames, girders or stringers, but the planking which is the main structural feature of a hull.

The planking must not only keep the river out, but must resist hydraulic pressures that tend to bend it inward between the frames; it must withstand the impact and pounding of the water; it must give fore-and-aft strength to the hull as a whole. To have a watertight skin — and nothing else — on a boat would be comparatively simple, provided you did not have to use wood, which, after all, is full of mysteries to all save those who have spent their lives studying it. As a matter of fact, wood is not an engineering material with fixed and definite properties, as, for instance, steel. In other words, you cannot order lumber as you can order steel and have it arrive ready for use. You will not get even a close approximation to the desired condition. The percentage of moisture of the planks when used has much to do with how they should be used and where they should be placed on the frames, and, consequently, how they will later serve.

The single-plank construction with the caulked seam is the simplest and most usual form of planking, being used in cruisers and auxiliaries and other hulls of fairly heavy construction. The planking is usually from three-fourths of an inch upward in thickness. A "V" is cut along the seams by beveling the outer edges of the planks for the caulking and putty, and these are the only things which make the hull watertight. When the boat goes into the water the planks swell and push the putty out along the seams — unless it has been previously depressed to just the right degree — so do not damn your builder for this. It must be expected with this type of planking.

This method requires the simplest and fewest fastenings, as the planks are attached only to the frames and have no edge fastenings whatsoever. For a given thickness, it has high resistance to hydraulic pressures, although it is not as satisfactory when it comes to actual watertightness. This latter depends wholly upon the care and skill used in caulking, and also upon the proper swelling of the planking as well as on the proper spacing of the planks when fastened. It is fairly good for longitudinal strength, but not nearly as good as if the edges were fastened together. There is nothing to keep the planks from moving edge to edge under a strain. Thus it is not so good for light construction.

The seam batten type of planking is used for light construction, and this makes a fine, tight hull when properly built. The batten on the inside of each seam gives longitudinal strength. It is particularly useful when heavy, sawn frames, widely spaced, are used. Stresses caused by side pressures, or impact, are distributed in a fore-and-aft direction so that the planking is not so likely to crack at the frames. Properly built, the seam batten face should fit perfectly against the inside surfaces of the planks at the seam. The batten should be painted and the planks screwed down onto it. The moistures must, of course, determine the closeness of the edges of the planks to one another. When erected in the shop, side planking should have from 9 to 12 percent moisture; deck planking, from 7 to 9 percent; and bottom planking from 14 to 16 percent.

Tape or cotton flannel soaked in paint is sometimes used on the face of the batten to insure watertightness when the fit of the batten and the plank surfaces is not to be trusted. This is a resilient material, however, and under stress it allows a little relative motion between the parts. This tends to make the screws and fastening loosen and back out. To prevent this the different pieces of wood in the hull must be held firmly against one another with no elastic material between them. This microscopic ratcheting effect is an important point in the durability of any hull, and no fastening can be expected to remain tight if the slightest relative motion is allowed between the pieces it pierces.

The seam batten type of construction for a given thickness gives maximum resistance to hydraulic pressures. In addition to the fact that the planks are a single thickness, the battens also give additional aid. Such a hull stands the impact of pounding well, provided the planks are not too wide. If they are wide, they are likely to split midway between the battens. This is the greatest defect of the seam batten type, as there is no protection against this — save, of course, narrow planking.

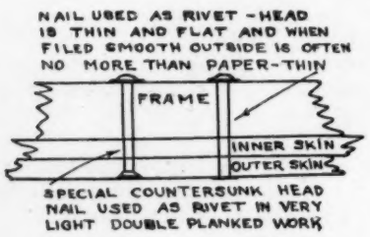
In fore-and-aft strength the seam batten type is equal to any. For thin planking it has an added advantage. When fastenings are to be counter-sunk and plugged, the practical limit of thinness is 7/16ths of an inch. If thinner wood is used the fastenings may pull through or the plugs are too thin to stay in place. At least, this is the opinion of many conservative builders. This explains why some boats are built with double-planked bottoms, and single planking with seam battens on the sides, because, for the sake of appearance, the fastenings of the topsides should be plugged.

Planking thinner than 7/16ths of an inch should have flush fastenings and the hull should be sanded or filed smooth. Most fast racing motor boats are fastened in this way. It is expensive and impractical for quantity production, of course, but it gives satisfactory results on thin planking. One trouble is that the varnish cannot be removed with liquid remover and a scraper. It requires quantities of the remover fluid and much rubbing with rough cloths, and no scraping.

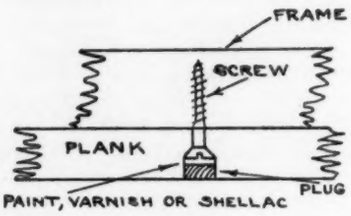
Any attempt to use rivets made of copper wire nails, which have large thin heads, on thin planking is almost certain to be unsuccessful. It is practically impossible to set these heads so that they can be filed or sanded down evenly. Some of them are certain to be left as thin as copper foil because they were a little higher than the others. These can be picked off with the finger-nail, showing the absence of any holding quality and their uselessness as fastenings. The proper flush fastening is a special kind of nail with counter-sunk form underneath the regular head. This has sufficient metal to allow filing or sanding down without even changing the diameter on the outside or impairing its use for fastening.

The real reason for double planking is, apparently, because boats are made of wood, and double planking is an attempt to overcome the disadvantages of the material. It is true that most large, steel ships are built with double bottoms, but this is not a proper analogy. The steel ship has an inside second skin, not to strengthen the outer skin, but as an added protection against puncture. There is a space between these two skins which can be flooded with water and the ship still remain afloat.

The two skins on a boat are rivetted or screwed together, the two layers made into one by fastenings and cement or glue. The obvious advantage of double planking is that at no one place does one grain run through from outside to inside, thus allowing a split to occur. The value of this type of construction depends upon making the two layers into one unit by firm fastening which allows no relative motion between them.

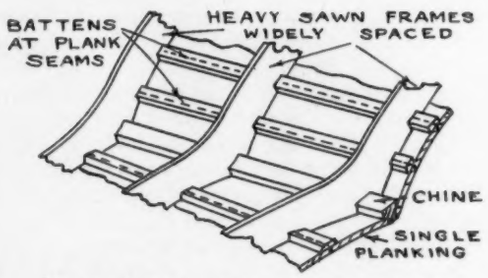

NAIL USED AS RIVET - HEAD IS THIN AND FLAT AND WHEN FILED SMOOTH OUTSIDE IS OFTEN NO MORE THAN PAPER-THIN
FRAME
INNER SKIN
OUTER SKIN
SPECIAL COUNTERSUNK HEAD NAIL USED AS RIVET IN VERY LIGHT DOUBLE PLANKED WORK

Left. Double planking as used on special racing craft, both sail and power

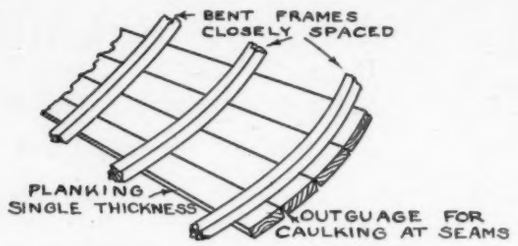


Above. Flush fastenings for thin planking. Right. When using plugs, the planking cannot be less than 7/16" thick

There are two general methods of double planking in common use. One is with both inner and outer layers running fore and aft. The other is with the inner skin laid diagonally and the outer fore and aft. The angle with the keel at which the inner skin is placed varies in different yards from almost a right angle to about 45 degrees, but the principle is the same.

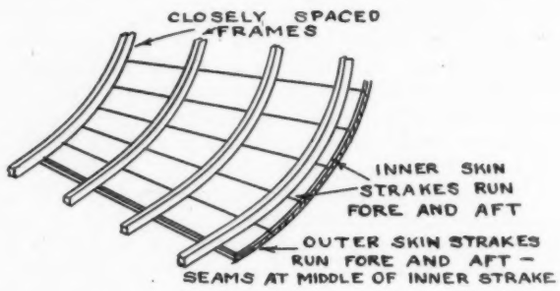


Single planking suitable for light runabouts



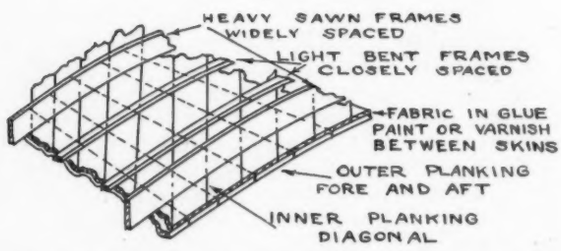
Single planking for cruisers and auxiliaries. No battens, ribbands or edge fastenings

A general engineering principle, which applies to many objects besides boats, is that if a beam of given breadth and thickness in a *single* piece is placed over fixed supports, it will carry twice the load which can be carried by two beams, each of half the thickness, laid one on the other and *not fastened together*. Therefore, the true strength of a double-planked boat depends upon the two layers being fastened so thoroughly and firmly together that one cannot move relative to the other no matter what the stress, even though they are crushed and broken. In this connection it is well to mention that it is the universal practice to specify the total thickness of a double-planked bottom instead of the thickness of each layer, thus: "one-inch, double planking on the bottom," means two layers, which, added together, make one inch in total thickness, not two layers of one-inch each.


CLOSELY SPACED FRAMES
INNER SKIN STRAKES RUN FORE AND AFT
OUTER SKIN STRAKES RUN FORE AND AFT — SEAMS AT MIDDLE OF INNER STRAKE

The type of double planking used in the finest racing sailing yachts and the majority of high-grade custom built racing models and express cruisers has both inner and outer skins laid in a fore-and-aft direction. The seams of the outer layer come at about the middle of the inner strakes. This method is not easily adapted to quantity production and is not often found in stock boats. In some of the best shops which do work of this character only one inner strake is put on ahead of an outer strake. The outside surface of the inner strake is coated with suitable glue or bonding material, such as varnish, paint or special shellac, the outer strake is fitted and fastened securely in place before the bonding

(*Continued on page 106*)


HEAVY SAWN FRAMES WIDELY SPACED
LIGHT BENT FRAMES CLOSELY SPACED
FABRIC IN GLUE PAINT OR VARNISH BETWEEN SKINS
OUTER PLANKING FORE AND AFT
INNER PLANKING DIAGONAL

Double planking with inner skin diagonal as used on stock high speed models

Under the Lee of the Longboat

by Cap Stan

IT BEGINS to look as though 1932 would be a "small boat" year. In addition to the big bunch of Ratsey and Dyer dinks seen at the Frostbite Y. C. races, all sorts and sizes of sailing dinks are making their appearance. Herreshoff, Burgess, Mower, Paine and other designers are said to be busy planning dinks which will "clean up." Then there are the big bunch of 16-foot Snipes building all over the country, the "12-square-metre" boat designed by Sweisguth as a one-design class for the Huguenot Y. C., the Olympic Monotype, a Schock-designed 12-footer already popular on the Pacific Coast and on Narragansett Bay, the 16-foot Johnson-designed boat for Chesapeake Bay, Dauntless's Puddle Duck, and goodness knows how many more to come. Any seasoned sailor knows that there is no better way to develop sailing skill than to turn a beginner loose in a small, capsizable boat, and let him go to it, for you learn lessons in such craft that you never learn in a heavy, keel craft. Senior and junior alike can have a whale of a time in the little fellows, at a minimum of expense. If all our juniors were trained in this size and type of boat, far more expert sailors would be developed than if they learned in larger and more rugged craft. May the small craft increase and prosper.

\+ + +

While motor boat designers are turning their attention to placing the motors aft in runabouts and somewhat larger craft, naval architects are sticking the motors on auxiliaries up forward. The object is the same in both cases — better accommodations inside the boat for the owner and guests.

\+ + +

Porter Buck, who made *Dorade's* dinghy go faster than she ought to in some of the Frostbite Y. C. Regattas, sends me a clipping from one of our contemporaries which will give a pretty fair idea of just how much the average motor boatman knows about sailing. Here it is:

Question: Please explain in your columns what is meant by a "lee helm."

Answer: When a sail boat is said to carry a "lee helm" it means that when sailing into the wind the bow of the boat keeps heading into the wind instead of falling off, the object of this is apparent, in case of a squall or hard blow the nose will head into the wind instead of away enabling the crew to make sail adjustments. A small boat is liable to swamp or jump her sticks when carrying a weather helm. This is not true of the larger schooner rigged vessels for obvious reasons.

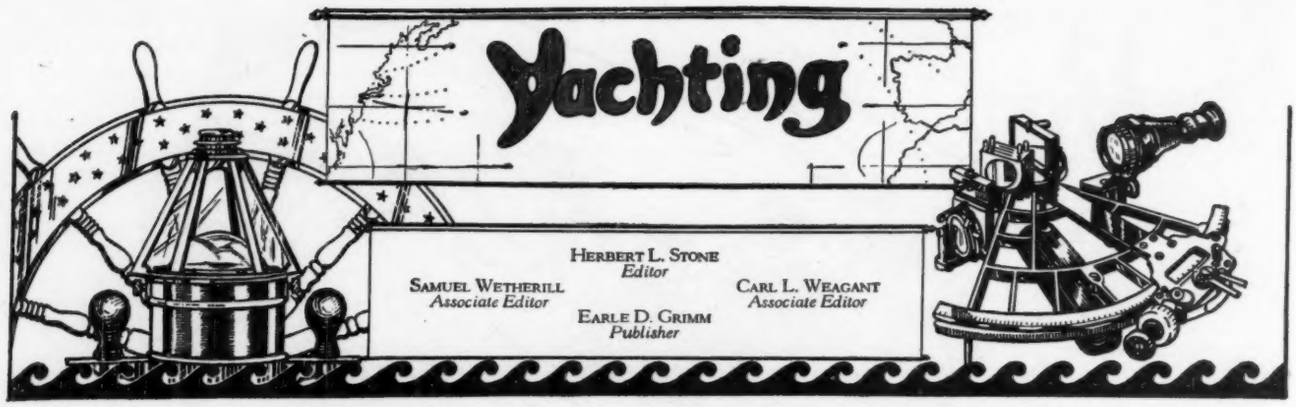
"For obvious reasons," no comment is necessary.

\+ + +

After making the rounds of the motor exhibits at the New York Motor Boat Show, two things in particular stuck in my memory: The prices on many motors were noticeably lower than previously, and a number of motors are now more compact, particularly as regards over all length. Anyone contemplating buying a motor for any purpose whatever will benefit by the price reductions. The reduction in length will be particularly interesting to the designers and owners of auxiliaries. Length is a minor matter in motor boats, but in an auxiliary it is often the deciding factor in the choice of a motor — one motor will just fit in, and another won't. Now, if some enterprising firm will just develop a motor with opposed cylinders — low in height and short in length — suitable for auxiliary work, many of our troubles will be things of the past. Joe Van Blerck had one of this type at the Show, but it was too small and of too high speed for an average auxiliary installation. Can't Joe be influenced to turn his inventive genius loose on the problem?

\+ + +

Not content with his two remarkable Transatlantic crossings in the little sloop *Ahto*, young Ahto Walters is off again, in another and slightly smaller sloop of the same type and name, bound down the coast of Africa, across the Atlantic to the West Indies, and thence to the United States. Ahto will have two of his brothers for crew and will be accompanied by the cutter *Enterprise*, with C. P. Barber in command. Barber is the Canadian chap who accompanied Walters on his last trip, and who was swept overboard and nearly drowned in mid-Atlantic. And Barber's craft is said to be a "13-tonner," similar to Gerbault's *Firecrest*. These chaps certainly have a bad case of sailing fever, or whatever it is which gives people the urge to make long, dangerous trips in small, uncomfortable craft. Here's wishing them both a successful voyage.



EDITORIAL

The Olympic Yacht Races

THE yacht races in connection with the Olympic Games, which will be sailed this summer off Los Angeles, will bring together the representatives of many countries in what bids fair to be a most interesting international regatta. Just how big a fleet will be present in San Pedro Harbor is still uncertain, and it is to be regretted that this first Olympiad to be held in the United States should have run afoul of economic hard weather that may keep down the number of entries. For, in spite of the fact that the yachts participating will be in the smaller classes, it is a bit of an undertaking to send a boat and her crew from Europe, or from the Atlantic Coast to the Pacific. However, the flags of many nations will be snapping in the Pacific westerlies next August, and if typical Southern California weather prevails the racing will be of the best.

The four classes selected for the racing are the International Eight- and Six-Metres, the International Star Class and a small single-handed monotype class. All of the classes undoubtedly will fill. Each country can be represented by only one boat in each class, and while European entries will be selected in their home waters, elimination races to pick the American representatives will be sailed on the West Coast during July. The make-up of the American teams must be announced by July 22nd.

In the Star Class it will be "some" task to sift out the best boat and crew from all the fleets in the United States, but a system of local eliminations will narrow the choice down to four divisional winners, and these will sail off Santa Barbara in a series to decide which shall represent the country.

Of Six- and Eight-Metres, there are already sizable fleets on the West Coast, and there will probably be some yachts from the East to contest the choice of the final entry, but just which one may go is as yet uncertain. In the Monotype Class, the boats for the final selection races, and for the Olympic races also, will be furnished contestants by Coast organizations, so that those helmsmen chosen to represent local racing association will not have to take their boats with them.

The Ubiquitous "Dink"

SPEAKING of small boat racing, that was a bright idea of somebody in getting the dinghy sailors all "pepped up" to have a race on New Year's Day on Manhasset Bay. The idea — and the racing — has since persisted uninterruptedly. It has not only given the boys something to do with their Saturdays and holidays and kept them off the streets during the so called "off-season," but it has initiated many who heretofore have considered a dinghy as merely something to ferry one ashore from a yacht into the intricacies of sailing a small boat. Incidentally, it has disrupted the editorial staff of your favorite magazine, inasmuch as two-thirds of it thinks and talks of nothing but "dinks" these days.

"Frostbiters" was a good conception for a name for the hardy seafarers, though the weather has hardly given the members of the dinghy crowd a chance to live to the reputation the appellation implies. A few snappy up nor'westers, however, and a bit of ice, and the boys will either make good, or the boats will stay under cover until spring. Make your own bets as to which it will be.

Boat Buying Season at Hand

THE month of March in these latitudes marks the beginning of the active season for "trading" in boats. With spring just around the corner, and the sun climbing towards the equator, one's fancy turns towards the water, and the course is plotted for the summer afloat. Therefore, in this issue of YACHTING will be found the offerings that the market affords in yachts of all sizes, rigs and types. The man who cannot find here what he wants is hard to please.

In this connection, may we offer a word of advice? If you find what you want, snap it up quickly. You will profit in the end by so doing. In the first place, it will give you more time to fit out and get ready for an early launching by avoiding the spring jam in the yacht yards. Anyone who has experienced these delays knows how irritating they can be, and how disappointing it is to be held up in getting overboard when the good sailing days arrive. Then, too, there is usually more than one potential buyer for every really desirable boat, and you may lose out by procrastinating. Also, prices are apt to harden as summer approaches.

By and large, asking prices are lower this year than for many seasons. Which does not mean that boats are being given away, but that many can be had for a fair and reasonable price. And if you find the boat you want, and the price is fair, don't quibble. Many so called "bargains" turn out to be anything but bargains before they are ready to go overboard.

IN THE WORLD OF YACHTING

GEORGE HERRICK DUGGAN

GEORGE HERRICK DUGGAN, or "Herrick," as he is known to his yachting friends on both sides of the international boundary, might with justice be called the "dean" of Canadian yacht designers and skippers did not that word belie the youthful spirit and enthusiasm of this active yacht sailor. If one knows anything at all of the history of small boat sailing in America, he does not need to be told the important part that Herrick Duggan has played in its development. For those of the younger generation who may not have heard how international racing in small yachts was inaugurated by the placing of the Seawanhaka Cup in competition in 1895, it may be pointed out that it was chiefly due to Mr. Duggan's efforts that the trophy went to the St. Lawrence River in its second year, when he won it in "Glencairn I," and remained there for many years, the Canadians defying many attempts to recapture it by the sailors from Long Island Sound.

Herrick Duggan is not only a clever sailor, but he is a designer of rare ability and originality, although he turns out boats as an avocation and not professionally. For many years most of the fastest boats sailed from the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club, of which he was one of the founders, were from his board. Besides "Glencairn I," they included "Glencairn II" and "III," "Dominion," a boat which caused much heated controversy, "Redcoat," "Trident," "Thorella II," and "Noorna," to mention some of the racing fleet he built and helped to sail, and many cruising boats of merit. At present, Mr. Duggan cruises in his 75-foot yawl "Glencairn," also from his own design.

In addition to the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club, Herrick Duggan holds active membership in the Royal Canadian, the Royal Hamilton, the Royal Cape Breton Yacht Clubs, and the Cruising Club of America.

A Young Brother of the Stars for Chesapeake Bay

COMBINING his expert knowledge of Star Class boats with that of the shoal draft Chesapeake Bay skipjack model, C. Lowndes Johnson, a native of the Eastern Shore of Chesapeake Bay, and skipper of *Eel*, Star Class International Champion of 1929, has skilfully combined the good points of both models in an attractive little shoal draft sloop which will be built as a one-design class for the Chesapeake Bay and Tred Avon Yacht Clubs, and which would make an excellent little craft for anyone wishing a fast, able, shoal draft craft at a moderate price.

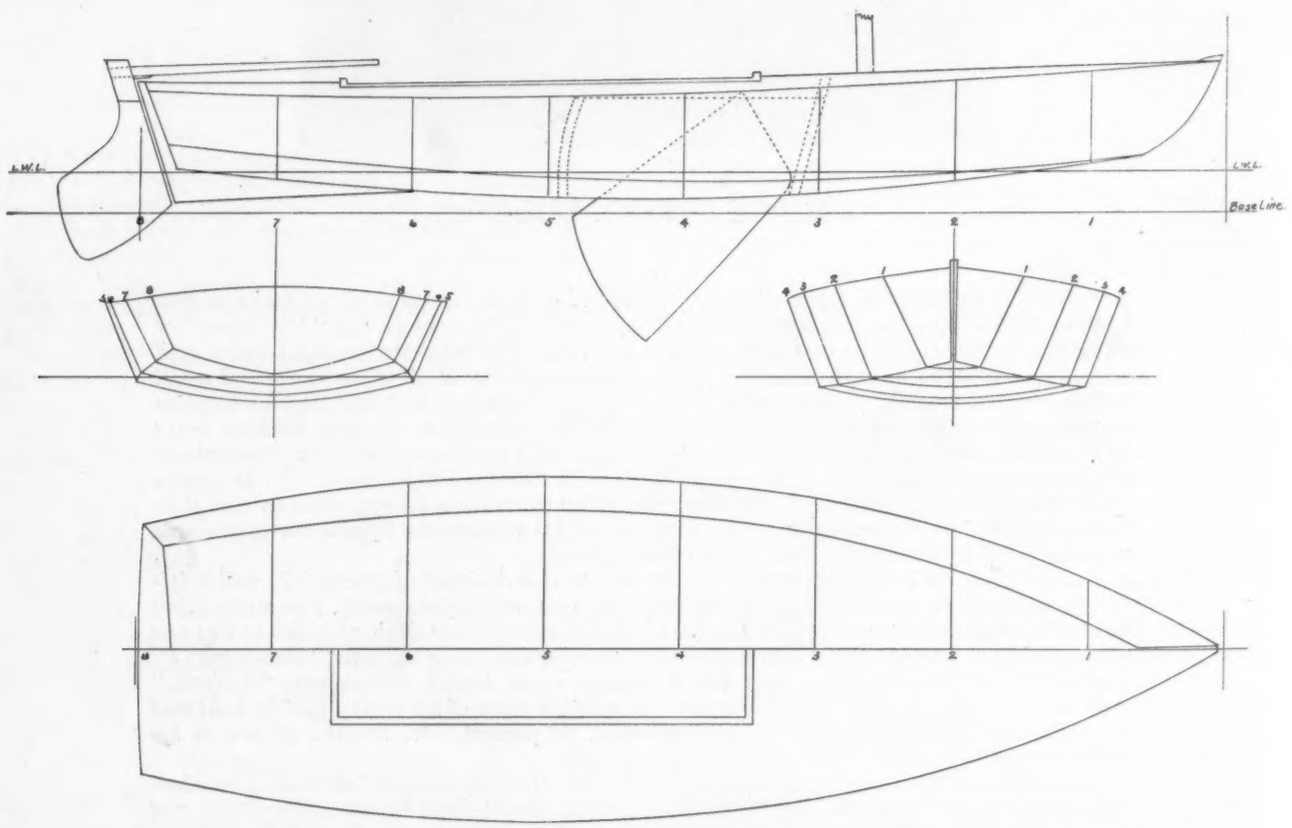
This little centerboarder is 16 feet long with 5 feet beam. The jib-headed rig shown contains 123 sq. ft. of canvas, though a rig of 130 sq. ft. is optional for those using the boat where the majority of weather is light. As the plans show, she bears a strong resemblance to a Star, with rounded bottom, flaring topsides and nicely lifted ends. The construction is also similar to the Stars,

Sail plan

and should be easy for any professional boatbuilder, and most amateurs.

Several of these boats are under construction at the yard of Ralph H. Wiley, of Oxford, Maryland, one being for Commodore Elliott Wheeler, of the Chesapeake Bay Y. C. On account of their shoal draft, size, and light weight, they will be decidedly easy to haul out and care for generally at a minimum of expense, and might easily be transported on a trailer should occasion arise. Boats of this size and type make ideal craft for juniors as well as grown-ups, and are increasing in popularity in various sections of the country.

The rig, as shown on the plans, is a simple affair to handle, both jib and main sheet are on travelers, with backstays essential only down the wind, or going to weather in a hard breeze. The main boom is short, centerboard is rigged for quick handling, and the outboard rudder fits in well with the general simplicity of the boat.



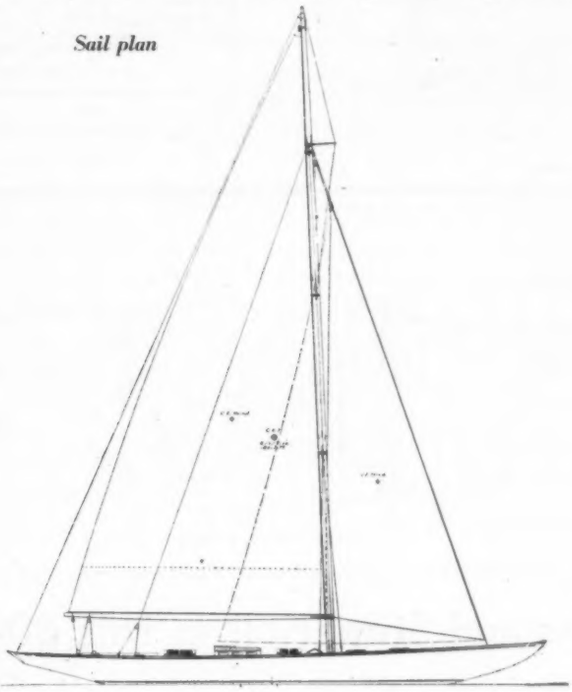
Lines and body plan of the 16-foot centerboard sloop designed by C. Lowndes Johnson for one-design class racing

A Candidate for International Competition in the 12-Metre Class

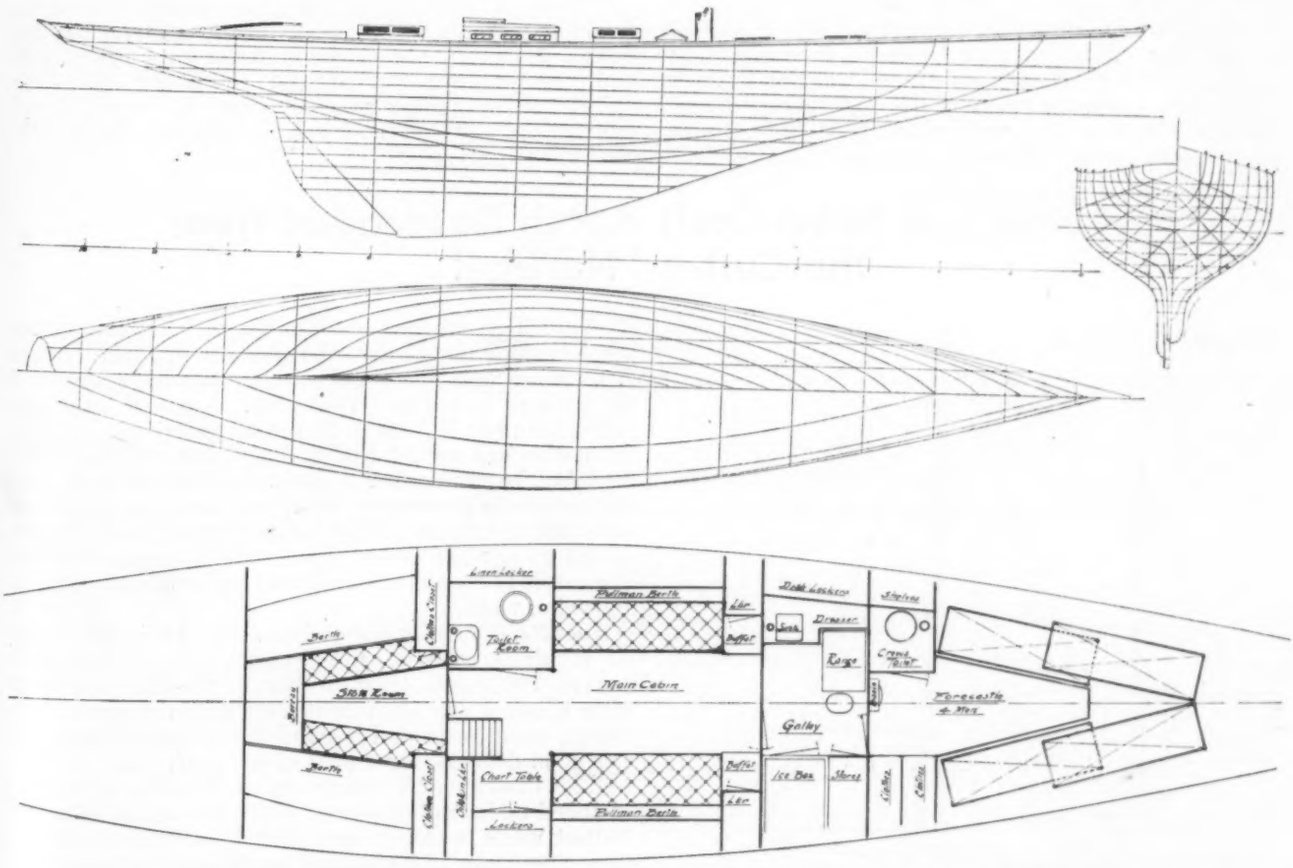
WITH the growing probability that coming seasons will see international competition in the 12-Metre Class, the accompanying design of a "12" from the board of Charles D. Mower, designer of the successful Class M boat *Windward*, should prove of unusual interest to the racing fraternity. Proponents of 12-metre competition point out that while these boats are plenty large enough to be classed as "big boats," with fine speed and very good accommodations, they are considerably smaller than the Class M craft, and cost very much less to build and operate, and may be readily transported from one country to another on the deck of a steamer.

The lines of the hull show a slight resemblance to *Windward*, with such modifications as are required by the International Rule of measurement, and should produce a boat fast under all weather conditions, at her best in strong breezes. The rig is all inboard, with mast stepped well aft, and shows the modern high fore triangle and single headsail, and short main boom permitting a permanent backstay to the masthead.

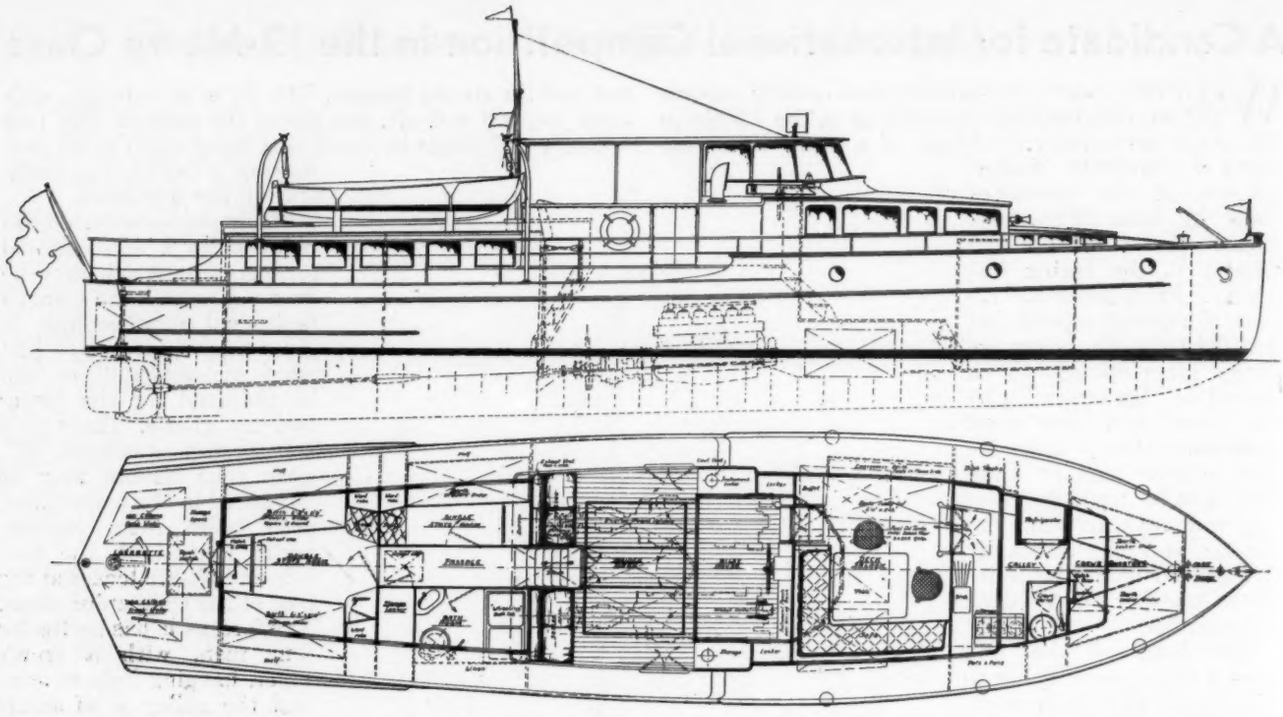
Sail plan



While the accommodation plan shows a conventional arrangement which may be changed to suit the owner's individual requirements, it gives a good idea as to just what accommodations can be obtained for the owner and his guests. There is a nice double stateroom aft, while four persons may be domiciled in the main cabin, with toilet room conveniently located on the port side and oilskin locker at the foot of the companion steps. The forecastle has berths for four men, with a crew's toilet, hanging lockers, etc., and the galley is of ample size to provide for all hands. The navigator is provided with room to work on his charts, a necessary proceeding in modern power racing.



Lines, body plan and interior accommodation plan of the 12-metre boat designed by Charles D. Mower



Profile and interior arrangement plan of the 60-foot Diesel-powered steel cruiser designed by F. Van Rossen Hoogendyk

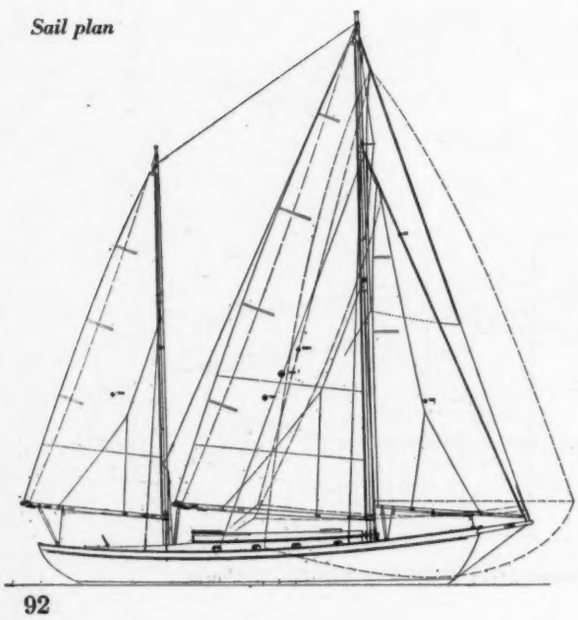
Diesel Motors and Steel Hull in This 60-Foot Cruiser

THE plans above, from the board of F. Van Rossen Hoogendyk, naval architect, of New York, show a handsome 60-foot cruiser whose hull is constructed of rust-proofed steel, and whose power plant is a pair of 100 h.p. Mercedes-Benz Diesel motors, a combination which provides maximum safety against fire hazards and assures a cruising range of 650–700 miles without refueling. She is of the deck saloon type, with dining and lounging saloon forward and open bridge deck aft, and enclosed pilothouse forward of the bridge deck.

The owner's quarters include a large double stateroom, single stateroom, bathroom, and large general storage locker. The galley and crew's quarters are forward. The main motors are started and controlled from the pilothouse by means of electricity. A 3 kw. Diesel lighting plant provides current for lighting, refrigerator, deck machinery, etc.

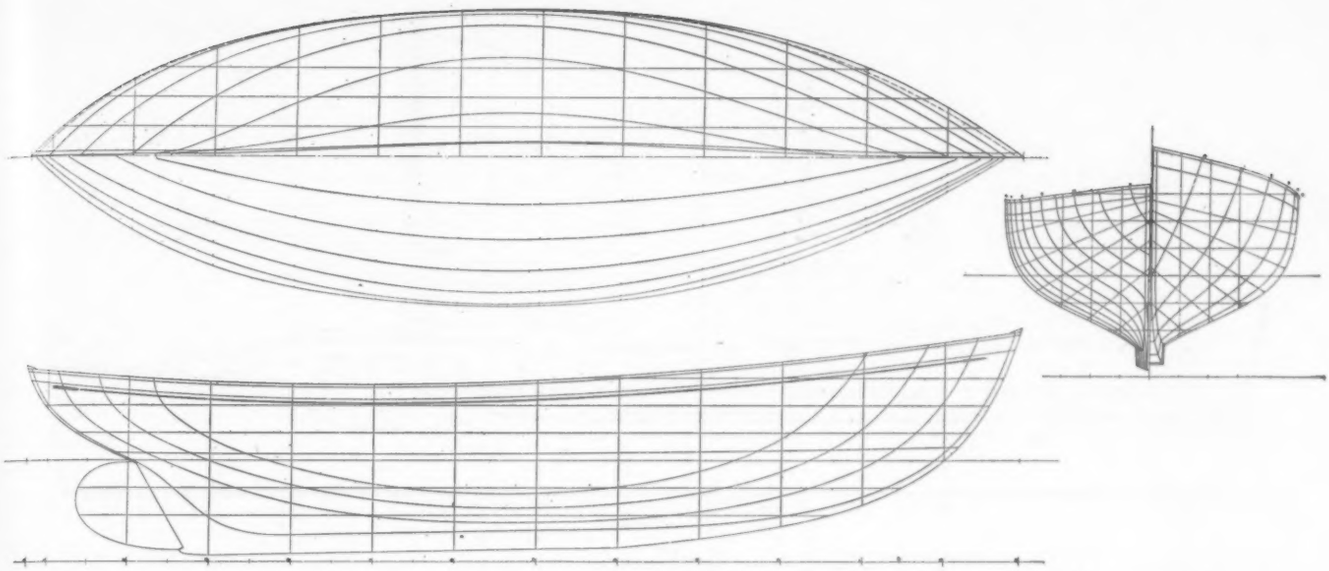
"Saona"—A Shoal Draft Ketch Descended from the Cutter "Narwhal"

Sail plan



MANY yachtsmen are familiar with the fine racing record made by the Rhodes-designed cutter *Narwhal*, whose plans and photographs have appeared in various issues of YACHTING. *Narwhal* appealed strongly to Mr. Robert B. Noyes, an experienced yachtsman who has owned half a dozen fine cruising craft. But Mr. Noyes desired a boat of moderate draft, and preferred the jib-headed ketch rig for all-around ease of handling and simplicity. So he commissioned Rhodes to get up another design to meet his requirements, and the result is *Saona*, whose plans appear on this and the following page.

Saona's dimensions are: l.o.a. 39′; l.w.l. 32′; beam 11′ 6″; draft, without centerboard, 3′ 9″; sail area, three lowers, 730 sq. ft. An inspection of the lines and body plan shows a sweetly-turned hull with moderate overhangs, good beam and freeboard, and firm bilges. She has good deadrise for a boat of her draft, and the fore-and-aft lines are easy and sweeping, denoting a fine turn of speed under sail or power. While her beam, bilge and ballast might seem, at first glance, to indicate tenderness, the designer states that careful calculations prove that she will be decidedly stiff, with stability increasing



The lines and body plan of "Saona," the 39-foot shoal draft ketch designed by P. L. Rhodes for R. B. Noyes, show an able, easily-turned hull which should make an ideal cruiser for West Indian waters

rapidly with the angle of heel. Judging both by her plans and the action of her predecessor, she should prove able and dry in a seaway, besides having a very easy motion.

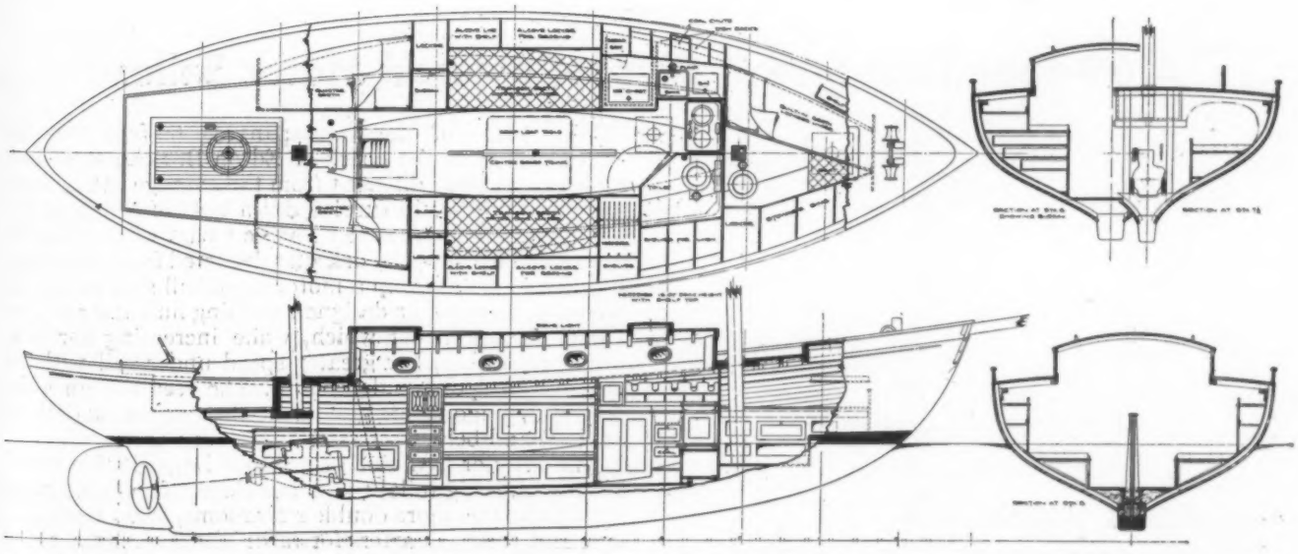
The wide-open cabin, with 6′ 2″ headroom, is patterned after that in *Tidal Wave*, with the addition of another berth in the roomy forecastle, made possible by the added over all length. The forecastle, with the extra toilet, is partitioned off from the main cabin by a full-length bulkhead, access being by a hatch in the forward deck. The galley, with Shipmate range and large ice chest, gives the cook every opportunity to turn out excellent meals.

Besides the four fine bunks in the main cabin, there are two buffets, with drawers underneath, a full-length hanging locker, and an abundance of lockers, drawers, shelves, etc. The floor space is unusual for a boat of this size. The toilet room is roomy and well-equipped.

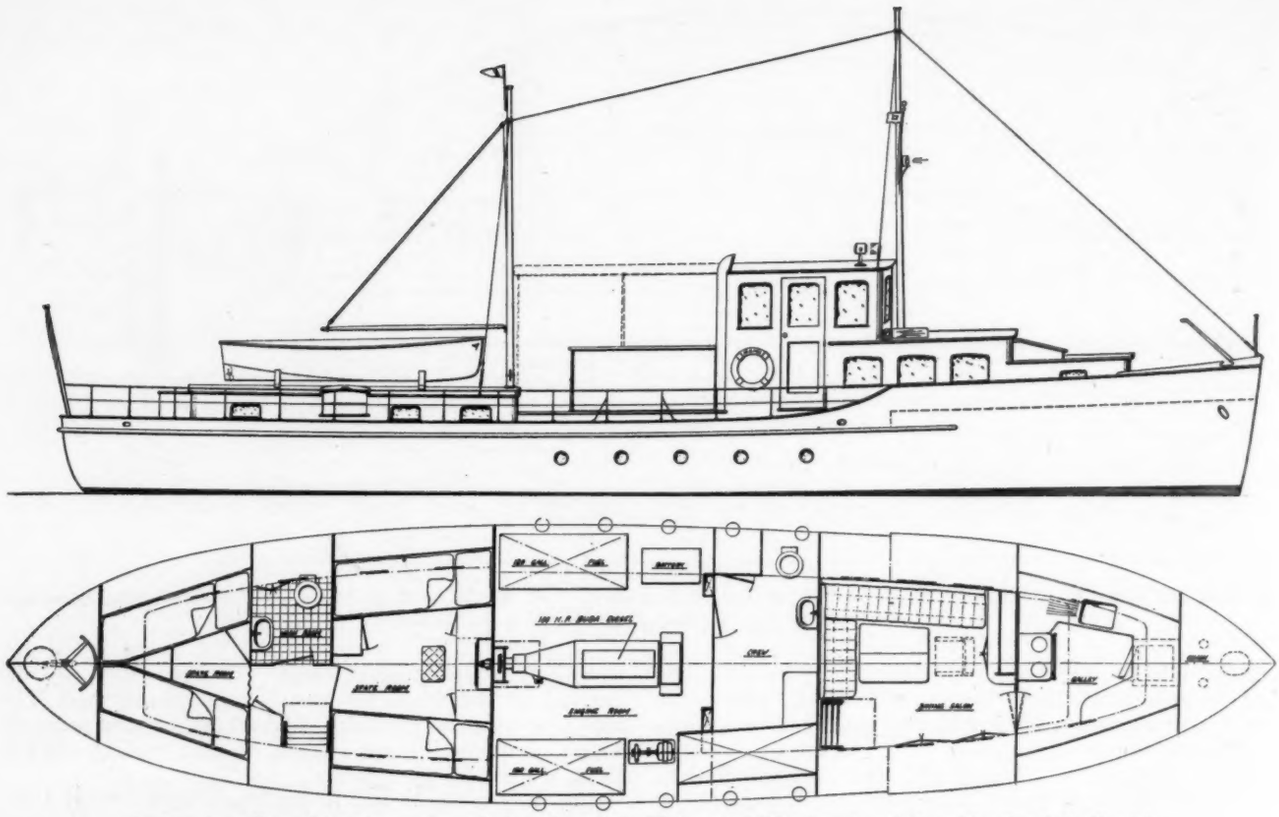
The ketch rig is proportionately the same as on *Tidal Wave*, with all sheets on travelers. Backstays are unnecessary in average weather, though they will be carried for use when the weather gets really bad. The rig is so designed that she will sail well under mainsail alone, or under jib and mizzen, so that reefing will seldom, if ever, be necessary.

For power, *Saona* will be equipped with a Gray 4–35, with 2:1 reduction gear, driving a feathering wheel. The motor will be installed directly under the mizzen, the latter being stepped in a well-braced tabernacle placed at the level of the cockpit floor, a practice long followed with perfect success in many foreign-built ketches. Two 20-gallon copper gasoline tanks will be carried under the side decks abreast of the cockpit, and two 40-gallon copper water tanks will be installed under the transoms in the main cabin.

The highest grades of materials and construction will be used in *Saona*, including mahogany planking, Everdur bronze fastenings and hardware, lead keel, teak decks, hollow spars, bronze board and trunk, etc.



The inboard profile and interior accommodation plan of "Saona," designed by P. L. Rhodes for R. B. Noyes, shows how much room is available in a 39-foot auxiliary of this type



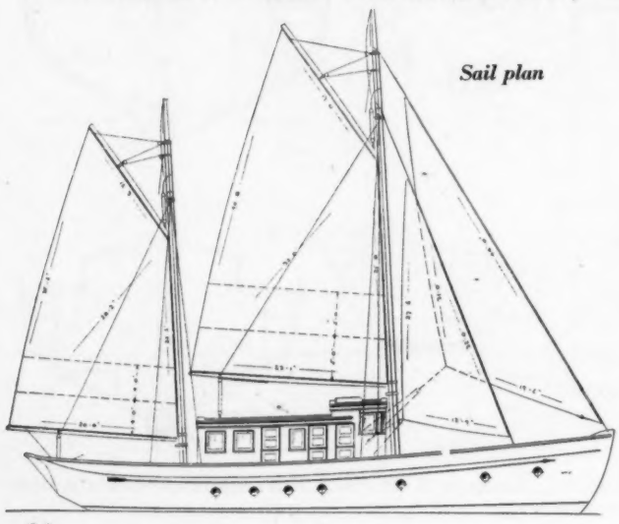
Outboard profile and interior accommodation plan of the 55-foot steel Diesel cruiser designed by Geerd N. Hendel

Comfort and Seaworthiness in This 55-Foot Steel Yacht

ROOMINESS, comfort, and sea-keeping ability are the keynotes of the design of the 55-foot steel Diesel cruiser whose plans are shown above. She is from the board of Geerd N. Hendel, of Boothbay Harbor, Maine, who has gone to great pains to produce a boat that was not only seaworthy, but that would have as easy a motion as possible in bad going, and an easy form to drive. Her beam is 12 feet and draft 4 feet, and a 4-cylinder Buda Diesel with 2:1 reduction gear is expected to drive her 12 miles an hour in average going.

The excellent interior accommodations are clearly shown in the plans. Great care has been taken in the design to prevent any sharp bends in frames, and with the advent of welding steel plates in place of riveting and caulking, construction cost rivals that of a wooden boat.

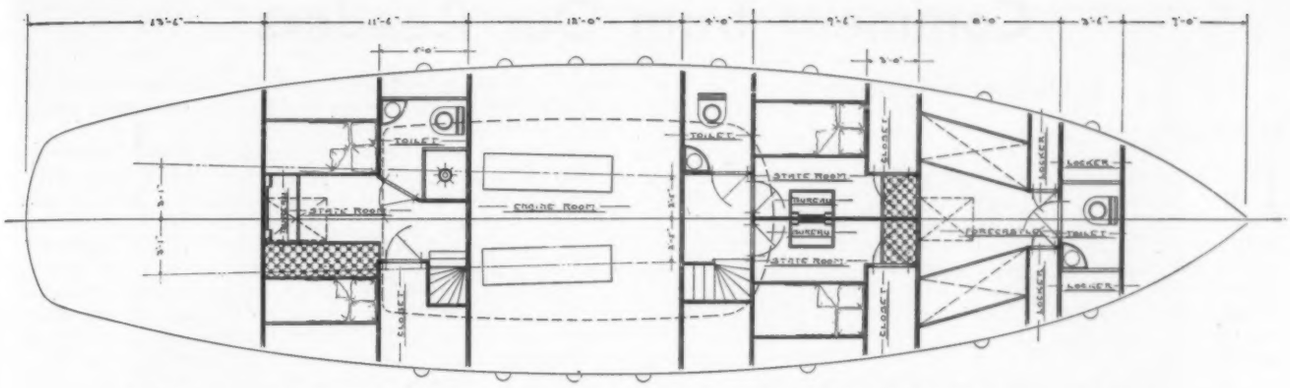
A 69-Foot Twin-Screw, Diesel-Powered Motor Sailer



Sail plan

THE plans of the accompanying 69-foot "motor sailer," from the board of Edson B. Schock, of Los Angeles, are quite different from the average run of such "50-50" cruisers. In turning out a boat of this type for use along the unprotected Pacific Coast of the United States and Mexico, the designer departed from the usual practice of drawing up a motor boat hull and putting a sail on it. Instead, he designed a sailing hull and put two Diesel motors in her which, while increasing her seaworthiness, gives her greater speed under sail without any loss of speed under power. The result is an able, powerful, seagoing craft with excellent accommodations on deck and below.

The interior is divided up into a large double stateroom with a big toilet room and closet aft, engine room amidships, two more double staterooms, toilet room and excellent crew's quarters forward. The deck house takes care of the galley and dining saloon, with pilot house forward of it, from which the motors are controlled.

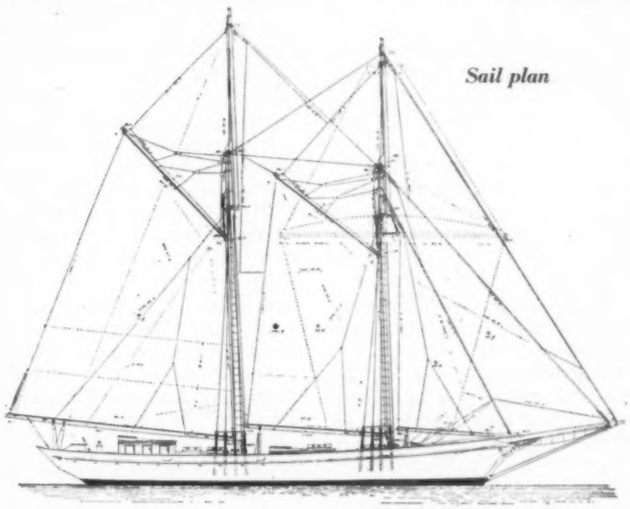


Interior accommodation plan of the 69-foot motor sailer designed by Edson B. Schock, described on preceding page

"Pilgrim," an 85-Foot Auxiliary Schooner for a World Cruise

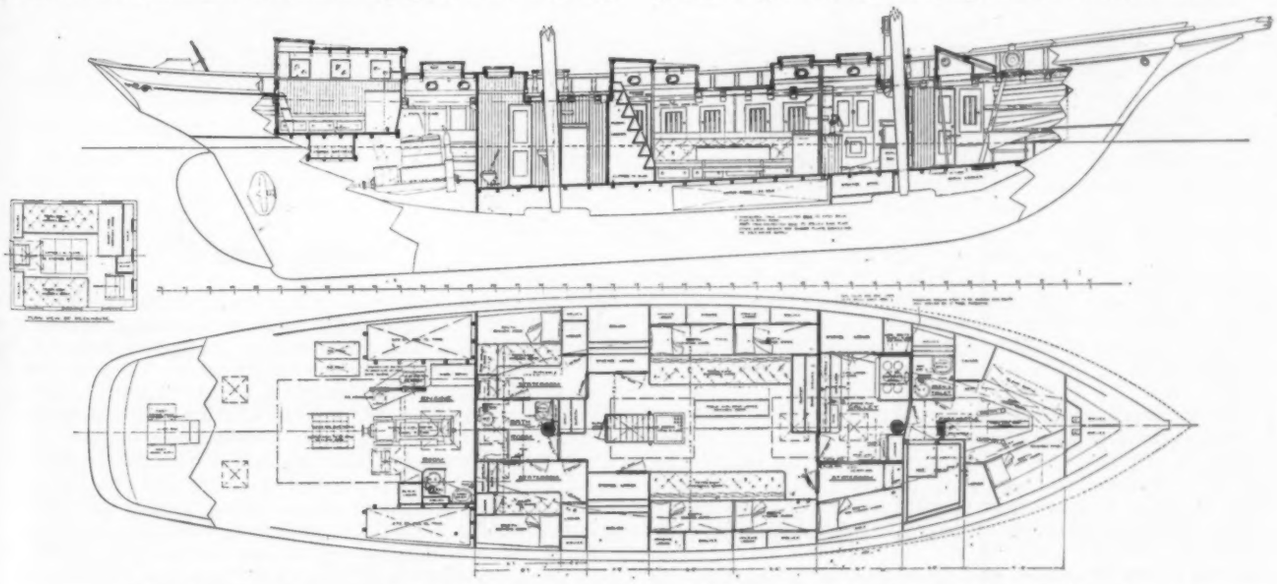
SCHEDULED to start on a cruise around the world next June, the schooner *Pilgrim* is now being built by the Reed-Cook Construction Co., of Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Designed by John G. Alden for Donald C. Starr, of Boston, she is somewhat of a cross between a fisherman and a coasting schooner, with high bulwarks, some 25 tons of inside ballast, and long, straight keel with considerable forefoot. Her dimensions are: l.o.a. 85′; l.w.l. 70′; beam, 20′ 8″; draft, loaded, 10′ 3″.

The deck line is full forward, with typical flat schooner stern. The gaff topsail rig is used, with small mainsail well aft, and squaresail and raffee will be carried on a permanent yard on the foremast. The auxiliary power is an 85 h.p. Winton Diesel, with Diesel generator for lights, windlass, etc. Tankage is provided for 1200 gallons of water.



Sail plan

The sunken deckhouse aft contains two berths, chart table, lockers, etc. Special attention has been given to ventilation of the owner's quarters, which consist of a double and single stateroom and bathroom. The main cabin is 18 feet long, with four fixed berths, long transoms, large closets, and ample storage space. The galley is large, with electric refrigeration, and there is a forward stateroom for her amateur skipper. The forecastle has good accommodations for four paid hands, although only two will probably be carried. The squaresail, of ample area, should prove of great value on long runs in the trades.



Inboard profile and accommodation plan of the 85-foot schooner "Pilgrim," designed by Alden for a world cruise

Comment from Our Readers

In Defense of Criticism

Dear Skipper:

IN A letter entitled "The Gentle Art of Quitting from Another Angle" one of your genial readers, Mr. Seward De Hart, charges me with writing bragging articles to collect cash to buy new sails for *Hotspur*, and I take my pen in hand to cancel my subscription. . . . Hold hard, though, Skipper, I must address that communication to your circulation department. What I want to tell you is that I was weeping on Peter Powel's shoulder the day after Mr. De Hart had drawn my life blood and Powel said, "Stop bleeding. Write a letter answering that one, and collect enough cash to buy a new jib."

So it is on that strictly mercenary basis that I address these few lines to you. If you have imagined that one who writes about his sailing experiences is a fit associate for a man like your correspondent, "who loves and follows the sea (and) also loves his boat" you may as well know that I am a rank professional. If Mr. De Hart convinces a majority of yachtsmen that quitting a race is an enviable pursuit you'll find me next summer doing the popular thing and writing articles on the technique of running to leeward ports. In fact, I need a square-sail right now. Anything to turn a dirty dollar.

I am not going to try to answer Mr. De Hart's communication because he will find it answered, point by point, in the article of mine which evoked it. Ask him to hold his nose and reread it. What I want to try to do is champion the double doctrine of plain speaking and sincere criticism, for in so doing I defend both Mr. De Hart and myself.

Five years ago, when the third annual Fastnet Race was run, fifteen boats started and thirteen quit. To simplify the arithmetic, two finished. It even chanced that one of these two spent a night at anchor in a leeward port. Was Capt Stan mad at the quitters? He was. Did he call them quitters? You know Cap Stan. And did Weston Martyr unsheath his rapier and make a few deft jabs in tender spots? He did. Did I — but stow that. In another second I'd have been clashing my own cymbals again. Suffice it to say that the critics received a lot of abuse, more from the other side of the water than from here because more toes happened to have been trod on over there. I still have a letter in my files from a yachtsman excoriating me for what I said, and informing me that in the opinion of professional seamen it was criminal even to start the race in that week of 1927 gales.

Well, last year there was another Fastnet Race in which, by all accounts, they had an even stronger hand at the bellows. In fact, some who there encountered the pleasantries of Channel weather for the first time said they'd never felt wind like it. Seventeen boats started (too bad, for the sake of the contrast, that it wasn't fifteen) and how many quit? Two boats quit. Two to finish the first really hard chance in Fastnet history, and two to quit the second hard chance.

I don't ride this contrast so hard as to declare that it was solely because of outspoken criticism of quitters that the number was so small last year. But I do claim with very good reason that plain speaking had a lot to do with raising the standards of the sport. Owners of honest-to-goodness-cruising-but-good-for-nothing-racing boats wisely forebore from entering them in an event which requires the utmost of spars and rigging. Business men who didn't care enough about the sport to devote the better part of their vacations to it stayed ashore where they would be within call of the office. Those who did enter had the imagination to foresee that they might have to haul the sheets aft from time to time, and the guts to finish what they started.

Sam Wetherill tells me that one of the last boats to finish was so long overdue as to occasion a great deal of anxiety in Plymouth. A few hours before she showed up, safe and serene, somebody disclosed the prevailing fears to a son of the owner. The son (who had raced in another boat) pooh-poohed the thought that anything had happened to his father, using some such words as these: "You see, the Governor dropped out of the last two events he entered and swore that he would stick this one out if it took him until the start of next year's race." That, I maintain, is the proper spirit, and one differing slightly from that of a man who takes even the least pride in merely crossing the starting line year after year.

I don't want to extend this letter to the price of a racing jib topsail (although I need one badly) but I can't close without replying to another of your correspondents, Mr. R. P. Benedict. He chides me courteously and says, "there are a lot of us who are beginners in these cruising races where the dark night sometimes looks awfully black and the wind seems twice as strong as it really is." Bless his kind heart, he has no bone to pick with me. That's one of the things I tried to imply in my delicate fashion. But is it offensive for a writer to mention to beginners who have quit that the night *is* dark? Must one dip his pen quickly in perfume and add that the rosy-fingered dawn follows the blackest night? If all YACHTING's contributors tiptoe about its pages spraying attar of roses over their honest opinions, what reader is going to get mad enough to tell the editor where he gets off? You might as well publish a picture book and make yourself thoroughly miserable.

After all, Skipper, what is expected in long-distance racing? Do I have to explain all over again that racing is not cruising — that cruising is an independent pastime which one takes or leaves as he feels like it, but that racing is a communal sport in which the hazards of the sea play a large part? Does a horseman in the Grand National suddenly slap himself on the wrist, murmur in falsetto that he forgot his stirrups, and canter for the stables across lots? Or does he enter the Grand National, fully equipped mentally and physically, knowing that he may break his horse's neck along with his own?

I saw recently in the papers that some of the bobsledders in the Olympic winter sports wept tears of rage because they were prevented from practicing on an icy, murderous toboggan slide. Do these lilies of the valley, who spend the last half of every winter in some convenient hospital with every third bone broken, decide in the middle of a zigzag curve that they'll withdraw? They damn well can't, because of the law of gravity, but do you think for a minute they would if they could?

In comparing ocean racing with these really neck-breaking sports, may the saints preserve me from the charge of further bragging, for they know full well that I'd rather be hanged than mount a steeplechaser's back, and that it would be only my dead body that was started down the Mt. Van Hoevenburg slide. In all humility I point out that sea racing has its comparable dangers and that those who are not equipped for it might better stick to cruising and stop cluttering up the mails.

That's what I certainly am going to do when *Hotspur* and I grow rheumatic in the joints. I may have been born to be peppered with bird shot (as Bill Taylor said when he bought two bullet-proof vests and gave me the other one) but I know I wasn't born with a caul. More than quitting a race, I dislike the thought that some day the nearest leeward port may not prove near enough. I conclude by repeating my slogan for next summer, "Fewer Starters and More Finishers."

ALFRED F. LOOMIS.

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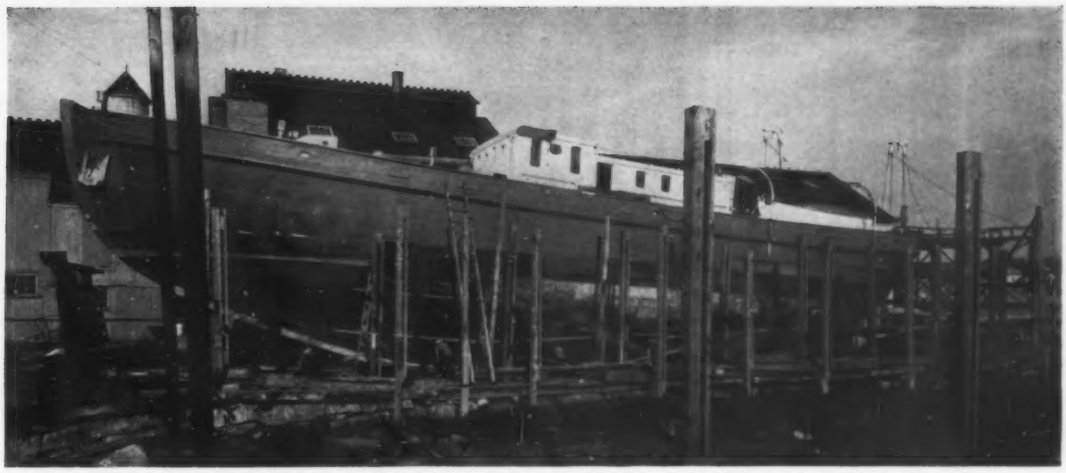
Yachting Talks

THE series of lectures on yacht racing rules which W. W. Swan has been giving the past two or three years have proved so popular that Mr. Swan will inaugurate a new series of Yachting Talks of a somewhat different nature on March 14th and 21st, and April 15th and 22nd, at the Army and Navy Club, New York City. While a few of the most puzzling racing situations will be dwelt upon, various yachting subjects will be treated, accompanied by slides and motion pictures. In addition, it is planned to have a prominent naval architect, yacht builder and sail maker present at each meeting to give the audience pointers on the subjects of designing, construction, and sail making. Both ladies and gentlemen are invited. Particulars may be obtained from W. W. Swan, 103 Park Avenue, New York City.

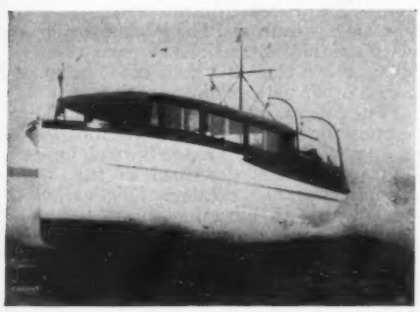


"Wanderer," a Diesel-electric offshore cruiser built on the Maierform principle which permits speed in heavy weather without shipping water, a hull form which is being adopted by liners

Of Interest to the Skipper

A Diesel-Electric Cruiser of New Design

MANY features in hull design and construction, as well as a Diesel-Electric power plant that permits entire control from the bridge, are features of R. W. Allen's new yacht, *Wanderer*, one of the first American built Maierform yachts. *Wanderer* was constructed along trawler lines adapted to Maierform principles, a development in hull construction originating in Germany, which has been applied recently to some of the more modern ocean liners as well as to various other commercial craft. Its chief advantage lies in the fact that it permits the use of full power against the heaviest weather without taking excessive water over the bow.



A 42-foot Champion Llenroc cruiser driven by a 106 h.p. Chrysler and 200 h.p. Sterling engine through a Llenroc duplex silent transmission

Wanderer is 103 feet over all with a beam of 23 feet, and a draft of 11 feet. Her planking is of 3-inch light oak with five-inch hard pine ceiling, and frames heavier even than those ordinarily used in a trawler. Keel, keelson, deadwood fastenings, as well as hold downs for the engine, are of Monel Metal. Tests indicate a speed of between 13 and 14 knots, with a cruising radius of almost 10,000 miles, if desired.

With the exception of the cabin included in the pilothouse, living quarters are located entirely below decks. There are no separate cabins. The crew's quarters and companionway are forward. Abaft these is the galley, equipped entirely in Monel Metal with electric stove and refrigerators. The owner's quarters are abaft the galley, with comfortable, curtained bunks neatly fitted into the bulkheads. The furniture and fittings were designed especially to give a homelike atmosphere. All trim and hardware is of Monel Metal. The galley wall back of the electric stove is lined with the same material.

Underneath the galley there is space for the storage of sufficient provisions to last many months. Monel Metal tanks hold 3000 gallons of fresh water and 2500 gallons of lubricating oil. Monel Metal fuel oil tanks, with a capacity of 12,000 gallons, are located amidships.

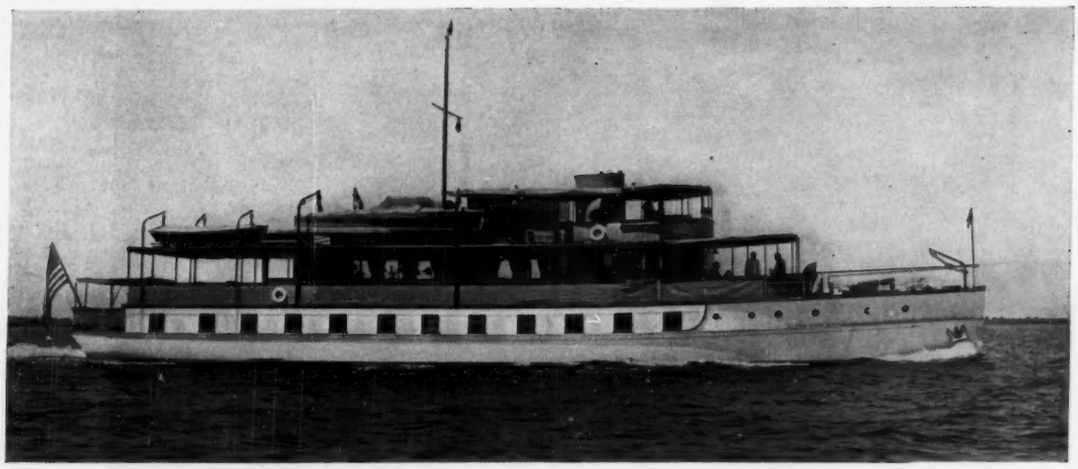
New Company to Build Llenroc Cruisers

The exclusive rights to build and market the Llenroc Express Cruiser have been recently acquired from the Toppan Boat & Engine Company by the Champion Llenroc Boat & Engine Company, of Medford, Mass. The new company is headed by H. M. Lewis, who developed this popular line of express cruisers and commuters, during his several years connection as Vice President & General Manager of the old Toppan Company.

The new 42-foot Champion Llenroc, which recently underwent exhaustive tests during its demonstration cruise last fall, created such interest and demand for this larger model that more plant capacity was considered necessary to meet future requirements.

Interest in this design of hull has been so widespread that the new company has decided to market complete building plans of the 28½- and 32½-foot models to individuals who may wish to undertake the building of these remarkable cruisers locally. To such builders the company will sell special Llenroc design struts, fittings, and the new water cooled and lubricated stuffing boxes it has recently developed.

An attractive display of eight motors, including two twin units, exhibited at the New York Motor Boat Show by Scripps



"Chieftain," a 106-foot houseboat owned by Albert B. Dick, of Chicago, was designed and built by the Mathis Yacht Bldg. Corp., of Camden, N. J. Two Sterling Vikings drive her better than 12 m.p.h.

Cape Cod sells 32 Knockabouts at New York Show

The Cape Cod Shipbuilding Corporation, of Boston and Wareham, Mass., sold 32 of their new Nimblets at the Motor Boat Show. The Nimblets are 15-foot knockabouts, designed to fill a long-felt demand. They are designed with good beam, have modified Marconi sail and jib, which are dyed scarlet, are balanced perfectly and carry no ballast. They seat five people comfortably in the roomy cockpit. The stern is built to support an outboard motor. The Nimblets combine seaworthiness with a good turn of speed, yet they are not bulky or heavy. They sell for the interesting price of $350.

A New Express Cruiser by Hacker

Reproduced on this page is a photograph of an attractive new 44-foot express cruiser designed by John L. Hacker, N. A., of the Hacker Boat Company, Mount Clemens, Michigan. Of the vee-bottom type, the lines are refined to allow the utmost comfort and seaworthiness in a high speed boat of this type. The sides have a very pronounced flare forward and a reverse tumble home aft, giving the appearance of the conventional round-bottom type. The beam is 10 feet.

The arrangement plan shows a spacious forward cockpit, a main cabin with two settees forming upper and lower berths, sleeping four persons, a well-arranged galley, a spacious bridge deck from which the boat is controlled, and an after cabin with two wide berths.

The power plants consist of either two Kermath "Sea-Wolf" 225 h.p. engines or one "Sea-Raider" 450 h.p., which give a speed of forty miles an hour.

New Dee Wite Models for 1932

The new 1932 fleet of Dee Wite runabouts may be divided into three groups: Dee Wite Standard; Dee Wite De Luxe; Lodge Custom Torpedo. It is this last group that best reflects the originality of Dee Wite designers.

In the Lodge Custom Torpedo Series are three models: a 23-foot, 4-place runabout with a 100 h.p. engine, with speeds up to 35 miles an hour; a 28-foot, 12-place runabout with a 200 h.p. engine, speeds up to 42 miles an hour, and a 32-foot, 15-place runabout with speeds up to 50 miles an hour.

The new 23-foot Lodge Torpedo, built by Dee Wite, steps along at 40 m.p.h. with 135 h.p.

New Exide Catalog

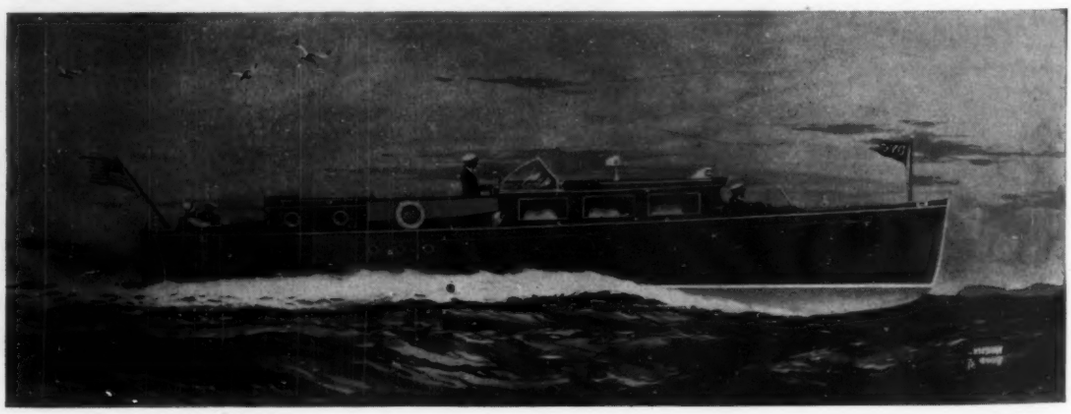
A COMPLETE and interesting catalog including useful information about storage batteries used in every phase of marine application has been published by the Electric Storage Battery Co., of Philadelphia, makers of Exide batteries. Boat owners and designers may obtain these catalogs by writing to the above address.

A Nautical Calendar and New Catalog

Elisha Webb & Son Co., of Philadelphia, makers of the Webbperfection ranges for marine use, announce the publication of their new catalog for 1932, and, also, of their nautical calendar for this year. Both contain much valuable information.

The Nautical Calendar shows the mariner the times of high and low water for every day in the year at all the principal ports on the Atlantic coast, with the mean tidal range; the phases of the moon; the courses on the Delaware from Philadelphia to the sea, with the tidal corrections necessary, and the distances; a time and knot speed table, and much other valuable information.

The process of combustion of the Valjean carburetor burner used in Webbperfection ranges when it is desired to burn oil for cooking purposes is described in the Webbperfection range catalog. This carburetor is adjusted to burn fuels from 28° to 36° distillate, although heavier oils can be used if desired. The carburetor converts the oil from a liquid to a gas, mixes the gas with the correct amount of air for proper combustion, and delivers the mixture to the fire chamber where combustion takes place with maximum efficiency, accomplished by natural draft.



A new 44-foot express cruiser designed by J. L. Hacker and built by the Hacker Boat Co. Twin 225 h.p. or a single 450 h.p. Kermath will drive her 40 m.p.h.

THE VERNAY COLLECTION includes many pieces suitable for Yacht interiors. Among these are Tables, Desks, Chairs, Cabinets, Clocks, Barometers, Globes, etc. A set of four George II roundabout Chairs is one of the unique features.

Two unusually fine and rare Ambassador Inkstands in wood and Sheffield plate with original glass ink bottles each fitted with drawer in front. 1780–1790.

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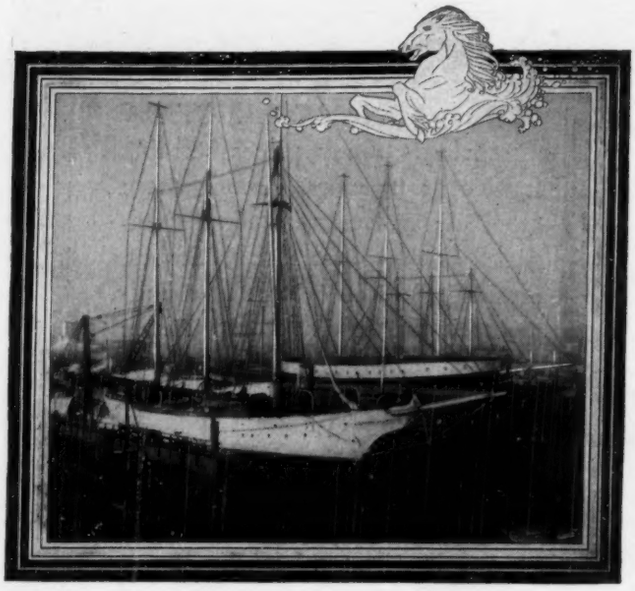

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TODD

An Extended Passage

(*Continued from page 49*)

I don't know; there was a thick low haze, the horizon was too bad for sights, and the coast was hidden. I didn't keep her on that course for long; I had no chart of the coast, which is reputed a dangerous one (but if one studied our Admiralty Sailing Directions one would never approach any coast — or indeed go to sea at all) and if the wind had shifted to the south that onshore swell would have put us in an awkward position.

The wind did not shift. There was a Levanter blowing in the Straits, and from time to time the fringes of it reached out to us, sometimes as much as half a gale, which knocked us about as badly as that heavy gale off Finisterre. That describes the next three days (the Sailing Directions say a Levanter may last for a fortnight). I grew tired of going aloft to set or furl that topsail, and sent the yard down on deck.

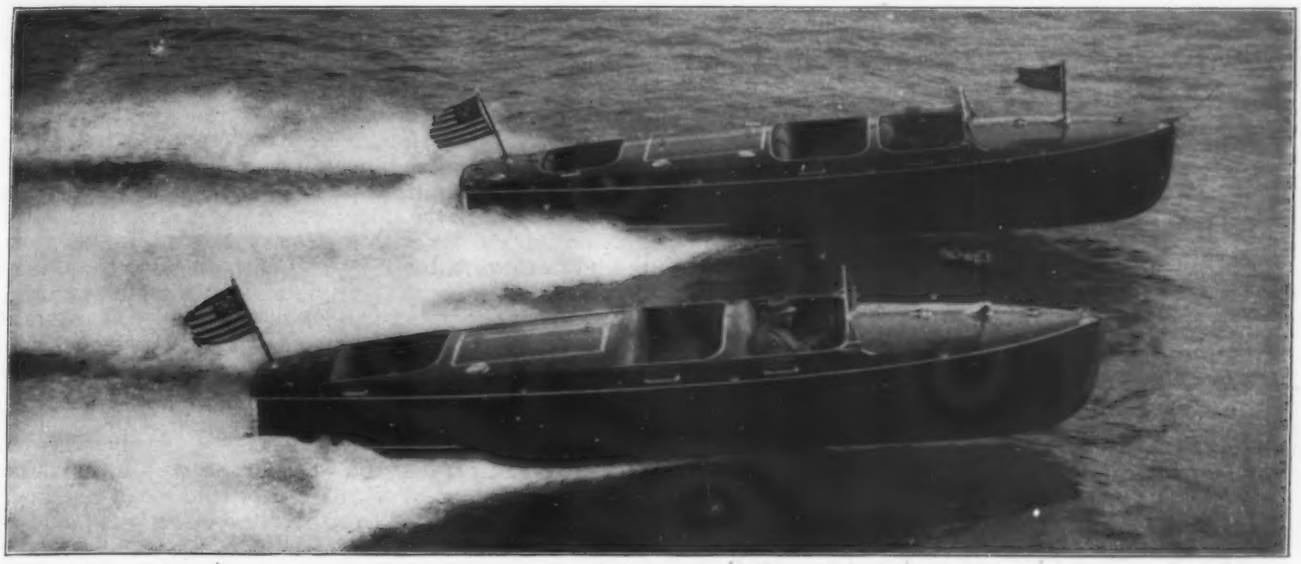
I also got scared of that Spanish coast. By day we couldn't see it, and when the lights came up at night they were all strange to me and no guide, for my books were sadly out of date. They flashed and glared against the haze halfway 'round the horizon, and I judged I was badly embayed, and had better get out on whatever course the getting was quickest. It might not take me in the direction of Gibraltar; but I was not going to be another Flying Dutchman. If there was no change in the next 24 hours I would try my luck with Madeira.

There was the usual half a gale that night, but we made a fair wind of it — which was just as well, for it shifted to the south before it took off, and the sea was the worst yet. Now, of course, we could do nothing on the starboard tack; but the fact that the wind *had* at last shifted was encouraging. So I decided we wouldn't carry on to Madeira just yet — we had important letters waiting at Gibraltar — but would make a supreme effort, first giving a sacrifice to Aeolus. We unbent the square foresail. We had kept the yard crossed all this time, partly because we might get a strong fair wind and want the sail, and partly because I had maintained that it is good policy to set it when working to windward, as it prevents the helmsman from steering head to wind. But it doesn't prevent him from trying to; and then you get aback, and it takes all hands to clear up the mess. And when you furl the sail, which brails in up and down the mast, it makes an awful wind-draft. We eliminated this, unrove every unnecessary rope, and stripped as for a race.

The god accepted our sacrifice; the wind went 'round more westerly. But not even in whispers did anyone suggest bending the foresail again. We stealthily made more sail, and at last got headway against the sea, which persisted surprisingly, considering how close we were to the shore from which it came. Then suddenly it became quite smooth; the Levanter had stopped, and we were free to enter the Straits!

With the change of weather the air cleared, and the mountains of Spain and Africa closed in on us, blue and purple and gold. Their reflections lengthened quickly on the glassy sea, for though the wind had failed the tide and current carried us on. That marvelous evening was worth the discomfort of the passage. This was the real South.

In the South night comes quickly. Suddenly the dark hills and the coastwise lights closed in yet more. The chart says that at the least they are eight miles apart, but I don't believe it. The tides were hurrying us, through rips and races, from one side to the other of the Straits. We were twirled around till the beams of the seven light-houses seemed no more fixed than the red, green and white lamps of passing steamboats, or the phosphorescent flashes that marked the tracks of por-



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OF COURSE, you buy a runabout for the uses it will serve . . . the places it will take you . . . the pleasures it will bring.

But there's another angle. People ordinarily don't invest in a new motor boat every year or two. How long will it last? Will it be economical to operate? Will it command a good resale value? Consider your boat as an investment, and it will be a LEVEL RIDING Chris-Craft . . . on all three counts.

Nowhere in the industry is Chris-Craft's experience duplicated . . . 45 years of fine boat building, and three generations of the Smith family personally engaged in the business. These years have been devoted to the development of design that is smart and distinctive; of motors that are quiet, powerful and dependable; of hulls that are seaworthy, safe and dry.

Hence the use of the finest graded Philippine mahogany . . . heavy, sawed frames of hardwood, closely spaced for strength . . . double-planked bottom and batten seam construction that does away with caulking and insures a dry boat always. No Chris-Craft hull has ever worn out.

These are some of the things that explain the long life of Chris-Craft runabouts, and the relatively high resale value they have always enjoyed. These are also factors in economy of operation and low upkeep cost.

Now, Chris-Craft adds LEVEL RIDING, the exclusive principle that has revolutionized motor boat performance. It is a feature of all models in the finest, most beautiful fleet in Chris-Craft history—ranging from a 15½-foot, 32-mile runabout at $795 to the 25 and 27-foot models pictured above, at $4175 and $4975, with speeds of 42 and 45 m. p. h. (Prices F. O. B. Algonac, Michigan).

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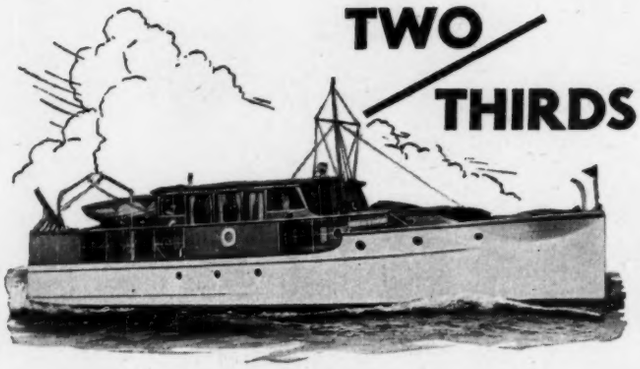
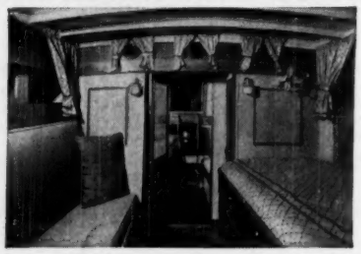


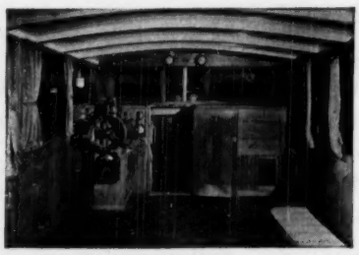
Less than 5c a mile for this big 50-foot diesel-powered WHEELER "PLAYMATE"

HAVE you hesitated about a new boat because of the cost of running her? Have you seen your cruising mileage cut down and your pleasure dimmed by the expensive thirst of the power plant?

You'll find the answer in the new WHEELER "PLAYMATE" Stock 50-Foot Cruiser powered with 100 h.p. WINTON-DIESEL engine operating on 6-cents a gallon fuel oil, obtainable everywhere, she will take you nearly twice as far per gallon as the average gasoline driven cruiser of equal tonnage. Practically doubles your cruising radius. Other diesel-powered WHEELER "PLAYMATE" YACHTS, 42', 46', 60' and 70' long. Send for catalog B.B. The 1932 gasoline-powered "PLAYMATES" from 23' to 70' offer exceptional cruiser values with keynotes of strength, seaworthiness, beauty and convenience. Send for the new complete WHEELER catalog B.



Spacious stateroom for guests with one double and two single beds, deeply upholstered.



Enclosed bridge looking forward and showing controls for diesel engine.

WHEELER SHIPYARD, INC.
Foot Cropsey Avenue Brooklyn, New York

WHEELER PLAYMATES

poises crossing and recrossing beneath our keel. The multitude of beacons that shone through this clear air was dizzying.

About midnight half of them vanished, and the eastern sky became densely black. A wet gust struck our bows. Again the familiar order, "In topsail and reef mainsail!" The Levanter was back, and fog with it!

I would not mind the Levanter in clear weather, for one could work the tides and current against it; I would not mind the fog with a strong fair wind, for then one could disregard the tides and currents. But those tides cause more races to the running mile than in any other channel in the world, and put even steamboats ashore at times; combined with our slow and zigzag course to windward, and a very doubtful compass, they would put us out of our reckoning in a few minutes.

I considered running to leeward, where the lights of Tangier and Cape Spartel still showed faintly, where we could quickly reach the safety of the open sea, and heave to out of the press of traffic. It would mean a tedious, probably hard, beat back over the lost ground, and an extra day, at least, on the passage; but I had no pride left. But neither had we any tobacco left. The ship's company was getting on each other's nerves, and I feared an explosion. I took the lesser risk, and groped cautiously towards Tarifa.

The whistles of steamboats ought to give us a mid-channel line, so we made short tacks, trying to equalize the blasts on either side of us. For four hours they were the only guide, and a very uncertain one; I imagine some of them were just as lost as we were.

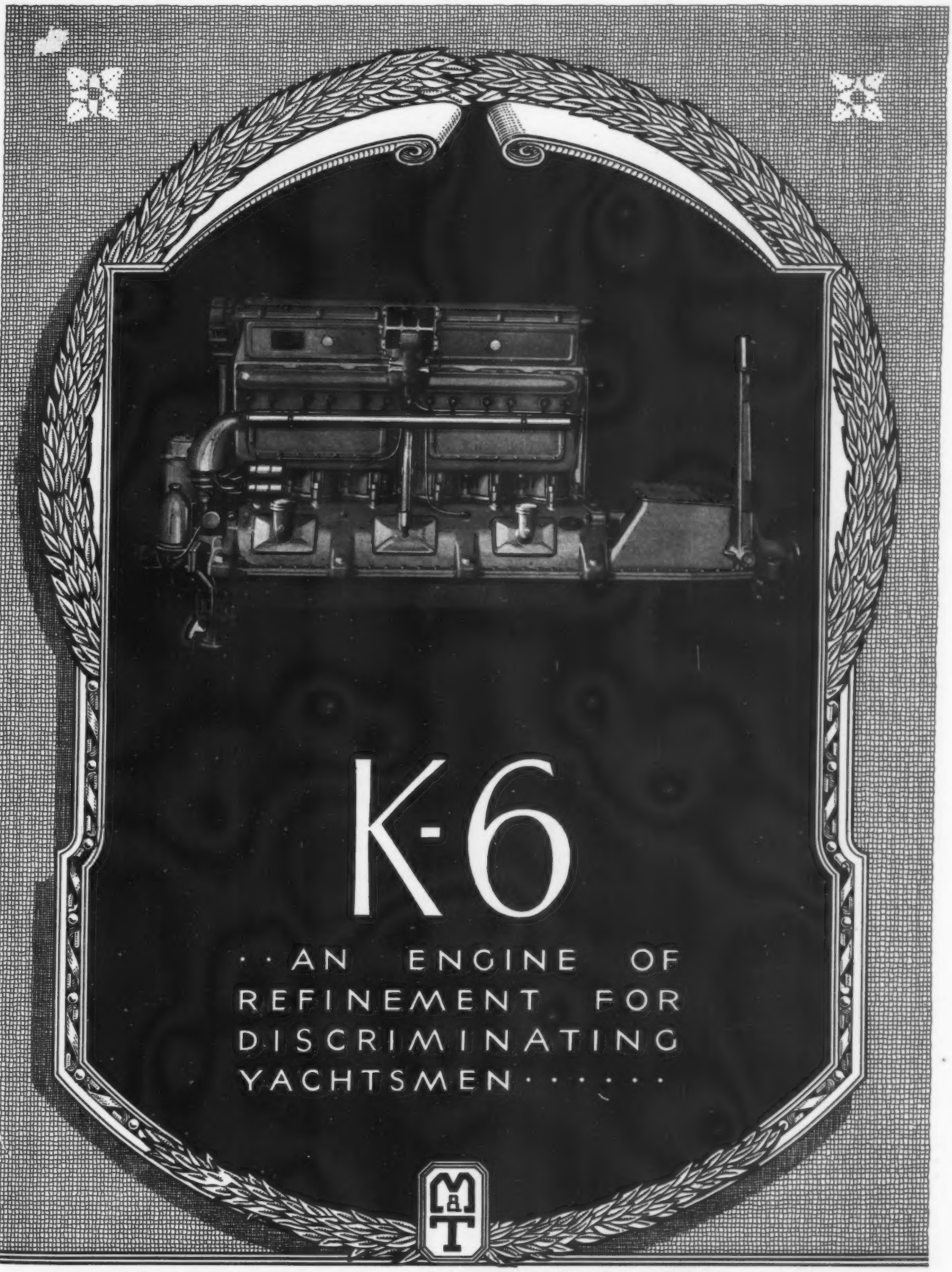
At dawn the fog banks began to break up, and as we reached into Gibraltar Bay we were greeted by a magnificent sun-burst from behind the cloud which a Levanter hangs over the Rock. That is the most spectacular way to approach. But to the inhabitant of the town the spectacle is a strange vessel getting into trouble with the squalls which a Levanter hurls down the lee side of that prodigious cliff, and I fear that my principle of safety first and my reefed canvas disappointed them. We worked into the Admiralty Harbor as slowly as we had made the whole passage — three weeks after leaving Falmouth! Whatever estimate we had made, this beat it!

The Nomansland Sailboat

(*Continued from page 75*)

feet long and complete even to the peg-hole in the stem. She was a fairly smart sailer for her size and the only cat-rigged boat I ever handled that would steer herself, which she did for hours on end with the wind forward of the beam and reasonably good conditions. But her outstanding quality was ability. When big keel yachts were shortening down, the little old *Borbolita* would slip along dry and comfortable and behaving in every way like a lady. Before the last of these boats rots away through neglect, I wish that someone who has the skill to do such things accurately would take off the lines of one. Some day I'd like to have a 35-footer, ketch-rigged, on just those lines. Small power and moderate sail would drive her, she'd be roomy, and you could go where you liked, when you liked, and not have to wait for fair weather.

Nomansland, where from fifty to a hundred fishermen used to live in the season, is a deserted island now, a run-to-seed private game preserve inhabited only by a lone keeper. Some of the men who used to fish there, as well as their sons and grandsons, still come off from the Vineyard and mainland ports in power launches to fish the same ledges.



MURRAY & TREGURTHA INC.
NORTH QUINCY, MASS.

Rubber *here* . . . re

With noisy vibration quieted, you don't have to slow your engine for the sake of comfort

A PROPELLER shaft turns in a babbitted bearing, for example, or bronze. Metal rubs on metal. Friction is established. Wear set up. Sand and grit slip in to cut the bearing, to score the shaft. Wear increases. Vibration makes itself felt.

Steadily the clearance between shaft and bearing widens. The propeller becomes unbalanced. With each passing day, the noisy chatter grows.

If the boat is yours, you may get through the season by slowing your engine, but when you haul out, a bill for bearing repairs is inevitable.

Don't rebabbitt this time. Don't replace one unsatisfactory metal bearing with another. For a very small amount of money, you can do the job *right*. In place of metal, adopt *rubber*.

In a rubber bearing, lubricated by water, your propeller shaft revolves as smoothly as a worn automobile tire skids across a wet street car track. There's practically no friction. And wear is negligible.

Sand and grit are ejected by the lubricating water stream. Rolled on the soft surface of the rubber and out through special grooves without scoring bearing or shaft.

Checks Vibration

With the propeller shaft turning smoothly, quietly in rubber, you can forget all about your bearing. Stern vibration is eliminated! You can open up your engine wide; get more out of your power plant.

Not just for this summer, but for many summers to come, you can enjoy the smoothest, quietest bearing performance you have ever known. And pay, for that pleasure, just *one* bill . . . the charge for installation.

Outlasts All Others

The life of the rubber bearing is commonly five times, frequently ten or twelve times, that of bronze, babbitt, or lignum-vitae bearings. While it increases the life of any shaft, it is especially recommended for use with Monel Metal shafts.

Sizes, prices, and sources of supply, together with a more complete description of the rubber bearing, and a list of boats on which it is standard equipment, are included in the new booklet, "How to Get More Speed Out of Your Boat." Free on request to The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company, (Est. 1870), Akron, Ohio.

• • •

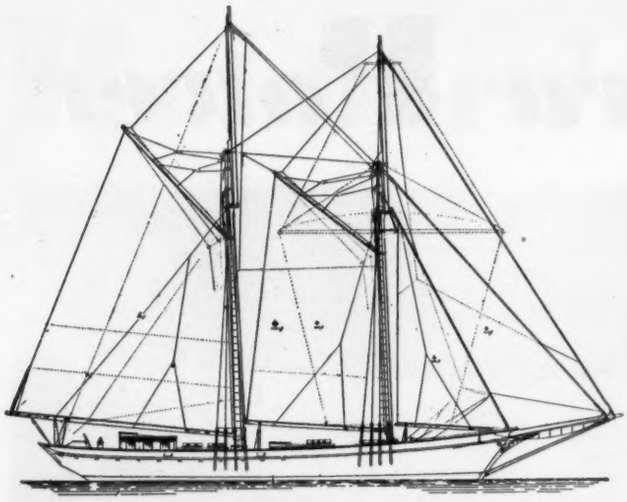
THE GALLEY becomes a pleasanter spot when stern vibration is quieted by the rubber bearing.

leases *Extra Power*

Water, flowing through special grooves, maintains a constant film between the metal shaft and this rubber bearing. The propeller shaft literally "rides on water." Sand and grit are washed right out, with no damage to shaft or bearing. Stern vibration is held to a minimum. You can open up your engines; get more out of your power plant. And the remarkable freedom from wear, from sand-scoring, eliminates annual repairs. Rubber bearings outlast all others, commonly five times, frequently ten or twelve times.

Goodrich *Cutless* Bearings

Another B. F. Goodrich *Product*



Schooner "Pilgrim"

This interesting schooner, "Pilgrim," is now building for Mr. Donald Starr of Boston, at Reed-Cook's, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. The object of our design is to produce an inexpensive but strongly built vessel, plainly finished, capable of going to sea for extended periods, and very livable at such times by reason of stability and ease of motion.

"Pilgrim" is 85′ overall x 70′ waterline x 20′ 6″ beam x 10′ 3″ draft. Construction is very heavy, with 2-foot bilges, hard bilges and 40 tons of inside ballast. Rig is well divided, with a rather small mainsail so that four men should easily handle the vessel.

The clipper bow has been chosen as being more in keeping with the high freeboard and bulwarks. The keel is long, with plenty of forefoot for ease in steering and heaving-to.

There is a comfortable deck house aft, with two berths and chart table. The 85 h.p. Diesel engine is below this. Owner's quarters consist of a double and single stateroom; with a very large main cabin 18 feet long, bathroom, large galley, officer's stateroom and forecastle.

The owner's intention is to start next spring for the South Seas and probably continue around the world. If so, she will be the largest Alden yacht to do this. The little "SVAAP" is the smallest Alden yacht which has so far made a world cruise.

We have made a long and careful study of cruising yachts. You will enjoy discussing your new boat with us.

John G. Alden

Naval Architects
148 State St.

Yacht Brokers
Boston, Mass.

Planking for the Boat

(*Continued from page 86*)

material has set. No cloth is used between the layers since every seam between the planks in the outer skin is sealed by an inside plank. In other shops the entire inner skin is fastened in place, and is then covered with bonding material over which is stretched a complete cloth layer. The cloth is then ironed down smooth, coated with the same bond, and then the outside planking is put on.

Authorities differ regarding the use of cloth. Some contend that the cloth helps watertightness and that the strength of the cloth gives added protection against splitting a plank. Others say that it is possible to tie the two layers more firmly together into a single piece when the cloth is omitted, because cloth is more or less resilient no matter how thin. They also contend that the cloth deteriorates rapidly with age.

The other type of double planking is used almost universally on bottoms of "V" and concave "V" design but is seldom used on the sides above the chine. With the diagonal inner layer at an angle to the keel and the outer arranged fore and aft, the seams cross each other. Unless the outer planks are tightly fitted and watertight, at each crossing there is a small hole leading from the outside into the hull. To prevent such possibility of serious leakage, cloth must be used between the layers when this type of double planking is employed.

The great virtue of this construction is that when the two layers are firmly fastened together the crossing grain of the two skins makes a sort of ply-wood which is very strong. To assist the ordinary fastenings in holding the two layers together, and also to give added support to the bottom, it is customary to put in closely spaced bent frames between the heavy and widely spaced sawn frames. Fastenings can then be placed through the two skins into the bent frames, giving a powerful clamping effect. Fastenings should also be put in from the inside through the inner skin into the outer one along each seam of both inside and outside planks.

This makes a splendid construction for watertightness and one which will withstand severe punishment. As regards longitudinal strength, it is not as strong as single plank with seam battens, or as fore-and-aft double planking, as the diagonal skin contributes little to this factor. Fortunately, all small boats have a natural excess of fore-and-aft strength and the thickness of planking sufficient to withstand hydraulic pressures and impact when at speed gives far more longitudinal strength than required, even if the last percentage of such strength for a given plank thickness is not obtained.

Both systems of double planking have the common defect of being difficult to repair in case of severe damage. However, repairs can be made, and made so well that they cannot be detected. But it requires more than common skill. A second objection sometimes charged against double planking is the difficulty of determining where the leak is in case there is one. Due to the possibility of water working in between the layers and traveling many feet before it reaches the inside of the hull, the defect in the outer skin or the break in the cloth may be far removed from the apparent location of the leak on the inside. Neither of the objections are of vital importance, and in the highest class of work, either for sail or power, some form of double planking is today considered as the standard by which other constructions are to be judged.

SEA-LYON

introduces

An Idea ahead of the times

SEA-LYON meets the demand of the day with ***better boats*** at ***lower prices.*** Already recognized as the finest runabouts ever built, they offer for 1932 new features in refinements of design and construction—new ideas in economical selling policies—new values secured by economies in administration rather than by short cuts in building costs.

Low prices alone do not mean good value when quality is lacking. Retail markets everywhere are flooded with inferior merchandise at bargain prices. But the public demand is for equal or better quality at prices commensurate with current low costs of raw materials and labor. Sea-Lyon has gone even further, completely revising its plan of organization and sales policies, resulting in

The Lowest Prices in History

Direct factory selling.
Trade discounts eliminated.
Showroom expenses discontinued.
Plant overhead balanced by developing shipyard service.

Price reductions up to $850 per boat.
Priced in the water at New York.
No delivery charges in this vicinity.
Liberal allowances on your present boat.

A New Kind of Boat Value

This is the year to buy a Sea-Lyon because they are selling at the lowest prices in history. And the boats themselves are faster, smoother riding and more beautiful than ever.

Write today for details and prices of 1932 Sea-Lyons

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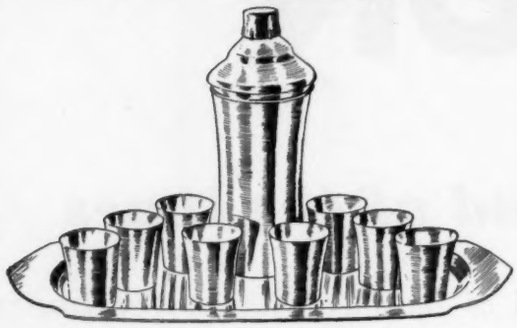
King Street, City Island, New York City **Phones: CIty Island 8-1645-6**
Manhattan Office: **Graybar Building, 420 Lexington Avenue** ***Telephone MOhawk 4-6543***



Cocktail set of platinel, a new stainless, rustless, non-tarnishable metal. Quart shaker, tray 19½ inches long and 8 cups, $45.

Novel Nautical-ities

OVINGTON'S nifty new novelties for yachts are the biggest thing in maritime history since the Battle of Jutland! Never before have we offered such "different" china, crystal and precious-metalware—and never forget that we've furnished a thousand perfectly ripping yachts!

OVINGTON'S

Yacht China . . . Crystal . . . Silver (3rd Floor)

437 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Clear crystal decorated with 2 or 3 flag signals. Highballs and cocktails, 3 flags, $24 a dozen; 2 flags, $18 a dozen; Pilsner glasses, 2 flags, $24 a dozen; mugs, 3 flags, $30 a dozen; whisky bottle, $10; 3-pint shaker, $15—the latter two labeled "Ammunition."

We Buy Our First Boat

(Continued from page 53)

time the fish stakes were getting thicker. In our meanderings we had crossed right through the fishing area, and our dodgings must have cost us at least an hour. It was late in the afternoon, and we started to think of an anchorage. Love Point looked good, and we laid a course for the entrance light.

Two miles south and a mile or so offshore we noticed a change of weather. Blue skies had given way to clouds which were moving fast. A bay schooner which had been in close company had doused her topsails and was busy reefing the main. Evidently we were in for a squall. We had heard about the squalls on the Chesapeake and we didn't want to stay out in one. Love Point was too far to reach before it broke, and the next best thing was to run for the lee of the eastern shore.

Our jib came down in a hurry, and we tried to put back the reef that the pilot had advised. Halfway through the job the squall struck, and we quit the job right in the middle of it for the more important one of sailing in towards the shore. We filled away with the half-reefed main, and although the canvas was hopelessly set, and there was too much of it up, *Cannon* tore along like a house afire. Fish stakes! Too late to go around, we went right through the line and breathed a sigh of relief when we didn't fetch up. Close in to shore we luffed, dropped the mainsail, dropped the hook, and made ourselves snug.

Within an hour the squall about blew itself out. In its wake came a hard southerly wind and choppy sea. With two reefs in the main and the whole jib, we got underway for Love Point and shelter for the night. Darkness had settled before we rounded the light and flattened sheets for the beat into the harbor. Not a light showed on shore, and we were driving along like a clipper off the Horn, entirely too much speed for comfort when one didn't know what was ahead. We missed the end of a pier by inches, decided we must be in the harbor, luffed, and anchored. With the ship snug for the night we turned in and slept like logs.

In the morning we found that we had not anchored in the harbor, but off the bathing beach. Had we carried on another minute we would have been the owners of splinters instead of a boat. But all was well and there was plenty of daylight and a quartering wind for the run home.

Tide and wind were keeping our cable taut as a fiddle string, and we had no winch. We struggled with the anchor for three hours without avail, and then decided to go ashore for assistance. The trip ashore proved that our yawl boat was never designed for pleasure work. Four hundred pounds of dead engine reduced our freeboard to about six inches, and it was choppy. A 16-inch wheel made progress difficult, especially when the only motive power was a pole. Halfway ashore it seemed to be better wading than poling, and it was impossible to get wetter, anyway. In an hour or so we located a fisherman who towed us over the anchor, and then we went on our way.

Out in the open bay we found brisk sailing. With the two reefs still down we had all the canvas we wanted. A long sea was running, and we drove before it. We figured our speed to be nearly eight knots. Glorious stuff!

Two o'clock found us off Pooles Island. At this rate we would be in Charlestown by evening, and the skipper was below cleaning out the cabin in anticipation of inspection by the welcoming committee. The mate suggested once that we'd better look over the weather, but we were busy and paid no attention. The next call was more urgent, and when we hit the deck it was easy

HERRESHOFF

23 FOOT L.W.L.

KNOCKABOUT

The HERRESHOFF organization takes great pleasure in presenting the new one-class design knockabout, a craft specifically planned and built to meet the requisites of yachtsmen interested in a boat that is easy to handle, fast in light air and highly serviceable under variable conditions. The knockabout confidently bears out the traditions of HERRESHOFF.

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HERRESHOFF is designing and building a sailing dinghy qualified for competition in the new working dinghy class and which will meet all specifications of the 11-foot International Class Rule.

Literature on request

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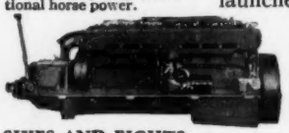
MANUFACTURING COMPANY
R. F. Haffenreffer, *President*
BRISTOL, RHODE ISLAND

BUILDERS OF ALL THE SUCCESSFUL DEFENDERS OF THE AMERICA'S CUP SINCE 1893

BLUE JACKET FOUR
The finest, smooth-running four-cylinder motor for fast runabouts. 4000 R.P.M. As smooth as an eight — with the compactness, economy and light weight of a four. Prices reduced 25%. The new 125 racing model for 1932 develops eight additional horse power.



SIXES AND EIGHTS
The new Universal Model 260 Six and Model 347 Eight introduce a new, forward step in *accessibility, low cost upkeep,* and *long life.* Many exclusive, 100% marine features — such as removable oil screen, outside oil pump, removable cylinder block, etc. — place these advanced models in a class all by themselves — providing supremely smooth, quiet and permanently satisfactory power.

The Cruiser 260 Six develops 60 H.P. and the 347 Eight, 80 H.P. The High Speed 260 Six develops 88 H.P. and the 347 Eight, 115 H.P. Built-in Reduction Drive Models and symmetrically true Rights and Lefts.

It is not by accident that the new Flexifour "25" and new Blue Jacket Six are such remarkably smooth motors. Here — in these 100% marine, fully counterweighted and dynamically balanced crankshafts — are embodied every proven engineering requirement for absolutely vibrationless performance.

The Flexifour "25" is ideally suited for launches, tenders, runabouts, auxiliary power, fishing craft and small cruisers and is priced as low as $315 including reverse gear. The 10-15 H.P. Flexifour is priced as low as $295 including reverse gear.

The new Blue Jacket Six is built in two models — the High Speed Model for fast runabouts with a peak of 70 H.P. and the Cruiser Model for low and medium speed operation. This new motor — with its attractively low price — fulfills a strong existing need for a smooth, compact, light weight Runabout and Cruiser Six.

Write for full information

UNIVERSAL MOTOR COMPANY
312 UNIVERSAL DRIVE
OSHKOSH, WISCONSIN, U. S. A.

Universal MOTOR CO. 100% Marine Motors

Universal offers a complete range of 100% Marine Motors from 6 to 115 H.P. Also complete line of Electric Plants from 1 to 35 KW.

to see why. Ugly, purple clouds were banked on the western horizon, moving toward us at express train speed. We dropped the jib, but didn't have time to turn in another reef. Worton's Creek lay E.S.E. and we had to tack to starboard to lay it. No sooner had we filled away than the wind veered eight points and came out of the west. We missed a jibe by inches. Helm hard down, we tried to work our head into it. The storm had broken for fair now. Rain and hail were coming in an almost horizontal line. In mid-afternoon it got so dark that neither shore of the bay was visible.

With the main sheet well out to ease her as much as possible, we tried to head up to it, and as we did so the wind kept hauling till it was almost due north. Broadside to it an extra gust put us down till the lee deck was two feet under. Now and then we'd work up a bit, and again we would be heeled over till we wondered if we would come back or not. For a solid half hour we wondered which would go first, the rigging, or the hull. The wind was blowing solid water from the tops of the seas. In that half hour we made about a mile headway, and about three miles leeway, till finally the western shore could be seen through the murk. Land looked good, and we were anxious to get as close as possible for what lee it afforded. We worked in to within about a hundred yards, and anchored.

For a while we were too worn out to look things over and our chief concern was getting dry and warm. The mate had to be in Philadelphia early in the morning, and we studied the chart to find the nearest town. Apparently there was none within a reasonable distance. How the mate got home, and how we shipped a second crew is another story.

We looked the ship over. Our only loss was a 50-gallon barrel of water, either pitched or blown off the deck, and one broken port light. Not a seam had opened, not a line had parted. *Cannon* had proved that she could stand about the worst the Chesapeake could cook up. We owned a real boat.

The Fake-Yarners

(*Continued from page 62*)

cuddy, mingled with the sweet molasses of wet flake tobaccy on the binnacle shelf.

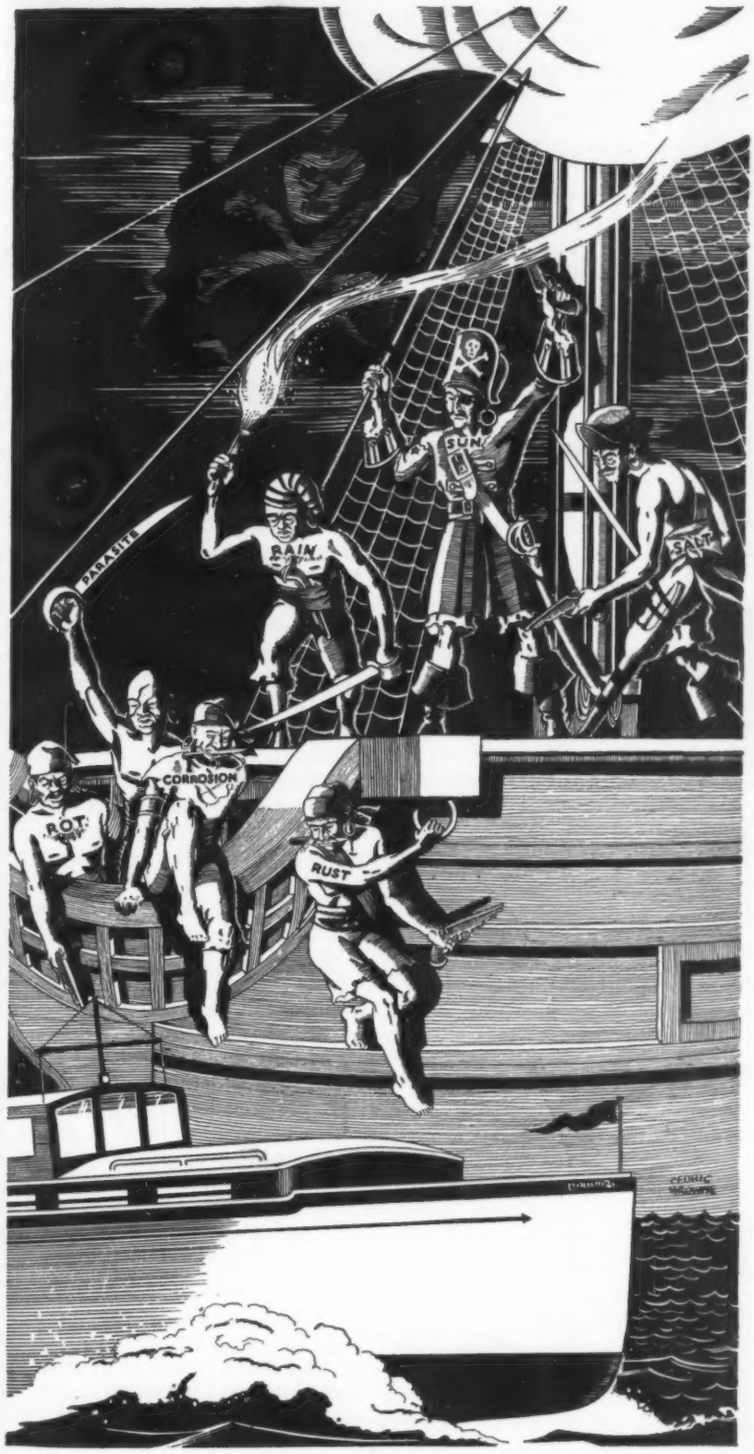
"Quit gawping at me," he commanded, "and get out on deck and secure that snake afore another sea washes it overboard."

Both doors were opened, but quickly closed again, and as neither Vanilla Joe nor Turnspike would take their skipper's word — they had never taken it before, when it came to whales and snakes, so why believe him now when he said this one was dead — Zebina had to manage the job himself, which he did very handily by making fast the ends of the line to Anna's neck and tail and then hauling on one part while paying out the other as he drew her carcass into the after hatch.

While this was going on, a destroyer that had been a mere shape on the horizon suddenly came slicing down the slanting seas, laying her course directly athwart that of the *All's Well.* Presently she lost way and took to rolling like a bell buoy. A megaphone appeared over the bridge rail and trained itself on the guinea-boat.

"Heave to under our lee," it ordered, and then as Zebina complied, the megaphone continued in that confidentially taunting tone often assumed by whippersnappers recently come into small authority, "Catching any fish?"

"Ain't tried," Zebina replied up-wind, in the patient manner of one dealing with a simpleton, "but it's a great day for snakes!"



"Paint Pirates" Threaten Every Boat

The days of real pirates are over. But your water-craft as well as every boat is still threatened by a real menace of piracy---that of the "Paint Pirates." This dasdardly crew---Rot, Rain, Rust, Sun, Salt spray, Parasites, Corrosive chemical action---is on the trail of your paint finish all the time. Protect your boat with Climax Boat Paints---tough, elastic, of high lustre and fine brushing quality. They are now priced to give better value than ever.

CLIMAX

Deck Paints (8 colors)
Yacht Whites and Black
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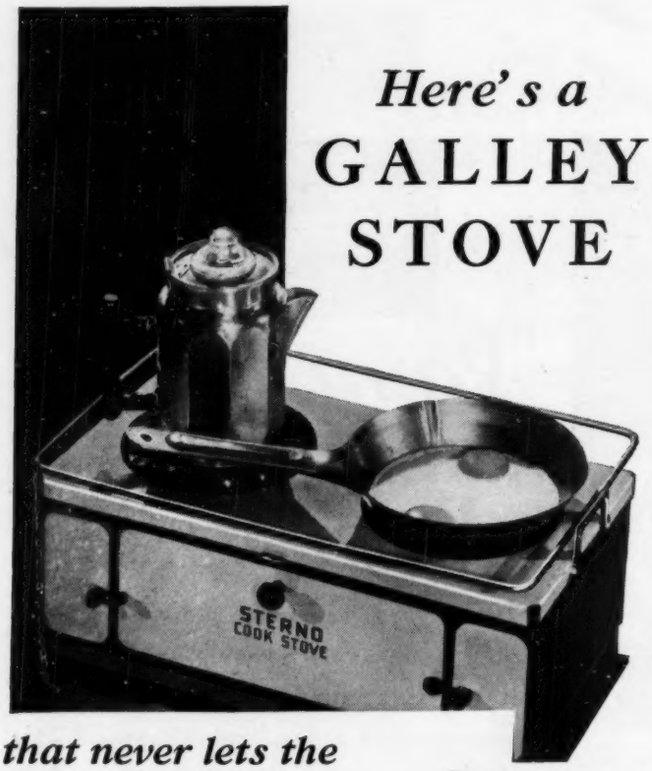
A full-size print of this pirate picture, suitable for framing, will be sent to you free on request.

There is a Climax Distributor near you.

THE CLIMAX CLEANER MFG. CO., CLEVELAND, OHIO

CLIMAX BOAT PAINTS



Here's a
GALLEY
STOVE

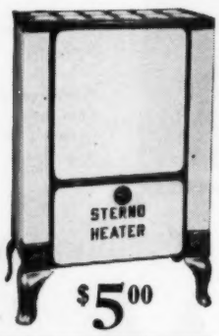
that never lets the Cook down . . .

$10

EVERYTHING a good cook demands in a stove you'll find in the New Sterno Galley Stove. No priming! Improved Heat Intensifier gives intense heating flame at the strike of a match . . . A turn of the wrist adjusts heat to low warming flame.

Two burners. Brass safety rail to guard pots and pans on the roughest seas. All parts rust-proof. Portable. Sturdy. Reliable and instant.

Burns Sterno Canned Heat, the safe, economical non-melting, non-spillable fuel. So efficient is the Sterno Galley Stove that it is standard equipment on all leading cruisers. Now available at new low cost — only $10.00. If your dealer cannot supply you, use coupon.



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STERNO CABIN HEATER:

Heats average cabin in 10-15 minutes. Just the thing for chilly mornings and evenings. Makes fall and early spring cruising as comfortable as summer. Stows away when not in use. Also standard equipment on leading cruisers. Only $5.00

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Please send me postpaid with the understanding money will be refunded if I'm not satisfied:

☐ Sterno Galley Stove at new low price of $10.00
☐ Sterno Cabin Heater $5.00

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Street.....

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"Oh, yeah?" returned the megaphone, mock-wearily. "You mean the ones that come in bottles? Well, you can tell it to my boatswain (he pronounced it just that way) when he boards you."

With a great clatter of oars, the destroyer's whaleboat came alongside and the bosun, who looked more like a fat little automobile salesman than a sailor, scrambled aboard and looked down into the hold of the rummer.

"You win, brother," he said, turning a cherubic face towards Zebina, "but I'll have a hard time selling *this* report to the lieutenant. Come here, gang," he familiarly directed his minions in the whaleboat, "and see if you c'n see what *I* see."

The sea was now smoothing rapidly and toward sundown the *All's Well* drew alongside the *Betty Tilton* at Scollay Square where, after the encounter with the destroyer had been laughed over and Anna brought on deck for all to see, the after hold was stowed with its burlapped cargo, Anna was replaced on top, and the hatch was battened down for the run home.

At about the same hour that Anna's derelict corpus was festooned around the forward end of Zebina's pilothouse, Juby might have been seen trudging northward along the beach from East Gannett. He was in hip boots and pea-coat, and wore a pipe and derby above his upturned collar. From time to time he waded knee deep into the lacy tongue of a spent comber to retrieve one of his buoys which by good fortune might still be attached to its pot. Twice-sworn enemies of the lobsterman are the long spring easterlies, for they cause his pots to "walk," either onshore to be wrecked among the rocks or down beach whence rarely they are recovered, while the lobsters themselves march seaward from their usual haunts and often are many days in returning.

So intent was Juby upon scanning the ebb-tide breakers that he all but stumbled against a large packing case partly embedded in the hard, wet fore-beach. Instead of the usual rough pine deals, however, it was made of a dark wood in almost plank thickness, carefully put together.

"Teak!" he exclaimed, giving it a kick with his booted foot. He might have saved the effort however, for the case stood firm as a stump. Then he walked around it and dug down one side, only to find that it was too deeply sewn to be budged without some sort of lever. But one of the boards had been started from rolling in the surf, and Juby cast about for a small piece of wood which he sharpened and drove in with a rock. Teak came from Rangoon, or any of those places, and what might be in a teak packing case such as this, Juby was curious to know.

As the wedge went home, he inserted his fingers in the crack, braced his knees and hove a mighty tug. The board gave, and Juby got down on his hands and knees to peer into the opening. At first he could see nothing, but as his pupils adjusted themselves to the semi-darkness within, there was Old Man Conda, as like as life itself, looking spang at him and only six inches away.

With an agility that did well to discount his middle years and the heavy boots that cumbered his legs, Juby sprang clear of the box and tore up the beach in two-fathom strides.

"Gosh," he panted, "that's a tidy little serpent — in its way. Kind of startled me, too. Like that real *big* one I saw at Marajo, the time we was up the Rio Negro. Why — ," and realizing that he was only talking to himself, he reverted to the subject nearer at hand. This snake, now — the one right here on the beach at East Gannett and in the cold month of April — *must* be dead. Or maybe it was only sleeping. A bit down shore was a length of broken oar, and with this our hero cautiously approached the case again and forcing back the board,

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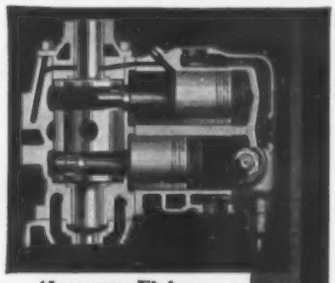

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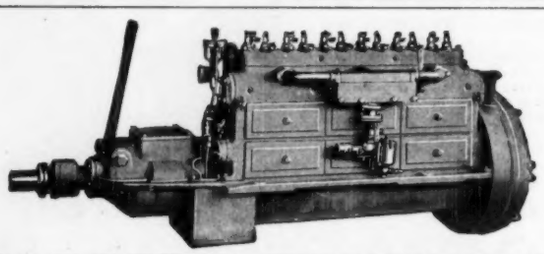

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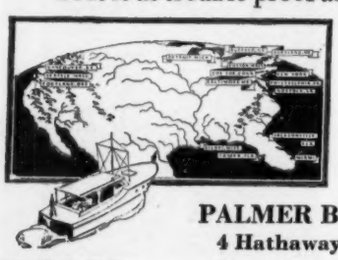

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he redrove the nails. Then he put his ear close to the side and listened. He thumped on the top with his fists and listened again. There came no sound. This snake was a deader.

Next, he dug away the sand from two opposite sides and, using the oar for a lever, pried over the box. It had been bottom up, and now the feeding wicket with its strong wire netting was exposed. But the wet sand which had been forced inside and lay hard packed against the mesh prevented further inspection.

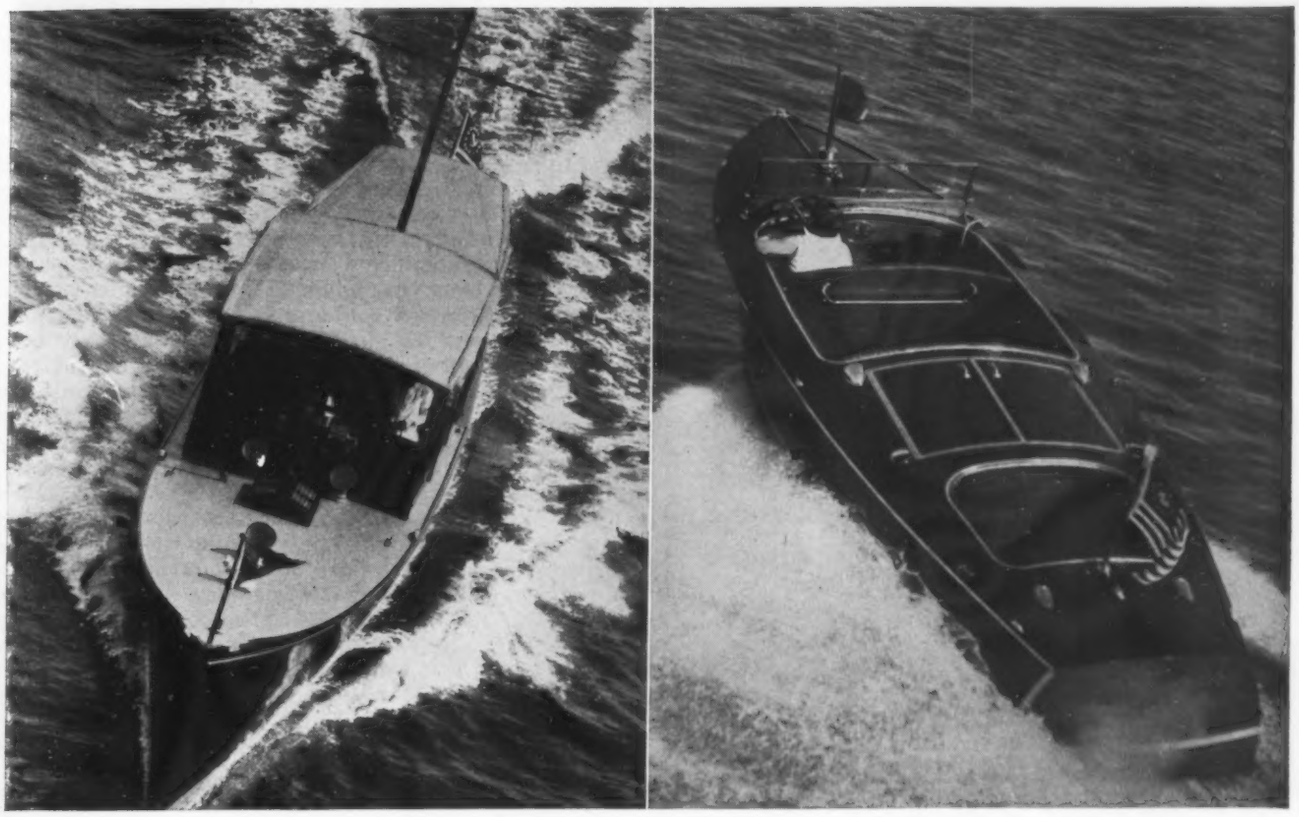
At any rate, here was a teak packing case with a big snake in it — at least it was a middling sized snake — and as soon as he could fetch his beach cart and a couple of skids, he'd take Mr. Snake home and rig up a dang good yarn about it and then show Zebina that he had the critter to prove it. Thus ran his thoughts as he sat down on the box to take his comfort and have a smoke. But just as he was bringing his lighted match to the bowl of his pipe, there came a hefty thud beneath him and for the second time Juby made two-fathom strides up the beach — almost in the same tracks.

Now what the heck was that? But shucks! It was only a coil or two that had toppled over inside the case. A bit sheepishly he retrieved his pipe, bashed out the sanded tobacco, blew the stem clear with a snort and refilled the bowl. Then he sat down again and struck another match. Dead or alive, no snake you could get into a mere waist-high crate was going to scare Juby! Why, that fellow down Marajo way, when he coiled up to pass the time of day with himself, made a pile as big around at the bottom as the geranium bed in Aunt Hep's front yard, and with his head faked down on top of the heap, he looked plung level into your eyes — if you were a medium tall man.

What Juby may have lacked in the size of this one snake, however, was made up in rather generous measure later in the afternoon, for when he returned to the scene with his hand cart, he espied three more cases strewn a little farther along the beach. In them were Oswald and the two aunts. By evening he had close upon half a ton of python safely stowed away in his barn. Why, that was almost as much as the Rio Negro snake must have weighed. Now if he could only make these four into *one big fellow*, then he'd have something to show the doubting town. Well, and here a broad smile began to spread across his face —

With all the energy of a small boy up to a new trick, Juby cleared away a large space in the middle of the floor and in the center of this he set down a bushel basket, bottom up. Then he opened all four cases, taking them apart carefully and stowing the boards behind an old sleigh in one corner. This done, he resolutely grabbed Oswald by the neck and dragged him out upon the floor where he proceeded to flemish him around the basket in ever widening spirals. Next he laid on the two aunts, tucking in their heads and tails as he progressed with his task. Tier on tier, the pile rose, concealing the basket which served as a core displacing a good hundred and thirty pounds of python, and at last he finished off the top with Old Man Conda, himself, so that the heap now came nearly chin high to a person of ordinary size. Even if it were not quite as large as that Marajo bologney, it would do, and it certainly looked lifelike with old papa, there, making eyes right at your Adam's apple. Satisfied with his handiwork, Juby locked the door and went into the house for supper.

When Juby walked down to the harbor the next morning to pump out his boat, it seemed as though nearly all of East Gannett must be gathered upon the town wharf. The *All's Well*, he noted, was in again, but instead of being out on her moorings she was made fast alongside the wharf. For a wee moment, he suspected that the local picket boat had brought her in with the



Photos by Morris Rosenfeld

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Write for our illustrated folder 20V which fully describes the properties of finishes containing Bakelite Synthetic Resins, together with the names and addresses of the many manufacturers. It also contains several reports of interesting applications under actual service conditions. The next time you refinish, ask your paint and varnish supplier for these finishes.

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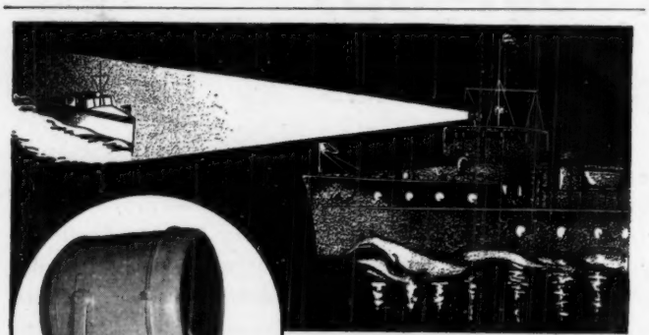

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goods aboard, though he knew that his cousin was far too clever for these larrikins. Then Juby guessed more closely that Zebina, too, might have picked up a crateful of snake and now was making capital of it.

Nor did it take long for the lobsterman to make sure, for as he breasted the crowd which good-naturedly gave way to Zebina's only rival as a fake-yarner, there lay the body of Anna stretched out to her full length of twenty feet atop the stringer. To those whose experience had not gone beyond an occasional five-foot blacksnake, she was indeed a magnificent specimen, her underlying color of brownish black, resembling a fine old lacquer laced in irregular patterns of gold and yellow, the whole ending in a tapering athletic-looking tail that might have been swished in a pot of orange paint. Her anatine head, that same head which had looked down so ardently into the face of Captain Tattoon, seemed disproportionately small when one compared it with the rest of her body that swelled to the diameter of a husky catboat's mast.

At one end — the tail end — Turnspike and Vanilla Joe were aiding and abetting each other loudly as to how the snake was making knots along the edge of the Stream — must have left South America about Saturday noon, from the way it was going — and the minute it saw the *All's Well* it came right aboard, like a thirsty port doctor. Made for the pilothouse as though it knew where to go, and would have bashed in the window if the skipper hadn't cast a couple of turns of trawl line a'ound its neck and choked it, him being that quick.

At the head end, Zebina was less lurid. In fact, he was deprecating the size of the animal. "Now that big commoudie that clumb aboard the *Tom and Abbie* when we was anchored off Nuimo . . ."

"This baby's plenty big enough for me," interrupted Charlie, the barber, who had heard of Zebina's other snake often enough, "but I'll bet a shave, shine and particular doll-you-up against half a dozen shorts that Juby'll turn up any minute and tell us this colored supplement is just a garter snake to the one he saw down at Maryjoe's, or wherever."

"Here's Juby now," shouted Turpen Frye whose fish-and-chip emporium was also closed for the time being. "Now what do you think of *this* for a wriggler?" he asked more directly as Juby squared himself in the front row and scanned the dead python, rather deliberately, from end to end.

"Well," answered Juby, biting off the end of the cigar he had been winding in his mouth and scratching a match on a dry pebble he carried in his pocket for that purpose, "it's a right nice little snake for this time of the year, now ain't it, Zeb?" He spoke in that deliberately patronizing manner which should have put the other on his guard. But it only stung him, as Juby intended that it should, and Zebina sank the bait whole.

"Sure," he began, "it's a nice little snake and that's just what I was saying when you come along." And then, throwing down the gauntlet, Zebina continued, "But it's a dang site bigger'n any snake *you* ever saw, unless it was through the neck of a bottle of squareface!"

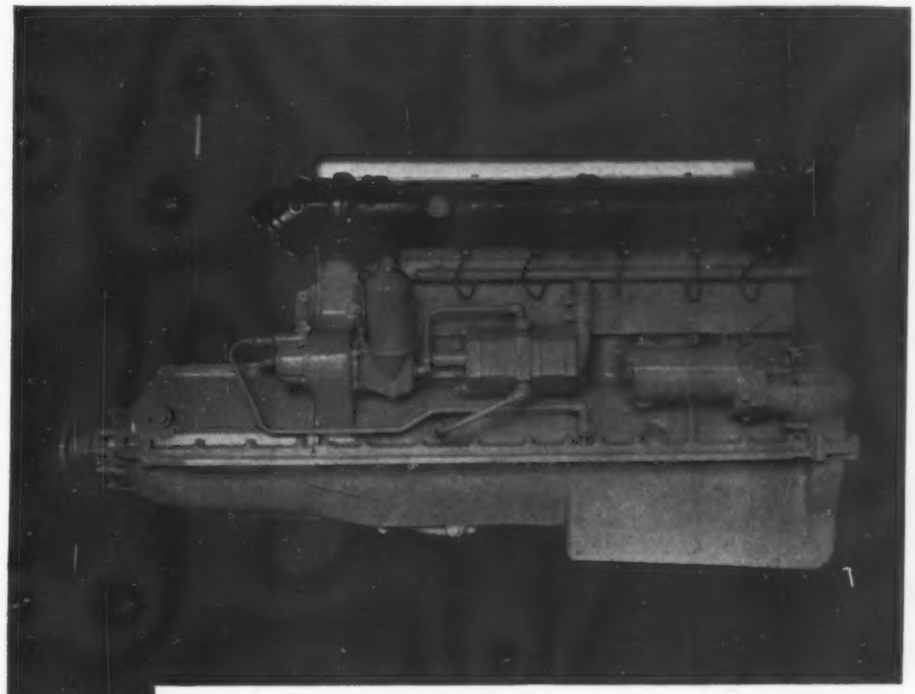
Scenting a rare forenoon's entertainment, the town guffawed so that the gulls rose screaming from the harbor waters, and there were cries of, "'At's riding him, Zeb!" and, "You tell him, Jube," as their adherents began to take sides.

Juby puffed for a moment and, removing his cigar, tewfed an imaginary bit of torn leaf from his lip. "Shucks," he said at last, "I can't take you sonkeys down where they grow real snakes, your wimmin folks wouldn't let you get that far from the clothes wringers, but if you've got the stren'th and courage to follow me home, I'll show you one in my barn that's *six* times the heft of this one — though he ain't as big as I *have* seen — not by a couple of jugs-full!"

A new INVADER captures the show

The new medium duty 180 h.p. Hall-Scott INVADER, shown for the first time at the New York Motor Boat Show, created keen interest among boat owners and boat builders. Here was a new Hall-Scott selling at the amazingly low price of $3000.

This new INVADER in the dimensions of its working parts is identical with the 275 h.p. model that has built for itself an enviable record of performance and economy. Chrome nickel castings are used throughout, and are duplicates of those in the 275, as are the large clutch, and the Zenith carburetor, which, with the typical Hall-Scott valve construction, make this engine exceptionally economical to operate.



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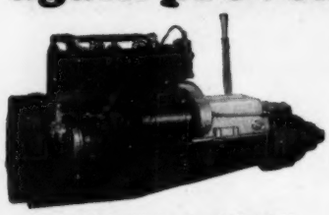

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"Democracy Afloat"

(Continued from page 45)

some competitor pounding astern or trying to overtake some flying canoe out ahead.

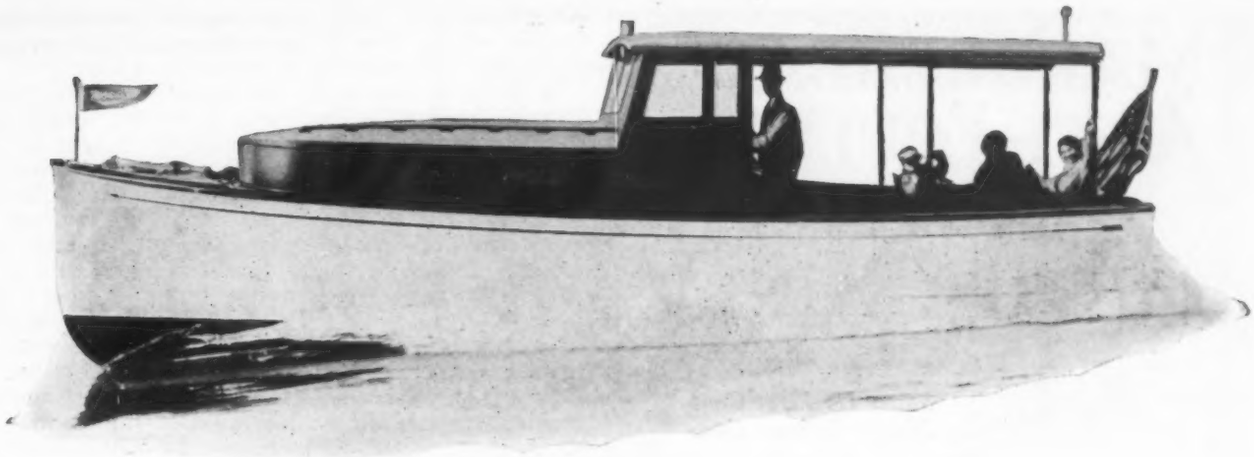
A good breeze will find you and your crew riding the gunwale and leaning out to windward in the heavy puffs, bailing at odd times, and always, in every moment you can spare, keeping an eye out for competitors. When, after sailing the last leg of a 12-mile battle, you go swinging by the stake boat at the finish, perhaps with the lower half of the sails wet from flying spray, the canvas deck soaked through, and the boat rolling a bit heavily from the two or three inches of water which you did not quite find time to bail out, you will agree, having experienced that glow of satisfaction that comes of matching wits, skill, and courage with the best, that there is nothing quite like the old sport of canoe sailing.

But racing, though it provides the keenest enjoyment of the art of canoe sailing, does not monopolize one's time. There is the whole summer to be spent as you will, with perhaps an occasional day's sail up to the head of the Bay or a trip across the Lower Bay to Staten Island, or, if you are keen for offshore work, a week-end jaunt to Sandy Hook or the Highlands. Should your mood be particularly lazy, then head for one of those quiet beaches which are a favorite gathering place of fellow canoeists, there to loll luxuriously on the sand, chatting and exchanging the latest gossip and news of the Bay and its boats.

If you enjoy camping and outdoor life there is no better way to spend a vacation than by cruising. Each year throughout the summer several canoes depart on the "Grand Tour" of Long Island, making the circuit of the island, roughly a 200-mile trip, in eight to ten days and coming back with enough in the way of incident and adventure to talk about for the rest of the season.

It is a bit surprising, considering the enjoyment and sport to be derived from canoeing under sail, that more do not go in for it. Most persons, on learning that one sails a canoe for pleasure, immediately ask, "But isn't it dangerous, and how do you manage to keep it balanced when it is such a tippy thing?" But it is not dangerous, and it is not half as "tippy" as a bicycle when you first try to ride one. As for maintaining balance while sailing, this is easily acquired and you soon shift your weight automatically and unconsciously, precisely as you do when riding a bicycle. If you do capsize, however, you simply hang on, for it is only a matter of a few minutes before some passing motorboat or canoe will pick you up and give you a hand at righting your craft. You may possibly go over once or twice in your first season, but after that an upset should be a very rare occurrence. In fact, you will find, after becoming experienced, that you will have a hard time upsetting if you wish to do so purposely. It should be remembered, though, that a canoe is not for those fools who insist on rocking the boat, nor for those blithe ones who mess around the water without learning to swim; but for those who respect it and handle it rightly, the canoe is a most seaworthy boat and will take you through almost any kind of water in which you have the nerve to sail.

Races have been sailed in winds of 35- to 40- mile strength, and through a stiff sharp chop that runs five or six feet from trough to crest. Of course, not everyone finishes under those conditions. About a third of the fleet, including both novices, who are perhaps getting their first taste of heavy weather, and experienced crews, turn over. Canoes have been sailed through seas heavy enough to obscure all save the tops of their sails from an adjacent boat when in the trough, and while this practice is not to be recommended for beginners,



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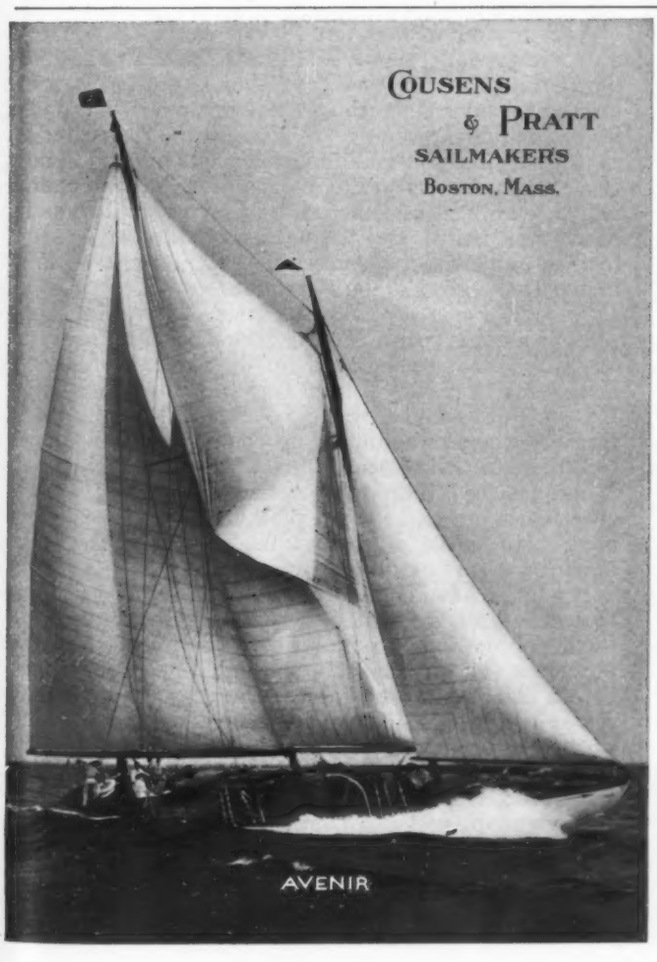

What the Chief Steward of a Prominent Yacht has to say about

WEBBPERFECTION OIL RANGES

M/Y Gielow Designed by H. J. Gielow, Inc.
Built by Bath Iron Works Corp.

It was our privilege to have furnished the M/Y "Gielow" and four other yachts of the same type, with our 7 ft. two-fire, two-oven WebbperfectioN Oil Ranges, about which our correspondent writes us as follows: —

East Rutherford, N. J.
April 7, 1931

Dear Sirs:

Since the Yacht "Gielow" has been in use, now 7 months, I have personally used the range and found it to be the most satisfactory of any burner I have used up to the present in nearly 20 years aboard ship. It is noiseless, economical, and reliable, and as near to foolproof as possible. During this time, I have not had any trouble with the stove or burner and have used it steadily 10 to 12 hours a day. May I add that only twice has it been necessary to clean the burner. If I can be of any assistance to you in convincing anyone of its goodness, you may refer them to me.

Yours truly,
W. H. CRAVEN

ELISHA WEBB & SON CO.

136 S. Front Street **PHILADELPHIA, PA.**

MARBLEHEAD
ANTI-FOULING
GREEN
BOTTOM PAINT
Saves Its First Cost
Many Times Over
because
It covers twice the surface — avoids scraping and repainting — lasts a long time — and is the most powerful anti-fouler. It has a peculiar slippery finish invaluable for racing.
John H. Wells Co. — "The highest grade product."
The Matthews Co. — "Gives perfect satisfaction."
Hacker Boat Co. — "Will use it exclusively."
Henry J. Gielow, Inc. — "A remarkable paint."
Geo. Lawley & Sons Corp. — "Unable to find anything that will stand up as your paint does."
STEARNS-McKAY MFG. CO.
Marblehead, Mass., U. S. A.

AMERICA'S
GREATEST
BOAT VALUES
THOMPSON
BETTER
BOATS
See Thompson's New Line at the Chicago Motor Boat Show and make dealer contact.
TVB Outboard Sedan
Ride in comfort in rain or shine. From early spring until late in the fall. The 16 foot Outboard Sedan will sleep two and can be used for cruising. An outboard sedan at the price quoted is bound to supersede the higher priced open boats, the same as closed automobiles put open cars in the discard.
$350
TVT Outboard Motor Boats
TVT Outboard Motor Boats with full length spray rails set an entirely new standard of performance for outboard motor boats. Full length spray rails not only keep the boat dry as shown, but they increase the speed and improve the performance. A 16 foot TVT Outboard Motor Boat with full length spray rails took first place and time prize in the Milwaukee-Chicago Marathon for displacement boats.
$85 to $183
TVT Motor Boat
with full length spray rails and 30 H. P. Gray engine installed. The 16 foot TVT Motor Boat is something entirely new in the line of inboard motor boats. It is superior to regular V bottom motor boats, both in speed and performance. Neither does the water pound on the bottom of the boat when running along in choppy water like it does on the bottom of a regular V bottom. At the exceedingly low price quoted, this boat should be a good seller.
$495
Catalog Free
(55)
Thompson Bros. Boat Mfg. Co.
Two Large Factories
212 Ann Street PESHTIGO, WIS.
(Write to Either Place)
112 Elm Street CORTLAND, N. Y.

since it calls for skilful handling and almost constant bailing to keep from being swamped, still, it serves to illustrate the capabilities of this class of boat.

A word or two as to the speed of sailing canoes. Despite the small sail area usually carried, their form is so easily driven that it is quite possible to keep up with much larger sailboats. In a light breeze the sail canoe will step along easily at two to three miles an hour. In a moderate or fresh breeze they are good for about five miles. Cruising canoes heavily loaded with duffle have made 50-mile runs in less than ten hours with a fair wind. The canvas canoe attains its top speed in a good blow. With the wind over the quarter, the fastest point of sailing, even a "single" with its modest sail area will average eight miles in a stiff breeze, and will exceed this for short periods when an extra heavy gust starts it planing. This is the wildest kind of riding, with the entire forward half of the boat clear of the water, the sail bulging as if ready to burst, and hull and leeboards vibrating from the rush of water. The exhilaration and sensation of uncontrollable power experienced at these speeds is something that cannot be conveyed by words. And you pay for it in hard and tiring work.

Suitable waters for enjoying this sport abound all along the Atlantic Coast. An ideal location might be described as one with a protected bay or harbor opening into a larger body of water. The presence of a few convenient beaches or places to land is desirable, though not essential. What is more desirable, and perhaps even essential, is the prevalence of true, steady winds. A river or inland lake, if of sufficient size and if the surrounding shores are not too high to obstruct the prevailing winds, will also provide excellent sailing waters. In fact, any area where small boat sailing is carried on will constitute good sailing and cruising grounds for the canoe. And your canoe, fully rigged, will cost less than one-half the price of a small sailboat.

As a matter of fact, an 18-foot canvas canoe costs only ninety dollars new, and half of that amount for a second-hand boat in good condition. Cost of sails, spars, leeboards and rudder should not run over fifty dollars for a "doubles," while a "single" can be rigged for less than thirty. If you make most of your own equipment these costs can naturally be reduced. Yearly maintenance — and this includes club membership, locker and canoe rack rental, and the necessary paint and varnish for the annual spring overhaul — should not be much higher than thirty dollars per man.

Since the cost and maintenance of a sailing canoe present no heavy drain on the exchequer, it affords anyone who might be deterred by the expense of a larger boat a ready means of indulging in the joys of sailing. Here you will find democracy afloat. At the Bay, for instance, the crews range from youngsters in their teens to fathers in their forties. One of the crack racing boats is manned by father and son; another is sailed by three girls. Girls crew in several of the boats, and they can hang on to a sheet, ride the gunwale, and swing a wicked bailer as well as any barnacled old salt.

Briefly, I have endeavored to open for you the door to a little-known sport; to describe its technique, to set forth reasons for its popularity, to sketch its joys and pleasures. Those who pass through this door will find before them a new world, an ever-changing panorama of sea and sky, in which the contemplative repose offered by breeze-ruffled waters, the challenge flung by sparkling whitecaps raised by singing winds, yes, even the vigilance and skill demanded by sharp gray rollers under the driving rain of a leaden, wind-riven sky, all unite to effect that sense of companionship with nature which makes for the eternal charm of sailing. Here, indeed, lies the last frontier of the ancient spirit of the Vikings, yours to explore in the sweetest craft you will ever sail.

6-Cylinder unit. 20-in. bore x 32-in. stroke.
Capacity, 1100 hp. at 200 r.p.m.

McINTOSH & SEYMOUR YACHT ENGINES

60 Sizes, 250 to 2000 hp. 6, 8 or 10 cylinders, 7 to 20-in. bore, 9 to 32-in. stroke. Shaft speeds 190 to 1100 r.p.m.

SMOKELESS combustion and full power from cheap fuel — Smooth quiet operation at all speeds — Quick starting and maneuvering — Well enclosed but readily accessible moving parts — Automatic lubrication — Compact clean cool safe engine compartment — Very low running expense — Operating simplicity that makes a good engineer easy to get and keep.

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McINTOSH & SEYMOUR CORPORATION
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EXCLUSIVE YACHT REPRESENTATIVE
2800 Chrysler Bldg. **EARL H. CROFT** New York

3rd CHICAGO NATIONAL
BOAT SHOW

ON CHICAGO'S NAVY PIER
APR. 22 to MAY 1

SHIPMATE
FUEL OIL BURNING RANGES

The first SHIPMATE Fuel Oil Burning Range was installed in February, 1931. Since that time it has been running from twelve to seventeen hours a day every day.

It has stood up. It has proven its worth.

During the year many other units were put into operation aboard boats of various kinds; they too are doing the work intended of them; they too are proving their worth.

Available in eight sizes, ranging from the small four hole model with top only 29" by 26½" to the large double oven range 5½ feet long, there is a suitable model for every diesel-powered craft.

Ranges can be supplied in beautiful vitreous enamel finish if desired.

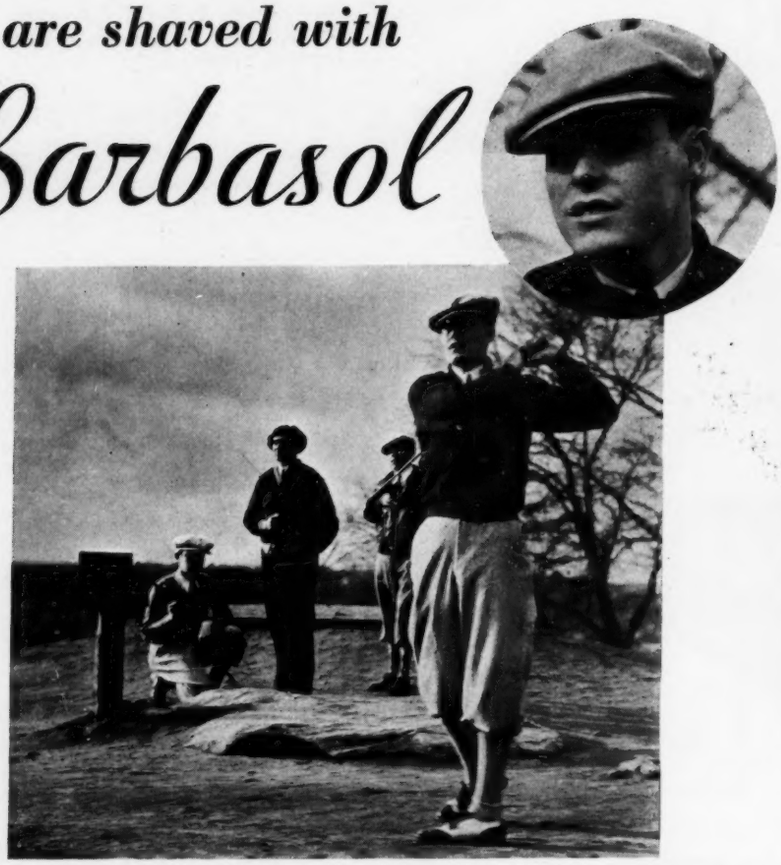
SHIPMATES are made only by
THE STAMFORD FOUNDRY COMPANY
STAMFORD, CONN.
Established 1830

RANGES

Faces that laugh at weather

are shaved with

Barbasol



So this spring—SHAVE WITHOUT LATHER!

Barbasol—a cream—keeps the face soft, smooth, pliable. Prevents dry, harsh, weather-roughened skin, chapping and windburn

BRED to the open and the sky, this keen modern world of out-of-doors, men have learned a trick worth knowing in all-weather facial protection.

THEY SHAVE WITHOUT LATHER—that's the secret! They use BARBASOL. Increasing millions of users have made it the fastest-selling shaving cream in the world.

Because it *is* a cream, and free from harsh, biting alkalis, it leaves the skin soft, smooth and pliable. The natural oils are kept in. Skin-drying air is kept out. And the wonderful unguent properties of Barbasol supply added protection and balm-like healing power.

This smooth, cool cream softens the whiskers instantly. It holds them erect. And your razor, gliding on a thin film of cream, zips them off like magic.

Now use Barbasol right. Follow these directions and you'll follow the crowd:

1. Wet your face and leave it wet. **2.** Spread on Barbasol. (No need for vigorous rub-in.) **3.** Wet a good blade—and SHAVE.

That's all there is to the finest shave in the world. It's simple, easy, quick. Try it today. Generous tubes at all druggists', 35¢ and 65¢, or large jar, 75¢, will quickly make you a Barbasol Believer, too.

Barbasol recommends TEFRA TOOTHPASTE

In every 30¢ tube there is a free Tefra toothbrush refill, to fit a lifetime Tefra refillable toothbrush handle. For full information, tune in Barbasol radio programs listed below.

BARBASOL RADIO BROADCASTS

Singin' Sam, the Barbasol Man, in songs you can't forget. Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evening, at 8:15, Eastern Standard Time, over an extensive Columbia (WABC) Broadcasting hook-up.

●

The Old Singin' Master and his singers—mellow old hymns and ballads the way you like them. Tune in every Sunday night at 10:15, Eastern Standard Time, on the N.B.C. (WJZ) Blue network, coast to coast.

Consult radio page of your local newspaper for stations

Of Interest to the Skipper

Outboard Motors Dimension Chart

Outboard Motors Corporation has recently published a dimension chart giving full detailed dimensions of all Evinrude and Elto motors, including the 1932 models. This useful and necessary information may be obtained in bulletin form by writing to Outboard Motors, Milwaukee, Wis. Should any additional detailed information be required it will be gladly furnished as well.

The Bakelite Corporation exhibit at the recent Motor Boat Show was devoted to the new synthetic resins, which have met with widespread acceptance as the basic element in marine finishes

Prevent Mildew in Your Canvas

Yachtsmen are frequently at a loss to know how to treat their sails to prevent mildew, or where they can get the work done for them. Many will, therefore, be interested in knowing that new sails can be saved from the inroads of mildew by a process perfected by J. W. Ketcham, of Greenport, Long Island, some 25 years ago. The work of mildew-proofing sails, awnings and other canvas used on yachts by this process is still being carried on at Greenport by J. B. Ketcham, of 454 Decatur St., Brooklyn, N. Y., a son of the founder of the business.

Any mildewing process is effective only on canvas that is not already mildewed. Nothing will remove mildew stains already in the canvas. It is necessary, therefore, to treat the canvas, whether already made up into sails or while still in bolts, while it is new or before it has been attacked.

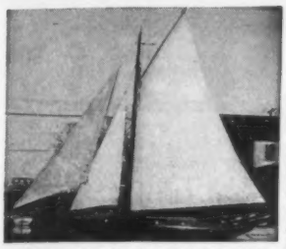
\+ + +

1932 Toppan Boats

Toppan boats for 1932 include outboard boats, sailing tenders, dory skiffs and a new trunk cabin cruiser, all at prices in keeping with the times.

Outboard boats are available in 12-, 15- and 16-foot lengths and sailing equipment may be had as an extra. The sailing tenders, in a 10- and 12-foot model, tow well, row well, and are built to carry an outboard motor. Toppan dory skiffs, good rough water boats, are built in 10-, 12-, 14-, and 15-foot sizes.

The new trunk cabin cruisers are built in two models, an 18-footer and a 21-footer. A roomy cabin provides snug accommodations in these little offshore cruisers powered with Gray motors. Further information may be obtained by writing to the Toppan Boat Mfg. Co., Medford, Mass.



FOR SALE

Found on Lake Champlain, now at Falmouth, Mass. Only surviving example of a famous keel type, 28' o.a., 23' w.l., 5' draft. Fast and weatherly; in good condition, good sails, cruising equipment including dinghy and outboard; roomy cabin, two bunks and a pipe berth. Has proved seaworthy in rough water.

Price $650 for Quick Sale

JAMES M. DUNNING

138 East 80th St. New York City

Sailor's Progress

by FREDERICK JULIAN STEINHARDT

"I enjoyed it thoroughly and I unhesitatingly recommend it to all yachtsmen, be they Racing enthusiasts, Dyed-in-the-Wool cruising men, or just those who enjoy reading stories of adventure." *WM. W. SWAN*

PRICE $3.50

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Subjects Which Will Be of Interest to the Yachtsman

Constitution Broadside

Constitution Port Bow

Constitution Bow Profile

Constitution in New Bedford Harbor

Constitution Stern View

Whaler *Morning Star* Hove Down for Repairs

Barks *Wanderer* and *Andrew W. Hicks* Dismasted

Wreck of Bark *Wanderer*

Bark *Wanderer* Bound to Sea

Wanderer Outward Bound

Wanderer Sailing on a Voyage

Yacht *Weetamoe*

Bark *Charles W. Morgan* Starboard Quarter

Charles W. Morgan Broadside

Bark *Charles W. Morgan* Becalmed

Rail Down. *Thebaud* on Starboard Tack, Looking Forward

Decks Awash. *Thebaud* in Fisherman's Race

Thebaud in a Good Breeze. View on Deck

Fisherman's Race. *Thebaud* Seen through *Elsie's* Rigging

Thebaud Racing Off Halifax in Heavy Sea

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	16" x 20"			11" x 14"		
	Unframed	*Framed*	*Framed & Packed*	*Unframed*	*Framed*	*Framed & Packed*
Sepia	$10.00	$12.50	$13.00	$4.50	$6.00	$6.50
Buff & Black	8.00	10.50	11.00	3.00	4.50	5.00
Black & White	5.50	8.00	8.50	2.50	4.00	4.50

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YACHTING, INC.

205 East 42nd Street New York City

A HOME PORT
for the Yachtsman
A HAVEN
for the Landsman

ON THE edge of America's finest cruising waters lies Masons Island, a perfect bit of unspoiled New England coast. Connected with the shore by a causeway, it is a few minutes' drive from the quaint old seaport town of Mystic, Conn. (3½ hours from New York; 2½ hours from Boston). Fisher's Island Sound, which laps its shores, is deep and sheltered. Long Island Sound to the west, Gardiner's Bay and the Peconics to the south, Narragansett Bay to the east, Block Island and Montauk are within day-cruising distance.

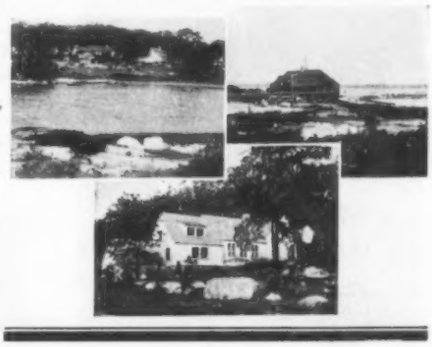
For the yachtsman with a moderate-size craft, Masons Island is the ideal home port. Among the tall oaks and along the rocky ledges is to be found every type of site for a sea-lover's summer home. Life is simple and spacious. The property is carefully restricted by deed, preserving trees and natural beauty. Shore front and docking rights go with all property. There is electric power and telephone service; pure, running water and all trade deliveries. The Masons Island Yacht Club, with its charming building, tennis courts and dock, weekly dances, class-boat races and swimming and tennis instruction, is within a few minutes' walk of the farthest house. There is an excellent docking and service basin for small boats and ample sheltered anchorage for craft up to 10' draft.

Property is available, both shore front and inland, in plots and locations to suit the purse of any intending builder.

At the moment there are a few private houses for summer-season rental. These run in size from 2-bedroom-and-2-bath to 7-bedroom-and-5-bath, and in price from $600 to $1500 for the season. All have garages. We counsel early action on these, however, for there never yet has been a vacant house left on Masons Island during the season.

For further information write or call

G. S. *and* ELLERY ALLYN

(The Masons Island Company)

Gate Lodge, Masons Island, Mystic, Conn.